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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1896.

No. CCCLXXV.

ART. I.—1. *Reprint of Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for each of the fifteen years from* 1840 *to* 1854. London: 1870.

2. *Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for each of the last fifteen years,* 1880 *to* 1894. Forty-second number. London: 1895.

THE year which is just commencing promises to be famous in English history. In the course of the ensuing summer Her Majesty will complete the fifty-ninth year of her reign; in the course of the following autumn she will have reigned for a longer period than any monarch who has ever occupied the throne of these islands. A reign of nearly sixty years—a period almost covering two generations—is in itself sufficiently remarkable. But the length of the Queen's reign, noteworthy as it is, is the least memorable thing about it. In no other sixty years of the world's history—we might almost say in no six hundred years of the world's history—has there been so much moral and material progress as the people of this country have experienced since the Queen came to the throne.

Let us try, in the narrow limits of an article, to recapitulate some of the more striking features in this progress; and let us take, in the first instance, the population of our own islands. When the Queen came to the throne there were some 26,000,000 persons living in the United Kingdom, nearly 18,000,000 of whom were in Great Britain and 8,000,000 of whom were in Ireland. In the middle of the present year there will probably be some 39,500,000 persons in these islands, of whom 35,000,000 will be in Great Britain, and 4,500,000 in Ireland. The population of the larger island will have almost doubled, the population of the smaller

island will have dwindled to nearly one-half its former numbers, in the fifty-nine years of the reign. In such an article as this we naturally desire to avoid any allusion to controversial politics. We shall not, therefore, attempt to consider the causes which have led, and are still leading, to the gradual reduction in the numbers of the Irish people resident in Ireland. We simply record the fact that, taking the United Kingdom as a whole, there are 75 people living now in these islands for every 50 who were alive when the Queen came to the throne.

The growth of the people at home, however, sinks into insignificance compared with the expansion of our empire abroad. We too often forget that the thin red line which marks its boundaries on our maps has been constantly extending during the Queen's reign. Without reckoning minor acquisitions, in 1843 we subdued Scindh, in 1848 we conquered the Punjab, in 1856 we annexed Oudh, and, in more recent years, we have added Upper Burma and the dependent Shan States to the ever-increasing dominions of the Queen. These annexations have increased our Indian empire by some 275,000 square miles of territory—an area considerably greater than that of Austria. During the same period we have occupied Aden; we have almost created Hong-Kong; we have undertaken, either directly or indirectly, the administration of Labuan, Sarawak and considerable portions of North Borneo. We must add another 80,000 square miles—say a territory as large as Great Britain—on these accounts. In Africa the red line has made even greater advances. When the Queen came to the throne, we had some 100,000 square miles of South Africa: we have now some 300,000 square miles. In other words, we have added to our possessions in South Africa a territory as large as Germany. We believe we are right in saying that the countries administered by the Royal Niger Company and the British East Africa Imperial Company comprise together 1,000,000 square miles, or a territory one half as large as European Russia. In addition, we are administering Egypt and occupying Cyprus.

A mere recital, however, of the vast additions which have been made to the empire during the Queen's reign gives only an imperfect idea of its growth. In area, and perhaps in capability, our North American and Australasian colonies are our most important possessions. Together they cover more than 6,500,000 square miles, or about one square mile out of every nine square miles of land on the surface of the globe. When the Queen came to the throne, Canada had a popula-

tion of about one million; she has now considerably more than five millions: in 1837 she was seething with rebellion; she is now one of the most loyal provinces of the empire. At that time she was broken up into different colonies, administered under different laws by different governors. Her provinces have now been confederated, and have been placed under one governor-general. In 1837, moreover, chronic difficulties, respecting disputed boundaries, disturbed the relations between Canada and the United States. The line which divides our great colony from the kindred republic has now been laid down for all time.

If we turn from the West to the South, the advance is even more striking. When the Queen came to the throne only sixty-seven years had passed since the British flag was first unfurled on the eastern shores of Australia. Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, owes its name to the first Lord Sydney, better known as 'Tommy Townshend,' the brother of the Charles Townshend whose fatal tea duties provoked the American Rebellion. Few men at that time realised that one brother was giving his name to the future capital of a colony which was ultimately to be developed into a group of colonies as large as those which the other brother had driven into rebellion. The extent, the boundaries, the resources of Australasia were unknown. Swift, indeed, earlier in the century, had given the latitude and longitude of his imaginary Lilliput; and the site which he assigned to Lilliput may be found at the intersection of two lines drawn due west from Sydney and due north from Adelaide, or, in other words, almost in the heart of Australia. During the earlier years of the century Australasia seemed only useful as a penal settlement. Before the Queen came to the throne, indeed, a happier beginning had been made. The convicts, who had been originally sent to New South Wales, were gradually giving place to free colonists. Some two thousand white people were already living on the banks of the Swan River in West Australia; South Australia had just been colonised, and its future capital had received its name of Adelaide, after the Queen of William IV. Every other step in the progress of Australia was taken in the Queen's reign. New Zealand was only settled in 1839, two years after she came to the throne. Victoria, named after the Queen herself, as Melbourne, its capital, derived its name from her first Prime Minister, was only separated from New South Wales in 1851. Queensland—the land of the Queen—had a similar origin in 1859.

Yet the facts which have already been stated only constitute a small portion of the history of Australasian progress. In 1837, when the Queen came to the throne, there were not probably 175,000 white persons, of whom nearly 60,000 were either convicts or pardoned convicts, in all Australasia. There are now probably more than 4,250,000 persons. Four persons are now living in Australasia for every five persons who were living in the United States at the commencement of the present century. We have seen in the course of a hundred years the United States expand from some 5,300,000 to some 65,000,000 people. Who shall say whether a similar rate of progress may not be in store for Australasia during the twentieth century?

It is also worth remembering that in 1837 none of the great Australian colonies enjoyed autonomous institutions. It was not till five years after the Queen came to the throne that a partial measure of self-government was conferred on New South Wales. None of the other Australasian colonies received a similar advantage till 1850. Parliament, in conferring these powers, endeavoured to prescribe the constitutions which the colonies should receive; but, by a happy accident—for no one seems to have foreseen the consequences of an amendment which was grafted on the original measure—the colonies were empowered to alter their own constitutions. In consequence, our great dependencies, in practice, obtained the elastic institutions which the mother-country has always enjoyed, instead of the more rigid constitution which is the heritage of the United States.

Thus, in the fifty-nine years which have elapsed since the Queen came to the throne, the British Empire has been steadily growing in size and population. It now embraces an area of 8,500,000 square miles, or, if the subordinate Indian States and the possessions of the African Companies be included, of 10,000,000 square miles. It contains a population of some 350,000,000 people. Nearly one person out of every four on the earth owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the Queen. Russia is the only country which can compare with the British Empire in size. Yet its area is larger than that of Russia. China is the only country which can compare with it in population. But it is very doubtful whether China, populous as she is, supports so many people as the British Empire.

The growth of the empire is, however, the least important circumstance connected with its developement during the present reign. Far more striking is the manner in which

it has been welded together by the great inventions of the age. When the Queen was born it was literally true that man could not travel faster than the Pharaohs. She had completed her eleventh year before the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway demonstrated to a previously incredulous public the capacity of steam for the purpose of locomotion. Up to 1837 Parliament had not authorised the expenditure of more than 55,000,000*l.* on the construction of railways, and probably not one-half of that sum had actually been expended. None of the great arterial lines of communication had been completed. Even the London and Birmingham line—the first of the great trunk lines—was not opened till 1838. No line had been constructed, or even contemplated, in any other part of the British Empire. Far-sighted as some of the first railway projectors were, none of them had foreseen the growth of travelling which the new invention was to produce. It was the policy of every railway company to force people into the more expensive carriages; and, though Parliament insisted on one train every working day being run by each railway in both directions, conveying passengers for a penny a mile, the 'parliamentary' trains were run at the lowest rates of speed, at the most inconvenient hours, and the 'parliamentary' passengers were conveyed in open trucks, frequently without shelter from cold or heat. Even in 1844 a third-class passenger leaving London at 4.30 A.M. did not reach Exeter till 9 P.M. In 1842, five years after the reign had begun, there were only 18,000,000 passengers. The railways of the United Kingdom have now a mileage of more than 20,000 miles. Their capital exceeds 1,000,000,000*l.* They convey, without reckoning season-ticket holders, more than 900,000,000 passengers a year. More than eight out of every nine of this vast army of passengers travel third class. Almost every train, as a matter of course, conveys third-class passengers. The third-class passengers are carried at a speed, and with a comfort, which first-class passengers could not command in the early days of railway enterprise; and they are carried at fares which in no case exceed, and frequently fall short of, one penny a mile.

Striking as has been the progress of locomotion on land, the advance on the sea has been even more remarkable. The steamship preceded the locomotive. But the railway was already a fact and a success before steam was applied to any great extent on sea. It was considered impossible to

build a steamship which could make a long voyage. Two years before the Queen came to the throne the President of the Board of Control declared in the House of Commons that the monsoon blew with so much violence in the Red Sea that no steamer could be built large enough or strong enough to face it. 'It was proved by fluxionary calculus,' wrote Carlyle, 'that steamers could never get across from 'the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of New-'foundland.' Yet in 1838, the very year which succeeded Her Majesty's accession, the 'Great Western' and the 'Sirius' both crossed the Atlantic; and in 1840 the same minister who had declared it to be impossible to build a steamer capable of facing the monsoon had to acknowledge that steam on the Red Sea had shortened the journey to Bombay to thirty-eight days.

Great as was the progress to which these facts point, it was destined to be eclipsed by the advance of later years. The 'Sirius' took eighteen days on her first passage from Cork to New York. The distance is now completed every week in a little over five. The thirty-eight days journey from London to Bombay has been reduced to fourteen. The 'Sirius,' moreover, was a little vessel 178 feet in length, of 700 tons burden, with the power of 320 horses. The 'Lucania' and 'Campania,' the largest liners of to-day, are 600 feet in length, have a burden of more than 12,000 tons, and their engines indicate the power of 30,000 horses.

Individual instances make an impression on the imagination which is not always produced by large figures. It seemed, therefore, desirable to contrast the 'Sirius' of 1838 with the 'Lucania' of 1896. But we must not consequently neglect the general result. The whole commercial navy of the nation in 1840 consisted of about 23,000 vessels, with a capacity of 2,800,000 tons; our steam fleet at that time comprised only 770 vessels, with a capacity of 87,000 tons. At the end of 1894, the date of the latest return to which we have had access, the commercial navy of the United Kingdom consisted of 21,000 vessels, with a capacity of nearly 9,000,000 tons. But the tonnage of the sailing vessels was only 3,000,000; the tonnage of the steamers was nearly 6,000,000 tons. The ten preceding years had reduced the tonnage of the sailing fleet by 500,000, and had increased the capacity of the steam fleet by 2,000,000 tons. These figures tell only one portion of the story. In 1837 our ships were almost exclusively built of wood. Every vessel of any size is now, as a matter of course, constructed of iron or steel. At

the present time it is our boast that our vessels are the finest in the world. In the beginning of the Queen's reign they were described as 'the most unsightly in Europe, and, what 'is of far more consequence, they sail badly, and are very 'unmanageable in bad weather and on a lee shore.' We do not wish in any way to underrate the dangers to which our seafaring population are still exposed. But things, in this respect also, are at any rate improved since the Queen came to the throne.

Steam has, of course, drawn the various countries of the world into closer communication, and by doing so has strengthened the bonds which unite the various portions of the British Empire. But even steam has hardly done so much in this respect as electricity. It requires an effort of the mind to realise that, when the Queen came to the throne, no electric telegraph existed in the United Kingdom. The first experimental wire was erected in the year in which her reign commenced. No cable was laid under the Channel till 1851; the Atlantic cable was not successfully laid till fifteen years later. Since then, the progress of telegraphy has been increasingly rapid. Up to 1870, when the internal lines were worked by private companies, the charges for a telegram varied with the distance, ranging from 1*s.* to 2*s.* in Great Britain, while the messages from Great Britain to Ireland, and from Ireland to Great Britain, cost from 3*s.* to 6*s.* each. Telegrams were so costly that they were only used for business purposes, and the masses of the population were unable to avail themselves of this means of communication. On the acquisition of the telegraphs by the State, these varying rates were swept away, and a uniform charge of 1*s.* —since reduced to 6*d.*—was made for each telegram of a certain length. In consequence of these reductions, and of other facilities offered to the public, the number of inland messages has risen from 10,000,000 to more than 70,000,000 a year. And this vast increase has been effected at a time when a new invention has diverted a large quantity of business from the telegraph to the telephone.

The increased use by the public of the telegraph has, in its turn, led to inventions for increasing the carrying capacity of the wires. In 1870, when the State assumed the control of the business, it was only possible to send one message on one wire at a time, and to telegraph from 60 to 80 words in a minute. By the adoption of the duplex, the quadruplex, and the multiplex systems, it is now practicable to send six messages—three in each direction—on the same wire at the

same time; while a speed of 600 words a minute has been attained, and a speed of 400 words a minute is usual.

The policy which the State pursued in charging a low and uniform rate for each telegram, irrespective of the distance it was transmitted, logically resulted from the great reform which was introduced into the postal service in the third year of the Queen's reign. In 1837, the charges made on each letter varied with the distance it was conveyed. For example, a letter from London to Windsor could not be sent for less than 4*d.*; a letter from London to Edinburgh cost 13*d.* The communications of the country were shrivelled by these charges, and less than 100,000,000 letters were delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom. In addition to the letters, some 70,000,000 stamped newspapers passed through the post in 1839. The people of this country are now sending nearly 3,000,000,000 postal packets—of which nearly 1,800,000,000 are letters—annually through the post. This enormous increase of correspondence, almost entirely due to the institution of cheap postage, has occurred in a single reign.

The volume of our trade has increased almost as rapidly as the volume of our correspondence. In 1837 the whole value of our exports and imports amounted to about 140,000,000*l.* We have been passing through a period of contracted trade and low prices, which of late years have affected the volume and, still more largely, the value of our trade. Yet, in 1894, our exports and imports exceeded 680,000,000*l.* in value. At the beginning of the reign, moreover, commerce had no opportunity of developement. It was fettered and restrained by a tariff which enumerated 1,200 articles liable to Customs duty. At the present moment, the whole of our Customs revenue is raised from less than a dozen commodities, and

> 'The time *has* come when, free as seas or wind,
> Unbounded Thames *does* flow for all mankind.'

Whether, then, we look at the expansion of our empire, the growth of our population, the rapidity and ease of our communications, or the increase of our trade, we have the same story of constant progress to relate and to repeat. Are, however, the people better off than they were in 1837? Are their lives happier, richer, brighter, than they were then? Have the rich, and have the poor, profited from the tide of progress? These are questions of more moment than even the spread of empire or the increase of population. And we should leave our purpose unfulfilled if we did not attempt to reply to them.

It is not very easy to give an idea of the wealth of the upper and middle classes at the beginning of the reign. The income tax, which was repealed in 1816, was not reimposed till 1842, and in the interval there was no actual test of the exact amount of incomes liable to taxation. In 1842, when Peel reimposed the income tax, every penny of the impost was found to produce 700,000*l.* a year. The tax has since, of course, been extended to Ireland. On the other hand, many of the smaller incomes have been exempted from its operation. But every penny of the tax now produces 2,250,000*l.* a year. The lesson which may thus be drawn from the income-tax returns can be confirmed by other figures. In 1838, for example, the amount of property on which probate duty was paid was about 50,000,000*l.*; in 1894 it exceeded 164,000,000*l.* While the population of the United Kingdom has increased by some 50 per cent., the wealth of the country is apparently more than threefold greater than it was in 1837.

One class, indeed, has not participated in the general improvement. The rapid extension of communications has made the whole world one market, and commodities can be transported from the distant West or the remoter East almost as easily, and, in many cases, more cheaply, than they can be carried from one part of the United Kingdom to the other. In consequence, the people of this country are no longer dependent for their daily food on the produce of its soil; and their corn, and even their cattle, are brought from distant parts of the world, where other circumstances enable them to be produced at a minimum of cost. The unfortunate British farmer has found it impossible to compete with these distant countries; and the rents of agricultural land have everywhere fallen, while land, in some places, has actually been thrown out of cultivation. We have no desire to overlook the grave difficulties to which the landed classes have of late years been exposed. But we may remind them that agriculture, at the commencement of the reign, was passing through a period of depression almost as severe as that which it has lately experienced. It was, in fact, the despair of the agricultural classes in those years which furnished Mr. Cobden with some of his most telling arguments for free trade in corn. We may also point out that, though rents have of late years largely fallen, they have not yet reached the level at which they stood in the earlier years of the reign. When the income tax was reimposed, in 1842, land in Great Britain was

assessed, under Schedule B, at about 46,000,000*l.* a year. The assessment in 1894 slightly exceeded that sum.*

These figures seem to indicate a doubt whether even the landlords of England are worse off than they were at the commencement of the reign. It seems tolerably certain, on the contrary, that their rent-roll is as large now as it was then, though they have not shared in the general improvement which has affected every other class in the community. But, whatever conclusions may be drawn from the figures which we have quoted, there can be no doubt that the masses of the people have prospered to an extraordinary degree. It is difficult, indeed, at the present time to realise the miserable condition of the working classes at the commencement of the reign. Those who desire to appreciate it must compare the accounts, which they may derive from official publications, like the Report of the Commission on the Employment of Women and Children, with the striking pictures which great novelists have given us in 'Mary 'Barton,' 'Sybil,' and 'Alton Locke.' In the earlier years of the reign masses of the people were unemployed, and without prospect of employment. Masses, almost as large, unable to adapt themselves to the novel conditions of labour which the introduction of machinery was creating, were vainly endeavouring by the unaided work of their own hands to compete with the steam-engine. From 1839 to 1842 the roll of paupers in England and Wales alone steadily rose from 1,137,000 to 1,429,000 persons. In the last of those years, out of a population of 16,000,000, one person in every eleven people was a pauper. At the present time the population of England and Wales has increased to more than 30,000,000, yet there are only some 800,000 paupers in receipt of relief. The people of England and Wales have nearly doubled their numbers, yet there are only two paupers for every three at the commencement of the reign.

The heavy weight of pauperism was apparently crushing the energies of the nation at the beginning of the reign; but the conditions under which the industrious poor lived were as serious as the constant increase of poverty. In every large manufacturing centre many of the working

* Perhaps it is fair to recollect, however, that the assessment has been partly maintained (1) by the reclamation of uncultivated land, and (2) by heavy capital outlay on much land previously under cultivation.

classes had no homes but cellars. Life in a cellar, horrible as it would be now, was more disastrous then because none of the great towns had any regular system of drainage. In wet weather the filth from the street inevitably ran into the dwelling-rooms of the poor. Other sanitary precautions there were none. The old churchyards, which were surrounded by the tenements of the poorer classes, had not been closed. Interments constantly took place, even in the churches themselves; no steps had been taken in any large city to make the supply of water either adequate or pure. And the poorer classes, and especially their children, could not hope to escape from their vile surroundings. There was no excursion train, no pleasure van, no bicycle, to carry them even for a few hours to green fields or the seaside. The few parks, situated near the homes of the wealthier classes, were reserved for the rich. A man in a labourer's clothes was not allowed to enter St. James's Park.

The lot of the poor, moreover, was aggravated by the conditions of their labour. It would not be true to say that there were no Factory Acts in existence; but there were no Acts of general application, or which regulated the employment either of women or of children. The Queen had been on the throne for more than ten years before the legislature saw fit to prohibit the employment of little children, under eight years of age, in a factory, and of young persons, under eighteen, for more than ten hours a day. Even outside the factory the hours of labour were horrible. Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children,' Hood's 'Song of the 'Shirt,' the description in 'Alton Locke' of the work done for cheap tailors, are well-known protests against 'the 'sweating' which existed, and which was, perhaps, the natural result of the craze for cheap labour, on which the prosperity of the nation was supposed to depend.

It was the inevitable result of their surroundings that the poor were vicious. They had no means of raising themselves from the hopeless conditions of their existence. They had no rational amusements to occupy their few leisure hours. There were no People's Palaces, mechanics' institutes, or free libraries. There was even no public bath and wash-house in all London. Some of the cruel sports, which had been their recreation in the days of the Georges, had been put down. Prize-fighting, indeed, was still tolerated; but bull-baiting, ox-driving, and cock-fighting were no longer legal. But nothing had, as yet, taken their place. The public-house was the only refuge for the working-man.

According to the late Sir Archibald Alison, one house in every ten in Glasgow in 1838 was a spirit shop.

It was natural that such conditions as those which we have just described should have led to a large increase of crime. In 1837, the first year of the reign, 23,600 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales. In the fifth year of the reign the committals rose to 31,300. In 1893 the number was reduced to 12,300. The population had nearly doubled in the interval; the committals had diminished by 60 per cent. It is no doubt true that a change in the law, which has enabled magistrates to deal summarily with offences, which in former days they would have been compelled to send for trial, has had its influence on these statistics. We, therefore, purposely support them with others. According to Sir E. Du Cane, the convict population of Great Britain consisted in 1833—four years before the reign began—of 50,000 persons. The population literally doubled in the succeeding sixty years, while the convict population was in the same time gradually reduced to 4,345 prisoners, and to perhaps 2,000 others on tickets of leave.

The increase of crime at the beginning of the reign was partly attributable to the defective machinery for dealing with it. It is difficult, at the present time, to realise that when the Queen came to the throne no effective police force existed in any part of Great Britain except the metropolis. The constabulary forces in Manchester and Birmingham were only constituted in 1839, while in the same year Parliament passed a permissive Act enabling the magistrates of any county, if they thought proper to do so, to constitute a local police. While, therefore, poverty was organised against property, property had no effective means of defending itself against the attack. In such circumstances, it was not very surprising that crime increased. The committals, we have already said, exceeded 23,600 in 1837, and rose in the fifth year of the Queen's reign to 31,300. Happily, after 1842, the horrible tide again began to ebb, and the committals gradually decreased. But, if we recollect that 1842 was the date at which crime and pauperism both attained their actual maxima, we shall probably be justified in regarding it as the most melancholy year which England has passed through during the nineteenth century.

Crime and pauperism, however, were not the only results of the miserable conditions in which the masses of the people passed their lives. The lower orders were every-

where seething with discontent, and their leaders were assuring them that their position could only be improved by the concession of political reforms. The great Reform Act had just enfranchised the ten-pound householder; but, as the ordinary working-man could not afford to pay a rent of 10*l.*, it had done nothing for the labouring classes. It was necessary, so it was argued, that the work of 1832 should be completed, and that the franchise should be extended to every adult male. The demands of the working classes were embodied in a document which is still recollected as the People's Charter. It is instructive, at the present time, to remember that the charter was drawn up in the first year of the Queen's reign; that the monster petition to the House of Commons, which incorporated its demands, was presented in 1839; that the riot in the Bull Ring at Birmingham, consequent on its rejection, occurred in the same year; and that the rising in South Wales, which resulted in something like a pitched battle at Newport, the last occasion on which two armed bodies have fought on English soil, also took place in 1839.

How different is the England of to-day from the England which we have endeavoured to describe! We have already shown how rapid and continuous has been the decrease both of pauperism and crime. But the whole conditions of life are altered. The wages of the industrial poor are higher than they were sixty years ago. The necessities and luxuries of their lives, moreover, are all cheaper than they were at the beginning of the reign. Their food, their clothing, and their fuel are all attainable for a lower price than they were sixty years ago. Petroleum has given them a less costly and better light than they could command at that time. Commodities like soap and sugar have been freed from the taxation which added to their price. The tax on tea has been reduced from 2*s.* to 4*d.* in the pound. But the advantages which can be illustrated by statistics represent only a portion of the improvement which the working classes have experienced. Legislation has practically prescribed the conditions of their labour; it has prevented the employment of little children; it has regulated the employment of women and young persons; it has drawn up regulations for ensuring the sanitary condition of factories; it has required dangerous machinery to be fenced; it has even insisted on the inspection of workrooms which are not factories. Legislation, moreover, has done much more than this. It has forbidden intramural interments; it has closed urban churchyards; it

has insisted on every town being properly drained and provided with adequate and wholesome water; it has made provision for the demolition of crowded and unhealthy buildings, and the erection of suitable dwellings for the poor. The efforts of the legislature have been nobly seconded by local effort and private enterprise. Improved workmen's dwellings fitted with proper sanitary conveniences may be found in every large town. Hardly a quarter passes in which the newspapers do not announce the provision of some new park in some populous centre for the recreation of the people. The very graveyards have been made bright and useful by being planted with flowers and furnished with seats. Every well-governed city provides itself with public baths and washhouses, where the poorer classes may clean both themselves and their clothes. The free library is becoming an almost universal institution ; while mechanics' institutes, people's palaces, public museums, and picture galleries are being provided, as a matter of course, in populous cities.

While the condition of the labouring classes has been raised by these changes, their power has been increased by the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884. For good or for evil, government has been transferred from the middle classes to the democracy, and the labouring classes have been given a preponderating influence in every election. One consequence has resulted from this great change which no one foresaw at the time that it was made. Government by the People for the People, whatever merits it may possess, is a more expensive machine than government by the middle classes. There is a constant desire that the functions of the administrative departments should be enlarged ; and members of parliament who used, under the old system, to be regarded as the guardians of the public purse, are now chiefly occupied in suggesting fresh expenditure. On the other hand, the advantages which have resulted from an extended franchise are obvious. Chartism has died; Reform associations have perished from having nothing to do. There is no danger of a fresh march upon Newport, or even of a new upheaval of the railings of Hyde Park. Universal content has succeeded universal agitation. Politicians on either side of the House may demand ' one man, ' one vote ; ' or ' one vote, one value ; ' but the masses of the nation realise that such changes as these are comparatively unimportant, and that the decisive steps were taken when power was conferred on the town householder in 1867, and extended to the county householder in 1884.

There can, too, be little doubt that an extended franchise has proved at once a great popular educator, and has stimulated the demand for popular education. The history of public education only commences in the present reign. It is true, indeed, that, for many years before the Queen came to the throne, two great societies, one representing the Church and the other the Nonconforming bodies, had done much to promote the erection of schools. But the first annual grant made by the State for the purpose of promoting education only dates from 1839. The little dole of 30,000*l.* a year, the fraction of the revenue of a single day, which was first meted out in that year, was destined like the grain of mustard seed to overspread the land. It was the beginning of a vast policy, which culminated in the Act of 1870, and which was crowned in our own time by the grant of free education. The grant of 30,000*l.* a year has gradually swelled into an annual expenditure by the State of nearly 9,000,000*l.*

In the same period other steps have been taken which have done much to promote the cause of education. The governing bodies of our great endowed schools have been made more popular. The funds of overgrown or obsolete charities have been applied to middle-class education; schools of science and art have been provided in almost every large town; the universities have been opened to all classes of the people, irrespective of their creed; while the ranks of the Civil Service both in India and at home have been thrown open to the successful candidates at competitive examinations.

In enumerating the victories which education has achieved during the reign, we have no desire to ignore the arguments which are occasionally employed on the other side. We quite admit that the knowledge which the ordinary child acquires in an elementary school is not very great, or always very serviceable to him; and that the lad who had served his apprenticeship under the old system was, in some respects, better qualified as a workman than the boy who has passed through the sixth or seventh standard under the new one. Our educational system will undoubtedly be imperfect till elementary education is everywhere supplemented with technical education. But, in the first place, we are already making progress in this direction; and, in the next place, the mere fact that a system is not complete is no proof that, as far as it goes, it is not advantageous. We have secured, during the present reign, a

system under which every child in the kingdom obtains the opportunity of acquiring some training in such elementary subjects as reading, writing, and the simpler rules of arithmetic. The advantages of this system must be apparent to every one. To give a striking illustration of it. If George Stephenson had learned to read as a boy, it is quite conceivable that the invention of the locomotive engine might have taken place five or six years before it actually occurred.

Important, however, as are the direct results of education to a people, we are among those who think that the indirect results are even more valuable. Who can exaggerate the influence of a clean, well-arranged, and well-conducted school? The child taken from the street, which is too often its only playground, and subjected to the improved conditions of a well-appointed class-room, is not merely learning to read and write. It is concurrently acquiring new ideas of the worth of cleanliness, order, and comfort which unhappily are rarely obtainable in its humble home. And these ideas are not only assimilated by the children, they are carried to their parents. Those who have had the opportunity of watching the gradual developement of a large school in a poor neighbourhood will, we believe, support our own testimony that the children, year after year, attend not only more regularly and more punctually, but are also more cleanly and tidily dressed. If no other result than this ensued from our system of elementary education, we are not sure that it would not be worth the money which it costs.

The advantages of education do not, however, rest solely on such arguments as those which we have hitherto employed. It is a remarkable fact that almost every step which has hitherto been taken in the direction of extending our educational system has been followed by a decrease both in pauperism and in crime. The figures are so remarkable that we add them in a note.* We are far from saying that

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* In 1840, the year which succeeded the first grant, the population of England and Wales was, in round numbers, 15,700,000, the committals exceeded 27,000, the paupers numbered 1,195,000. In 1850, the population had risen to nearly 17,800,000; some 1,800 schools were under inspection, which were on an average attended by nearly 200,000 children; the pauper roll in the meanwhile had declined to 920,000; the committals had decreased to 26,800. In 1860 the population had increased to 20,000,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 850,000, the committals to almost exactly 16,000; but the average attendance of children in inspected schools had risen to 750,000. In 1870 the population had increased to 22,500,000; the pauper roll had

post hoc is necessarily *propter hoc*. On the contrary, the whole tenor of this article will show that we are alive to the many influences which have co-operated for good during the present reign. But, among all these, we believe the most potent have been the increased care and thought which have been bestowed upon the children growing up around us.

In writing as we have done we do not wish to be understood as claiming that the work of moral and material progress has wholly taken place during the reign of the Queen. On the contrary, the advance had already commenced before she came to the throne. The foundations of our extended empire were laid in the century and by the generations which won the battles of Quebec in one hemisphere and of Plassey in the other, which first raised the flag of England on the shores of Australia, and which took the Cape of Good Hope. The victory of popular government was secured by the men who, through good report and ill report, advocated the claims of parliamentary Reform in the reign of George IV., and carried the great Reform Act in the reign of William IV. And the cause of moral progress owes much to the statesmen and writers who, during the same period, were advocating education, were prohibiting cruel sports, were establishing a police force in London, and were encouraging the formation of museums and picture galleries, and the spread of wholesome literature among the people. The late Mr. Porter, indeed, writing soon after the commencement of the reign, brought forward strong evidence to show that the manners of the people were already improving, and that drunkenness especially was less common than it had been in previous generations. But, though in many respects improvement had begun before the accession of the Queen, we claim that it has advanced

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risen to 1,080,000, the committals to 17,500, the children at school to 1,255,000. 1870 was, of course, the year in which elementary education was made compulsory. In 1880 the population had risen to 25,480,000, the children at school to 2,750,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 837,000, the committals to 14,770. In 1890, to complete the picture, the population had risen to 28,760,000, the children at school to 3,700,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 787,000, the committals to 12,000. In 1850, in short, one child out of every 89 people was at school, but one person out of every 20 was a pauper, and one out of every 700 was a criminal. In 1890 one child out of every eight people was at school; but only one person out of every 36 was a pauper, and only one person out of every 2,400 was committed for trial.

with exceptional rapidity during the fifty-nine years of her reign; and that there is no other period of our history in which the material comfort and the moral progress of the masses of our people have shown a similar advance.

In dwelling, however, on the satisfactory results of the last sixty years, we must not be supposed to ignore the many social difficulties which have still to be overcome. Unhappily it is still true that we pay too little attention to the great mass of pauperism which weighs down the industry of the nation, and that we reflect too seldom on the melancholy fact that, with tens of thousands of the industrious poor, the workhouse is still the only refuge for old age. We are too callous to the conditions in which thousands of our fellow-creatures live within a short distance of our own comfortable homes; to the wretchedly defective tenements, to the horrible overcrowding which the rise in rents has occasioned, and to the long hours of labour to which the poor are forced to submit for the sake of making life, not pleasant, but possible. But, while we do not ignore any of these evils, we are consoled by the reflection that they are tending to diminish in gravity; and our sense of the improvement which a single reign has witnessed, and which we have endeavoured to emphasise in this article, encourages us to hope that the nation, as a nation, is working in the right direction, and that, with patience and perseverance, the evils which still remain may in time also disappear.

We have ourselves the more faith in the future because we believe that the reign, which has been so remarkable for the moral and material progress of the people, has been equally remarkable for a revolution in sentiment. When the Queen came to the throne political economy was influencing all classes. It was little short of treason to question the principles which Adam Smith had laid down, and which Mill and the Westminster Reviewers were extending. Self-interest was supposed to be the power which was moving mankind, and the idea that any considerable number of persons could work for any objects except their own was scouted as ridiculous. At the present time we have rushed into the other extreme. Political economy has been relegated to the planets. The legislature, instead of leaving every one to make his own bargains, interferes between landlords and tenants, between employers and employed. Instead of bowing down before the image of cheap labour, which the followers of the economists erected, it poses as a

model employer, and inserts, as a matter of course, a fair wages clause in every contract. The change of opinion which is affecting the legislature is also permeating society. Rich men are building improved cottages on their estates, facilitating the erection of dwelling-houses for the poorer classes on their town properties, and bestowing parks, pictures, and public museums on the people. The same spirit influences all classes. There is a growing disposition to work for the poor and among the poor. We have even invented the barbarous word 'altruism' to emphasise our protests against the doctrines of the economists. In all of this there may be exaggeration and misconception. We cannot afford to disregard the lessons of political economy because we have discovered that human nature may be influenced by other motives than those which the economists assumed to be all-pervading. But we may at least hope that the increasing sympathy between class and class, which has grown with the reign, has reduced, and will continue to reduce, the evils which were so prevalent some sixty years ago, when the reign began.

One criticism, however, is occasionally applied to our modern civilisation which we ought perhaps to notice before we conclude this article. It is, in effect, said: No doubt the range of comfort is extended; the lower classes are better off than they were before; they are better housed, better fed, better clothed, and better educated than their forefathers; their hours of labour are less severe; their opportunities for healthy recreation are greater. But, it is argued, in levelling up the masses of the nation you have not succeeded in improving the condition of the classes above them. On the contrary, exposed as they are to an ever-increasing competition, their position is worse than it was before. You have placed everything too much on the same level, and in doing so have robbed life of much of its charm. Every one is so much occupied with the duties of living that he has no time or means to spare for its beauties. In the days of our grandsires rich men formed galleries and libraries: in our own days they sell their pictures and their books. It is true, indeed, that you have national collections where men may still admire the great works of art, or study the great works of intellect, just as you have free libraries, to which people resort to borrow the latest novel, and save themselves the expense of subscribing to Mr. Mudie, or of buying the book from a bookseller. But public institutions of this kind cannot wholly replace

the private collections. The latter, in their way, formed centres of refinement and culture for classes whom the public gallery and library do not touch. In other words, in affording fresh opportunities for the masses you have diminished the advantages of the higher orders. And the consequence, it is asserted, may be traced both in literature and in art. There are more people in the world who can work up to a good standard than there were ever before. But the man who was eminent above all his fellows has disappeared. We have no Gibbon, no Keats, no Scott, no Reynolds, no Gainsborough. It is eminence, however, and not mediocrity, which makes a race immortal; and even material and moral prosperity may be purchased at too dear a price if the great men of our age are submerged under a sea of ever-increasing mediocrity.

We are not sure that we entirely agree with the main argument which we have endeavoured to set out in the foregoing paragraph. If it be true that the moral and material welfare of the masses of the nation can only be obtained by making it more difficult for the man of intellect to make his mark on the age, the interests of the many must, we fear, prevail over the requirements of the few; and we must content ourselves as best we can with securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But is it true that the levelling up of the masses inevitably leads to the levelling down of genius? It is difficult to believe that the one result inevitably follows the other. Those who think so seem to rest their case on an assumption which can be shown to be erroneous. They apparently imagine that the men who make their mark on the world of thought, of literature, of science, of art, of affairs, are necessarily drawn from the classes who command culture and leisure. But, as a matter of fact, the reverse is frequently, perhaps usually, the case. The men who have risen to the highest eminence have commonly begun life low down the ladder, or at the bottom of the scale. Such men, instead of being hindered in their progress upwards by the universal improvement in the condition of the lower orders, begin their career amidst more encouraging surroundings than at any other period of the world's history. Whittier was, after all, it may be urged, right when he declared:

> 'Press on! the triumph shall be won
> Of common rights and equal laws,
> The glorious dream of Harrington,
> And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cottier and the crown,
Sweetening worn labour's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Is it true, however, that the nation is ceasing to produce great men? Is the reign of the Queen destined to survive in history as a period of material progress, but of intellectual mediocrity? Do the leaders in peace, in war, in literature, in science, and in art, whom the reign has produced, compare unfavourably with those who have preceded them in previous centuries? Is the English race, like the old oak, beginning to die at the top? Is the wealth of verdure with which its lower branches are luxuriant exhausting the whole of its sap? Has it nothing left to nourish the higher leaves, which in a previous generation were the nearest to heaven?

No question is more difficult to answer than that which we have thus propounded; for no person, however good a critic he may be, is a competent judge of his own contemporaries. The contemporary critic, in fact, is too much influenced by his environment to distinguish readily between work which has merely hit the fancy or the need of the hour and the more durable productions which will reach posterity. The men who made the most impression on our ancestors are not always or usually those whom we most admire. Even Shakespeare did not obtain his undisputed eminence for a hundred years after his death; while, on the other hand, an historian like Hume, whom we can ourselves recollect esteemed as the first writer on English history, is now completely neglected for newer authors, who have pursued more thorough methods. The only certain test of a man's immortality is his survival, and that is precisely the test which his own generation can never apply.

Moreover, the contemporary critic is apt to forget how very rare the great men are. Like the reader of the newspaper who complains that there is no news, because nothing of decisive importance happens to have occurred in the preceding twenty-four hours, he laments that there is no great picture in this year's Academy or no great book in the latest library catalogue. He forgets that the really great works in art and literature have only appeared at distant intervals, and that it is unreasonable to expect that they should now, for the first time in the world's history, be produced with the regularity with which Nature supplies us with the fruits of the earth.

It is also too frequently forgotten that each age produces its own type of greatness. Dante, Giotto, Raphael, and our own Milton all represent different epochs of religious thought. The works which those men did could only have been done in the atmosphere in which they lived, and amidst the ideas to which they gave expression. It does not follow that other men in other ages may not have produced work equally great because they failed to produce equally great work of the same kind. The age of the Tudors was intellectually superior to that of the Plantagenets, yet we owe to the Plantagenets cathedrals with which no Tudor building can be compared. And in the same way it does not follow that the age of Victoria is intellectually inferior to the reign of George III. because England may not have happened to produce in our own time a Reynolds or a Byron.

In complaining, moreover, of the absence of intellectual eminence in our own time, we too often forget how similar complaints might have been made by former generations. Let us, for example, carry our memories back some ninety years in our history to the beginning of 1807. England, at that time, engaged in the hardest struggle which she has ever passed through, was in sore need of great men. Yet the contemporary observer might have lamented, with reason, the absence of intellectual eminence. Burke was dead; the death of Pitt had been followed by the death of Fox; the Duke of Portland was slumbering in the post which Pitt had occupied; Mr. Ponsonby was leading an opposition which had been animated by Fox's eloquence. With Nelson the last and greatest of our fighting admirals had been carried to the grave. If we had no one fit to succeed him in the command of our fleets, we had not a third-rate general to entrust with the command of our armies. The Duke of York was Commander-in-Chief, and such men as Sir Hew Dalrymple and the second Lord Chatham were about to command our armies abroad. In literature and art our needs were even greater. The contemporary critic might have fairly complained that we had no great artist, no great poet, no great historian, no great novelist. West was presiding over the Academy which Reynolds had adorned; since the death of Burns, Crabbe and Southey had been the popular poets of the day; the mantle of Gibbon had fallen on the shoulders of Mitford; and, though Miss Austen was already writing, she had not published a single novel. Yet we look back to 1807 now with feelings of envy. We remember

that, in that year, Lord Grey was asserting the principles which triumphed in 1832; that Canning was just entering the Foreign Office; that Palmerston was being elected to Parliament, and that Peel was concluding his career at Oxford. When the need came, men like Lord Dundonald and Lord Exmouth showed that we had still sailors fit to command our fleets; a civil office in the administration was filled by the general who was to bring the great war to a conclusion by his strategy in Spain, and his tactics at Waterloo. In art, if West presided over the Academy, Turner was just becoming famous. In literature Wordsworth, neglected by his contemporaries, was publishing the poems which were to be declared immortal by posterity. Byron was writing his first verse. Shelley was passing through his uncongenial education. Scott, who had already published the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' was engaged on 'Marmion,' while, a few years later, the publication of 'Waverley' was to introduce the English reading world to the greatest novelist of the language.

While, then, any one alive in 1807 would have been justified in saying that the country, in the hour of its greatest need, was incapable of producing great men, we know now that the period was one in which intellectual eminence was specially noteworthy, and that in war and in statesmanship, in letters and in the arts, England possessed men whose exploits and whose writings will apparently endure as long as English history is remembered or English literature is read. The great men were there, but they were undiscovered, or had done nothing to make themselves discovered by their contemporaries.

If, however, in such a period as 1807, men of culture and prominence failed to appreciate the work of some of their contemporaries, and were wholly unconscious of the abilities of the still greater men who were maturing their powers in their midst, is it not a fair presumption that we too may be similarly blind, and that we may be unable to recognise eminence which may be visible enough to posterity? Is it, however, the case that intellectual eminence is so rare, or has been so rare, during the present reign? To test this let us enumerate a few of the works which great men have given us in the present reign, and we will take the arts first, because there we are on the weakest ground. And first as to architecture. Confining ourselves to London alone, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that great parts of the metropolis have been rebuilt during the present reign. The home of the

legislature may not be free from faults, but it is hardly fair to say that the reign which has given us the Houses of Parliament has produced no great building. But much of the improvement in the aspect of modern London has been effected by private enterprise. Of one great landlord in particular we may venture to parody the old epigram, and to say that he found his estate of stucco and is leaving it of brick. But the architects of the present age are not the builders of houses, but the bridge-makers and the engineers. The creation of the Thames Embankment did probably more to promote the convenience, the beauty, and the health of London than any other work in any other age. The bridges which span the Thames in its course through the metropolis have all, with the exception of three, been erected since the Queen came to the throne. A race cannot be entirely effete which has produced such works as these.

We write with even greater diffidence on the sister arts. Undoubtedly the student who visits the Royal Academy is oppressed when he compares the works which hang upon its walls with the pictures painted in other times, which he is never tired of gazing upon. But he forgets that he is comparing two entirely different things. In the one case he is inspecting some thousands of works, the production of scores of artists of unequal capacity, while in the other case he is dwelling on the *chefs d'œuvre* of each generation, or possibly of each year. Suppose it were possible to select the fifty best works of art which have been exhibited in London during the last fifty years, and hang them, say, in a separate room in the National Gallery, is it certain that they would compare so unfavourably with the masterpieces of previous ages? Before we can form a fair estimate of the true worth of our own time we must, in short, disembarrass our minds of any impression which we may derive from the mediocrity of the many, and confine our attention to the superiority of the select few.

The same thing is true of the literature of the reign. A period which has given us a Macaulay, a Hallam, a Grote, and a Froude—we purposely omit the names of living writers—has, at any rate, done something for history. Generations which have produced a Thackeray, a Charlotte Brontë, a George Eliot, and a Dickens have, equally certainly, added to the masterpieces of fiction. A reign in which Wordsworth died, and in which Tennyson wrote, is not likely to be forgotten in any history of English poetry. Poets are the prophets of each age. They express the

highest thoughts of the generations in which they live and work. Judged by this test, at any rate, Tennyson at once rises to the highest standard, since he was essentially an interpreter of the thoughts which were occupying the best and highest minds among us.

Possibly, indeed, this last reflection leads us to one of the causes which induce us to underrate our own times. The age in which we live is not an age of fancy, but of thought. It is a practical, not an imaginative, period we are passing through. Its great men are its inventors and engineers, who are triumphing over the forces of nature, or its observers and investigators, who are expounding the laws of nature. The former have covered both seas and lands with works of their hands and brains, which would have been deemed impossible fifty years ago; the latter have solved problems which their predecessors declared to be insoluble. The invention of the spectroscope has enabled the astronomer to analyse the composition of the sun, and to watch the movements of the distant star; geology has been almost reconstructed; biology has been created since the Queen came to the throne; and chemistry, which apparently is destined to furnish greater revelations than any other science, has attained dimensions and achieved successes which in 1837 would have been regarded as impossible.

These discoveries have made a profound impression on the thought of the nation. They have, in fact, produced an intellectual revolution almost as striking as the Reformation itself. They have vindicated the right of inquiry; and mankind at the present day, instead of unconsciously acting on Tacitus's apophthegm, 'Sanctius ac reverentius 'visum de actis deorum credere quam scire,' asks, with Milton, 'Can it be sin to know?'

The progress of free thought, however, which has been one of the remarkable results of the reign, has not been followed by any decline in religious fervour. When the Queen came to the throne the Oxford Movement was in its infancy. Whatever opinion may be formed of the views of those who inspired the famous 'Tracts for the Times,' there can be no doubt that they were successful in imparting fresh activity to the Church. Notwithstanding the growing scepticism of an increasing minority, and the indifferentism to religious subjects which is felt by large classes of the people, the Church and other religious bodies have never worked with greater zeal than during the present reign. More money has been raised for church building, church

extension, church endowment, and missionary effort, both at home and abroad, than at any previous period of our history. The zeal which churchmen have thus displayed has been fully shared both by the Roman Catholics on the one side, and by the Nonconformists on the other. It has penetrated to the lower sections of the population; and, much as many of us may disapprove the machinery and the methods of the Revival Meetings which Messrs. Moody and Sankey originated some twenty years ago, or of the Salvation Army in our own time, the efforts which have thus been made prove how widely and how deeply the religious spirit has affected large classes of the population.

We have thus endeavoured in a few pages to sum up the results of a reign which in nine months' time will have extended over the longest period during which any sovereign has ruled in England. We have shown that the population of the United Kingdom has increased, that the bounds of the British Empire have been extended, that the inventions of the age have drawn its distant provinces into closer communication, that improved communications have largely increased our trade, that our wealth has in consequence grown by leaps and bounds, and that all classes of the population are better off than they were when the Queen came to the throne. We have endeavoured also to show that material prosperity has been accompanied by moral progress; that the life of our people is, on the whole, more healthy than it was fifty years ago, that their homes are brighter, the conditions of toil easier, and their opportunities for sensible recreation greater. Partly from these causes, partly from the spread of education and other influences, we have further shown that crime has rapidly decreased, and that, in this respect at any rate, there can be no comparison between the England of to-day and the England of 1837 when the Queen came to the throne.

In conclusion, we have endeavoured to show that there is no proof that, in levelling up the masses, we have levelled down genius. We have, on the contrary, argued that, though genius may be devoting itself to new pursuits or new inquiries, there is no evidence of any decay in our intellectual growth; and that an age which has done more to dominate nature, and to explain nature, than all the preceding centuries, cannot rightly be charged with inferiority of intellect.

In writing as we have written, we are aware that our conclusions differ widely from those of other authors. An

English historian has lately endeavoured to persuade us that the reign of the white races is passing away, and that they must inevitably succumb to the yellow races of the world; a German philosopher has, still more recently, explained to us many marks of degeneration which are to be found in modern civilisation. We reply that the experience of history is a better guide than the speculations of the ablest minds; that the history of the preceding sixty years is a history of progress, not of decline; and that, unless it can be shown—as we believe it cannot—that this progress has been sensibly checked, we have a right to assume that it is still continuing.

One word we ought to add in justice to the Queen, the results of whose reign we have endeavoured to summarise. It has been her good fortune to preside over the destinies of the greatest empire in the world, during a period of unprecedented length and of equally unprecedented progress. But, if her reign has been made illustrious by the vigour of her subjects, they should, in their turn, recollect how much they owe to the conduct of their Queen. She has, in the first place, made the monarchy itself secure by displaying—as no other sovereign has ever displayed—a capacity of adapting herself to the requirements of parliamentary government. She has freed the throne from every suspicion of connexion with party politics. The example of her private life has been as beneficial as her public conduct. The atmosphere of her Court has given tone to society and has, in consequence, powerfully promoted that moral progress which we believe to be one of the chief glories of her reign. And so, when the spring ripens into the summer, and the Queen enters on the sixtieth year of her reign, or when the summer wanes into the autumn, and the reign is extended over a longer period than that during which any other British sovereign has ruled, the Englishman who thinks over the achievements of the last sixty years, and on the conduct of the Crown, may find a new reason for saying 'God save the 'Queen.'

Art. II.—*A Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited from the original sources, with Notes and Illustrations, by David M. Main. 8vo. Manchester: 1880.

'Let life be spared to me,' are the words Walter Savage Landor puts into Chaucer's mouth in his Imaginary Conversation with Boccaccio and Petrarca, 'and I will show 'Englishmen what the Italians are; how much deeper in 'thought, intenser in feeling, and richer in imagination 'than ever formerly; and I will try whether we cannot 'raise poetry under our fogs.'

The achievement which, in Landor's fiction, Chaucer had undertaken, was indeed fully performed; and in one branch of literature—the literature of English love lyrics—it would be difficult to exaggerate the initiative influence of the early Italian poets. True it is that the songless growth of a century intervened between the day of the 'Canterbury 'Tales' (where one of Petrarca's sonnets appears almost word for word disguised as the love lyric of Troilus) and the outburst of song of the Elizabethan age. But growth it was, dumb, unconscious, and slow; and when with Wyatt and Surrey the ripe grain, as Landor calls it, of Italian invention had come to its new birth, there was no question possible as to the nationality of its primary inspiration. 'In the 'latter end of King Henry VIII.'s reign sprung up a new 'company of courtly makers,' Puttenham in his 'Arte of 'English Poesie' tells his readers, 'of whom Sir Thomas 'Wyatt the Elder and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two 'chieftains, who, having travailed into Italie and there 'tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the 'Italian poesie. . . . they greatly polished'—as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch—'our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie.' So thoroughly, indeed, did the southern exotic root itself, that within a short space of time it seemed to have become not only acclimatised but indigenous to the northern soil, almost, so far as the minor singers of the period were concerned, to the extinction of any native growth.

That early romance writers, such as Chaucer and Lydgate, should have sought material for their stories from the romance writers of other countries is not a matter of surprise, nor is it to be wondered at that the younger art of England should adopt, or by imitation acquiesce in, the conventional limits prescribed by the established rules of other

ages and other nations. But England did more. It appropriated not only the letter but the spirit of the laws of Italian poetry, and absorbed into itself the actual sentiments of which the early Tuscan poets had become the European exponents and interpreters. Arthur Hallam, speaking with

> 'The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw thro' all the Muses' walk,'

says, in dealing with the question of Italian influence (with regard in especial to Chaucer), that it was not so much in his direct adoptions that we trace the inspiration of 'Frances 'Petrarke and the poet hight Dantes,' as in 'that soft clear-'ness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his 'conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held 'together all the emotions he delineates.' And this in a measure applies to Chaucer's successors. They learnt not only to write, but, as it were, to think and feel in a new key.

Moreover, their sixteenth-century audience, the book-reading public of their day, was not one whit less affected than they themselves with what Master Roger Ascham denounces as the italianisation—the word has passed into the language—of Englishmen. Few pictures of this radical feature of the time are more graphic than those supplied to posterity by poor Jane Grey's friend and tutor in the 'Scholemaster,' and few anathemas surpass in virulence those launched by the learned puritan against his Italianate countrymen. The poison, according to his account, has permeated, not literature alone, but life, manners, religion, morals, and policy.

He was once in Italy himself, but he thanks God his abode there was but a nine days' sojourn. Despite, however, the shortness of his experience of the enchantments of 'Circes 'Court,' the evidence of his own eyes convinced him that no good thing could come out of Italy; further, that the contamination of English literature, to which his invectives bear eloquent witness, was the result of a subtle scheme of busy papistry for the undoing of the nation. Ten sermons, he says—and this with no suspicion of irony—at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one book translated out of the Italian tongue does harm with enticing men to ill living. Such books, he complains bitterly, are sold in every shop in London. 'La 'Morte D'Arthur' (commended by pious Caxton as right necessary to be often read by those who would dread God

and love rightwiseness) does not escape the censure of this austere moralist; it is, he asserts, a book in which 'those 'be accounted noblest that do kill most men without any 'quarrel and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts;' yet 'ten "Morte D'Arthurs" do not the tenth part so much 'harme as one of these bookes made in Italie,' and, alas for Master Ascham, 'there be more of these ungratious bookes 'set out in printe within these few months'—the 'Schole-'master' was printed in 1570—'than have been seen in 'England many score years before.'

With Ascham's moral judgement we are not concerned, but his testimony is conclusive, were any evidence needed. The work of literary transplantation begun by Chaucer when he borrowed his 'Knightes Tale' and the 'Tragedy 'of Troilus' from Boccaccio, and carried on by Lydgate in his 'Storie of Thebes,' had become the common trade of bookmen—in so far as works of the imagination were concerned—from the highest to the lowest. Italy was in the very atmosphere; to advertise a book, truly or untruly, as 'taken from the Italian,' was, we gather incidentally, a method of insuring its favourable reception. Nor is it possible fully to realise the position occupied by the lyrists and sonnetteers without realising to some degree the extent to which other branches of literature, again excepting those pertaining to philosophy and history, were subject to the same or an analogous foreign influence.

Shortly before the invectives of Master Ascham were written, William Painter, clerk of the ordinance to Queen Elizabeth, published in 1566 the first series of a book entitled 'The Palace of Pleasure.' This, the title-page states, contains 'Goodly Histories, Tragical Matters, and 'other moral arguments,' selected from the novels of Boccaccio, Bandello, Straparola, Giovanni Fiorentino, and Giraldi (known as Cinzio), as well as from other sources, French and classical. Three years later a second series of similar translations and adaptations followed, and in 1573 a new edition of the two series complete bore witness to the popularity the work had acquired. It was, however, a field of literature which Painter was not left to cultivate alone. In 1562 Arthur Brooke had already made a tedious metrical paraphrase of 'Romeus and Juliet,' a story originally related by the young Venetian soldier Luigi da Porta, retold by the episcopal romance writer Bandello, and produced in its prose form by Painter. The 'Decameron'—from which Painter had made selections—together with other less re-

membered works of Boccaccio, existed in English versions. The 'Histoires Tragiques' of Belleforest, containing stories from the Italian, had likewise found its way to the English book market, while the whole mass of kindred literature was accessible to the rapidly increasing numbers to whom the Italian language was familiar.

Another and nearly related section of the works of imaginative fiction was not slow to make its mark. The introduction of the Italian novel was followed by the appearance of the Pastoral Romance. Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' modelled upon the 'Arcadia' of Sannazaro and the 'Diana' of Montemayor (the latter translated by Bartholomew Yong in 1598), was printed in 1570. Few books have evoked more diverse judgements according to the temperament of the individual reader and the temperament of the age in which it has been read. Milton, denouncing Charles I. for having committed blasphemy against God and man in his adaptation of Pamela's prayer, from the third book of the 'Arcadia,' to his own use in the Eikon Basilike—Johnson, be it observed, hints the very prayer in question was an interpolation of Milton's own—yet concedes that the 'Arcadia' itself is in its kind 'full of worth and wit.' Walpole—to take a critic of later days—pronounced it 'tedious, lamentable, and pedantic.' But whatsoever might be the opinion of subsequent judges, the verdict of Sidney's contemporaries was unhesitating. It led a new fashion. The chronicles of that happy land, far far away, with its blithe labours, its serene passions, its storms, not of the sea but of the haven, the land where shepherd boys piped as if they never could grow old, and where lovers loved with that creed of love's immutable constancy which a French philosopher has called 'the poor vanity of children who do not know themselves,' at once evoked the flattery of imitation. Thomas Lodge wrote his 'Rosalynde,' recreated and immortalised in 'As you like it;' and Robert Greene, who in one of his strange outbursts of remorse corroborates Ascham's anti-italianism, declaring that 'whosoever was worst he knew himself as bad, for being new come from Italy where I learnt all villanies under heaven,' composed his romance of 'Dorastus and Fawnia,' whence again Shakespeare drew material for the 'Winter's Tale.'

In narrative and allegorical, in idyllic and religious verse, the same influence was widely prevalent. Ariosto, whom Hallam places second to Homer in European popularity, and Tasso, reached the uneducated in the translations of

Gascoigne and Sir John Harington, of Richard Carew, and of Fairfax. Later, Marino's 'Sospetto d' Herode' was printed in an English version translated by Crashaw. Milton, Dr. Grosart tells us, was one of Marino's admirers, and Daniel translated his 'Description of Beauty.' Daniel also, we may note in passing, translated Tasso's famous chorus from the 'Aminta,' 'O bella età d'oro,' which, plagiarised by Guarini in the 'Pastor Fido,' gave its author the happy chance of saying that had his rival not read the 'Aminta,' he would not have excelled it. It is to this chorus Mr. Main refers in his note upon Drummond's 'Flowers of Sion,' where he omits to mention that the line in question was originally Tasso's.

Of the use to which the greater poets, as Spenser and the Fletchers—Phineas, in his 'Purple Island;' Giles, in 'Christe's Victory'—put their acquaintanceship with Italian allegory, it is superfluous to speak.

But deeply tinged as were the allegorists, the drama was as deeply dyed in every fibre with colours caught from the schools of Italian fiction. Episodes, nomenclature of place and persons, intricacy of plot and complexity of developement indicate their source. Dr. Ferriar states broadly that Cartwright and Congreve are almost the only older dramatists who have any claim to originality in their plots, and a glance at some of the introductory lists to Shakespeare's plays alone indicates fairly enough to what extent he and his contemporaries were indebted to Italian fiction. 'All's 'well that ends well' is derived from Boccaccio's 'Giletta 'of Narbon;' 'Cymbeline' borrows from his 'Bernabo da 'Genova;' 'Measure for Measure' was probably taken —indirectly—from a story of Giraldi's ('Cinzio'); 'The 'Merchant of Venice' from one of Giovanni Fiorentino's inventions in the 'Pecorone,' which work also furnished, in conjunction with one of Straparola's 'Piacevole Notti,' some of the incidents of the 'Merry Wives;' 'Much Ado about 'Nothing' is a plot of Bandello's; 'Othello' owes its origin to Giraldi's 'Capitano Moro;' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Twelfth Night' again are derived from Bandello.

And what Shakespeare did was done freely by Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, and all the kindred dramatists, in greater or less degrees. Ben Jonson, who cursed Petrarca, during his famous visit to his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, for having invented the sonnet, 'wherein verses fared like the guests on the tyrant's bed— 'those which were too short being racked and those which

'were too long being cut off'—and who condemned the literary proprieties of Guarini's popular pastoral play, was not himself exempt from the established traditions of the stage. In the first edition of 'Every Man in his 'Humour,' Dame Kitely appears as Hesperida, and Biancas, Lorenzos, Stephanos make up the list of *dramatis personæ* in this as in others of his plays, and Venice, Milan, and Florence are the backgrounds upon which these Italian-named English men and women act their parts.

No fewer than nineteen English dramas are cited by the editor of the latest edition of Painter's 'Palace' as derivates from the stories contained in the two volumes of that work; Massinger's play of 'The Picture,' taken from Bandello's twenty-first novel 'The Lady of Bohemia,' being an example of a conspicuously accurate reproduction of the original, while Webster's tragedy of the 'Duchess of Malfy' supplies an illustration of the complete transmutation and elevation of character such stories sometimes underwent. Variations of the most intrinsic importance were no doubt in this branch of literature of common occurrence. Doubts indeed have been raised as to whether, if the truth were to be known, the original 'Jew of Venice' were not the Christian merchant, Paul Secchi, whose exaction of the pound of flesh from his Hebrew adversary forms one of the incidents related in Leti's 'Life of Sixtus V.' But unfortunately for the hypothesis, Fiorentino's fiction, with which Shakespeare's plot accords, antedates the history by more than a century. It remains, however, as a matter of fact that transformations of character hardly less radical than the transposition of Jew and Christian are to be met with when the Italian novel assumed its northern dress. It has been justly observed that while plots were borrowed from abroad, characterisation was drawn from observation at home, with the natural result that such characterisation was English of the English. The transformation Webster effects in Bandello's heroine is a representative illustration of the process. The original Duchess of Malfy is frankly depicted as a woman of not so much a vicious as a low type, who, weary of widowhood, has surprised her household master into a somewhat reluctant secret marriage—a marriage of merely outward morality which was but to serve, Bandello avows, 'for 'a mask and coverture to hide her follies.' Nor throughout the narrative, although freely invoking the sympathy of his readers with her sufferings and the final catastrophe of her death, does the bishop novelist relax his estimate of her

character or revoke his judgement that 'she did the penance 'her folly deserved.'

Webster, with perhaps a narrower humanitarianism, has found it needful both to exalt her character and to enhance her sufferings. With him her marriage is a 'noble mad-'ness' deserving all reverence. The 'spirit of greatness' is in her to the very end, when, crushed by torture of body and mind, grey-haired with misery, she confronts her executioners in the death scene, of which the power and pathos have seldom been surpassed, with the fearless challenge to 'pull down heaven upon her,' prefacing the defiance with the declaration that, forlorn in her womanhood, motherhood, and wifehood, 'I am the Duchess of Malfy still.' 'To move 'a horror skilfully,' is Charles Lamb's commentary, 'to touch 'a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can 'bear, to wean and weary a life until it is ready to drop, then 'step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit— 'this only a Webster can do,' and this is what Webster did, and this is precisely what Bandello (and those like Bandello) never have done and never would have dreamt of doing, and there are few other instances which illustrate more adequately the metamorphosis Italian fiction underwent at the hands of the greater Elizabethans.

Such, in so far as a brief sketch can indicate them, were the literary surroundings in the schools of romance and drama amongst which the love lyrics and sonnets of England were born; and if the italianisation of England reached its highest developement in any department of authorship, it was pre-eminently to be found in the school of which Surrey and Wyatt were the arch-evangelists, and Rossetti the last and greatest of the disciples. Unlike the dramatists, who adopted the shell and discarded the kernel, the lyrists were no less accurately true to the spirit than to the manner and form, the phraseology and the modes of metaphor belonging to the masters of the early Tuscan school. 'There is in 'man,' again I quote Arthur Hallam's words, 'a natural 'life, and there is also a spiritual; art which holds the 'mirror up to nature is then most perfect when it gives 'back the image of both.' This, he avers—drawing, however, a sharp distinction between the school of the early Florentines and that modelled by their successors upon Norman-French traditions—is the nearest definition of the art of the poets who upon the basis supplied by Provençal singers upreared 'a splendid edifice of Platonism surmounted with the 'banner of the Cross.'

And this religion, if one may use the expression, of love, finding its perfected expression in such sonnets as those of Spenser and Sidney, remained engrafted as an underlying characteristic, disfigured by childish extravagances and trivial sentimentalities, amongst the Elizabethan lyrics of minor poets.

It is indeed in this identification of principle and feeling that the lines of demarcation between work which is technically original and that which is technically imitation are obliterated. That there was imitation is a fact too obvious to need demonstration, but such imitation was the natural consequence and product of a similar attitude of mind in the great masters of different lands. Servile imitations and literal translations no doubt abounded: it is impossible to enumerate the instances of single lines or fragments of stanzas taken direct from Petrarca's sonnets which lie scattered amongst the English verse of the period. In the works of Surrey and Wyatt alone are seventeen complete translations (besides adoptions and borrowings) from the same source. Some six or seven more are distributed amongst various authors, and many others no doubt still await detection. Yet the greatest writers in this school, Spenser in his 'Amoretti' and the 'Visions of Petrarch,' Sidney in his 'Astrophel and Stella' sonnets, are neither of them ever translators or even imitators in the individual sense of the words. Nor did they, any more than their predecessors Surrey and Wyatt, adhere to the legitimate form of the Italian sonnet, where the leading idea in its regulated stages of developement corresponds with the four metrical divisions of the two quatrains and the first and second tercet. Yet both Spenser and Sidney are so imbued and saturated with the Petrarchian ideal that the sense of dissimilarity of form and rhyme is effaced by the identities of phrase and of epithet, and, far more important than these, by the pervading atmosphere of the idealisation of sentiment at the expense of passion which became a characteristic of the language if not of the life of the day.

With the lesser poets it is true that imitation became a deliberate art. Even those who did not use the Italians as models regarded them as masters. It was small wonder. When Spenser finds no greater praise to bestow on his dead friend than to call Philip Sidney the 'Petrarch of his 'time,' it was natural that others should strive to merit a like panegyric; when Daniel—a poet whom in early days

Shakespeare himself is said to have regarded as a master—addresses his mistress as the 'Laura' of his devotion, no doubt other ladies demanded an analogous encomium.

That a gulf divides the greater and the lesser poets in the use to which they respectively put their models is an obvious truism. Puttenham in his often-quoted 'Arte of 'English Poesie' gives a detailed picture of the method whereby verse writers were to be made, and the elaborate system he prepares for the manufacture of masculine poets (he would not have 'gentlewomen-makers too precise' lest they become 'phantastical wives') was an answer to a contemporary demand, and the result was such as might be anticipated. Few examples illustrate better the contrast between such 'makers' and the real poets than that unconsciously supplied by Puttenham himself in his rendering of a sonnet already translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt. To take one phrase. In the original, referring to the light of Laura's presence, Petrarca says:

'Non so fare schermi
Di luoghi tenebrosi, o d'ore tarde.'

Puttenham's version, levelly dull, runs:

'Ne find place to retire
Where any darke may shade me from her sight.'

Wyatt, retaining the sentence, invests it with all the added sombreness of his midnight despair:

Yet can I not hide me in no dark place,
So followeth me remembrance of that face.'

For those who would learn to be poets this manual was the accepted *vade mecum*. In it mannerisms of construction and schemes of rhyme and rhythm are classified, reduced to formulas, and illustrated with examples drawn from classical, Italian, and English sources. The miscellanies of the period represent the fashions Puttenham advocates. Groups of sonnets and songs in which line after line starts with an assertion, as in Spenser's sonnet (over rashly criticised by Leigh Hunt when he calls the rhymes always interfering!)

'Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a briar,'

where one may see what a master hand can make of an artificial method; or with an interrogation, as in Sidney's first 'Song' in the 'Stella' sonnets. Others, where some name or noun affords an opportunity for imitating the play upon words practised by Petrarca in his 'Laura' sonnets or by

his predecessor Cino da Pistoia in those addressed to his lady Selvaggia. Others again, and those perhaps the most clearly indicative of a foreign original, are those where the effect aimed at is produced by the juxtaposition of contraries, or, as Sismondi describes the method, by 'a mosaic 'of antitheses.' In these the characteristics of Italian poetry are no less faithfully represented than in the verbal translations of Wyatt and Surrey, of Watson, Lodge, Greene, and the contributors to the various miscellanies.

The literary history of a single poem may, to a certain extent, serve as an epitome of the process in the course of which the foreign graft was naturalised, either to the detriment or to the advantage of the poets by whom it was appropriated. The initial step was no doubt often a literal translation of an Italian model. Petrarca's influence was naturally here predominant. Between twenty and thirty of his sonnets alone are to be found substantially reproduced, in something approaching sonnet form, in the works of the English poets of the period. As Dr. Nott has pointed out (though one Petrarchian original, 'Mirando 'l Sol de' begli 'occhi sereno,' has escaped his vigilant eye), the greater number of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems, published conjointly with Surrey's in the small volume of 'Tottel's Miscellanies,' consist of unacknowledged translations and adaptations notably from Petrarca, Serafino d'Aquilano, and from the school of Tibaldeo and Alamanni. Amongst these, and one which is fairly typical of the rest, is a version of Petrarca's sonnet 'Pace non trovo.'

It is not one of the most successful of Wyatt's efforts; but as a type of the style then most in accordance with the popular taste, it is one of the most interesting.

'Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son' un ghiaccio;
E volo sopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, nè serra;
Nè per suo mi riten, nè scioglie il laccio;
E non m'ancide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trae d'impaccio.
Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua, e grido;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:
Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
Egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per voi,'

'I find no peace and all my warre is done:
I feare and hope: I burne and freeze lyke yse:
I flye aloft, yet can I not aryse:
And nought I have and all the world I seize on.
That locks nor loseth holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wyse.
Nor lets me live, nor dye at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tong I playne:
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health:
I love another, and I hate myself.
I fede me in sorrow, and laugh in all my paine,
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.'

This, with its heading, 'Description of the contrarious 'Passions in a Lover,' is followed in the same volume amongst the poems ascribed to 'Uncertayne Auctores,' by a second rendering, where the writer contents himself with simply carrying out the main idea, substituting many 'divers and contrarie' passions of his own invention for those of the original. 'The Strange Passion of a Lover' is next described by Gascoigne—the translator of Ariosto's 'Suppositi'—

'Amid my bale I bathe in bliss,
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell.
I find amends for every miss,
And yet my moan no tongue can tell.

. . . .

I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have and miss the thing I crave.'

In 1582 'Thomas Watson, gentleman, author of Italian 'Madrigals Englished'—Drummond's claim to be the first to english the madrigal was anticipated—printed, he tells us, 'at the request of certaine gentlemen his very frendes,' 'The Passionate Centurie of Love.' In this series of poems —Mr. Main gives, with manifest reluctance, one specimen in his notes—Watson makes careful acknowledgement of his debts not only to Petrarca, but also to Messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola (Firenzuola), to Seraphine (Serafino), and to Girolamo Parabosco, the poet novelist of 'I Diporti.' 'The XL. 'Passion' is taken almost word for word from the same sonnet of opposites. In common with others of Watson's facile imitations it has an intrinsic charm of its own; the very artificialities of such exotics have in him, as in others of his contemporaries, become so fully naturalised as to produce the illusion of spontaneity. With him the halting rhythm which

mars Wyatt's verse has disappeared, so also have the directness, the brevity, and the strength of the elder poet, from whom he is separated by the immeasurable chasm that divides genius and talent.

'Passion XL.

'I joy not peace, when yet no warre is found.
I feare and hope; I burne yet freeze withall.
I mount to heaven, yet lie but on the ground;
I compass nought and yet I compasse all.
I live her bond, which neither is my foe
Nor friend; nor holds me fast nor lets me goe.

'Love will not that I live, nor lets me die;
Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to scape.
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry;
I wish for death, yet after help I gape;
I hate myself, but love another wight;
And feede on griefe in lieu of sweete delight.

'At selfsame time I both lament and joy;
I still am pleased, and yet displeased still.
Love sometimes seems a god, sometimes a boy.
Sometimes I sincke, sometimes I swimme at will:
Twixt death and life small difference I make:
All this, dear Dame, befals me for thy sake.'

But even before Watson, this sonnet had become as it were incorporated with the poetical life of the day. In 'The 'Paradise of Dainty Devices,' edited by Richard Edwards, 1576, we find many lines of the same sonnet in a poem signed R. H. (Richard Hill). The poem is called 'In Quest 'of my Relief,' and in it are the following stanzas:—

'I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I fear, I burne, I chill in frost:
I lye alowe, yet mounts my minde on hie:
Thus doubtful storms my troubled mind have toste.
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I prove,
I hate myself and pine in others love.

'The world I grasp, yet hold I nought at all,
At liberty I seme in prison pent:
I taste the sweet, more sower than bitter gall,
My ship semes sound, and yet her ribbes be rent.

. . . . . .

'Both life and death be equal unto me,
I doe desire to dye, yet crave I lyfe;
And wits with sondrie thoughts doe disagree,
Myself am with myself at mortal strife.'

It is evident that this particular sonnet in one or another

of its protean shapes had become a typical expression for the sorrows of love. In 'A Floorish upon Fancie,' a miscellany compiled in 1582 (containing, with some few exceptions, notably the description of Fancy's Bed,

> 'Upon the one side naked Love,
> On the other covered Hate,'

some of the least interesting verses of the age), one writer is anxious to explain that his sorrows surpass all precedent.

> 'Some say they freeze, they flame, they flie alofte,
> And yet they fall; they hope and yet they fear.
>
> . . . . .
>
> 'They live and lacke, they lacke and yet they have,
> And having yet they lacke the thing they crave.'

He does far more than these, and further on in the same volume we read :—

> 'To swim and sinke, to burne and be acolde,
> To hope, to fear, to sigh, and yet to sing,
> And all at once, are lovers fyttes of old.'

There is, however, a touch of levity in this transcendent lover when, referring to the flights and falls of others, he arraigns Fortune for never having so far favoured him as

> 'To lend me wings to take one little flight.'

With abrupt transition we pass from the strophes of this wingless lover to poor Robert Southwell, priest and poet, the passion of whose brief life stands recorded in the small posthumously printed volume, written, it is conjectured, within the walls of the prison to which the treachery of a woman had consigned him, and whence, after having been thirteen times vainly tortured, he went forth rejoicing to end his thirty-three years upon Tyburn's scaffold. Here poem after poem breathes the same eager awaiting for death and deliverance, the same reiterated declaration that for him 'life's feast is done and life's grace is said.' There is one headed—the question might well present itself—'What joy to live?' As in another of Southwell's poems, adapted from 'Master Dyer's Fancy' (itself, as Dr. Grosart points out, imitated from Lord Brooke), the secular verse supplies words to the lover of a far other love :—

> 'I wage no war, yet peace I none enjoy:
> I hope, I fear, I fry in freezing cold.
> I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoy.
> I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.'

So the Jesuit priest contemns not only love's but life's contrariness, and desires his release at the hands of Death.

Of such readaptations of a like similitude to a diverse object there is a picturesquely curious instance in Wyatt's beautiful sonnet:—

'Who list to hunt, I know where is an Hinde.'

Here, unless the improbable suggestion be true that Wyatt was copying a sonnet of Romanello's published in Giusto de' Conti's 'La Bella Mano,' a book from which no other translations are traceable, Anne Boleyn's unhappy lover seems to have taken his metaphor direct from Petrarca's serene vision, where Laura appears 'una candida cerva' dedicated to God and death by the diamond collar with its prohibitive inscription, 'Nessun mi tocchi. Libera farmi al 'mio Cesare parve.' Under a like semblance Wyatt pictures his mistress, who, bearing the yoke of Henry's royal favour, was so soon to pay its supreme penalty:—

'And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck about;
Noli me tangere; for Cesar's I am
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

Great as is the gulf dividing Laura and Anne Boleyn, it scarcely exceeds in depth the abyss which lies between Wyatt the Lover and Southwell the Martyr.

But to return to the sonnets and songs of antithesis. Beyond the inner circle of more or less direct imitations there is a whole outer hemisphere of poems, deviating widely in word, but retaining the original method.

In 'Licia,' an anonymous series of sonnets published 1593, the preface enters an ardent protest against 'those who 'thinke so baselie of our bare English that they deem themselves barbarous . . . unless they have borrowed from 'Italie, Spaine, and France their best and choicest conceits.' Further on the platonic author denounces those lovers who take love to be 'the contentment of themselves, the shame 'of others, and the wrong of virtue.' The verse which follows, it is needless to say, abounds not in the best, but in the worst 'conceits' of foreign poets, and unless 'Licia' is to be taken (the preface hints as much) as 'portending 'nothing' we must decline to endorse the poet's designation of his mistress as being either a 'Minerva or a Diana.' The poem 'A Lover's Maze' included in the volume certainly presents an unrivalled specimen of the 'conceits' its

author condemns. It is a study of elaborate paradox. Beginning

> 'True are my thoughts: my thoughts that are untrue,'

it runs the whole gamut of contradictions to the end.

> 'New is my love: because it never dies.
> Olde is my love: because it ever lives.
> Kinde is that faire: because it hate denyes.
> Unkind that faire: because no hope it gives.
> Thus new my love, and still that faire unkinde
> Renews my love and I no favour finde.'

Such is the pattern of the verse, with its propositions, contradictions, and summaries, carried out with such ingenuity that it has achieved the appearance of ease. Nor are there wanting lines original in their repetition of habitual metaphors. 'Hands warm-white snow and lippes cold cherrie-red,' grief 'whose tears are pittied by the rain,' and suchlike phrases have a fantastic touch of imagination amongst much which is mere exaggerated invention, but which certainly savours as strongly of 'conceits' as do the twelfth, sixteenth, and twenth-ninth sonnets of that fashion of loving the writer so hotly repudiates.

Passing on, Strephon's song in the 'Arcadia'—

> 'I joy in grief and doe detest all joyes;

the beginning of Watson's XVIII. Passion—

> 'Love is a sower delight, a sugred greefe;'

Phineas Fletcher in his 'Contemnenti'—

> 'Continual burning, yet no fire or fuel,
> Chill icy frosts in midst of summers frying;'

are all primarily occupied with the same play upon contraries; or, to come down to later times, tainted with the increeping atmosphere of the changing centuries are poems like Michael Drayton's LXII. Sonnet. It is one of the closing sonnets of that strange analytical medley published under the name of 'Ideas'—one could wish Mr. Main had given more specimens than the two he has selected—where sincerity and mockery, jest and earnest, ridicule and melancholy, are so intimately entangled that it is difficult to dissever the one from the other, or to discover if any one purpose or mood predominates in the web of contradictions, and where yet in more than one poem the notes of imitative passion seem to re-echo the old strain in all its vitality.

'When first I ended, then I first began;
Then more I travelled, further from my rest;
Where most I lost, there most of all I won,
Pinèd with hunger, rising from a feast!
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravished with joy, amidst a hell of woe;
What most I seem, that surest I am not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starved with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth.
I have, I want, despair and yet desire,
Burned in a sea of ice, drowned midst a fire.'

And, to quote no other examples, still more faintly we catch some lingering touches of the same accent in Drummond's VI. Sonnet:—

'Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart.'

Here no single sentence actually reiterates Petrarca's words, and, as in all those sonnets to dead Mary Cunningham, where the voice of the Scottish singer most closely resembles that of his great master, we feel that he is using the language of a day which already was becoming, to his hearers if not to himself, a day of yesterday.

This record is but one of many. Kindred groups of poems arose on all sides. The Petrarca sonnet, 'Mille fiate, o dolce 'mia guerrera,' first translated by Wyatt, finds reflexions in many a poem. It appears, to quote one instance, in the 'Phœnix Nest' in the guise of the exquisite lyric where the lover would disown his despised heart:—

'To make a truce, sweete Mistres, with your eies
How often have I profered you my hart.
Which profers, unestemèd, you despise,
As far too meane to equal your desart.
Your minde, wherein all hie perfections flowe,
Deignes not the thought of things that are so lowe.

'To strive to alter his desires were vaine,
Whose vowèd hart affects no other place,
The which, since you despise, I doe desdaine
To count it mine as erst before it was.
For that is mine which you alone allow,
As I am yours and onely live for you.

'Now if I him forsake, and he not finde
His wretched exile succored by your eies;
He cannot yeeld to serve another's minde,
Nor live alone, for nature that denies.
Then die he must, for other choice is none
But live in you or me, or die alone.

'Whose haples death when Fame abroad hath blowne
Blame and reproch procures unto us both,
I, as unkinde, forsaking so mine owne,
But you much more from whom the rigour groweth.
And so much more will your dishonour be
By how much more it lovèd you than me.'

Again the sonnet, 'Pommi ove 'l Sol' occide i fiori,' gave the keynote to another series, from Surrey's well-known translation onwards. One in the 'Phœnix Nest,' rivalling in excellence the greater poet's, while Drummond's imitation, 'Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,' ranks as one of his least happy efforts. The opening quatrain of another sonnet is translated in the same miscellany with singular felicity of rhythm :—

'Cease, restles thoughts, surcharged with heavines,
Love, Fortune and Desdaine with their endever
The forces of my life will soon dessever
Without the sting of your unquietnes.'

The first lines of the sonnet printed by Mr. Main in his collection are evident reproductions from the same original. Drummond has, however, lost the effect of languid weight given to the older version by the absence of short or dental endings.

'Ah burning thoughts now let me take some rest
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease;
Is't not enough stars, fortune, love, molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?'

By an unwonted oversight the editor, while indicating various other resemblances, as that of Marino's 'O del 'silentio Figlio' and Drummond's 'Invocation to Sleep,' has left this sonnet without any commentary save a passing allusion to Robert Chester's 'Love's Martyr,' itself, according to its title-page, 'translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato 'Cœliano.'

Petrarca's 'Amor, che nel pensier' had the double honour of translation by both Surrey and Wyatt, the two versions as significantly dissimilar as becomes the workmanship of such widely differing temperaments, and the ending line of the same sonnet reappears persistently at the close of poem

after poem. But perhaps next after the sonnet 'Of con-'trarious Passions' the translation by Wyatt, 'The Lover 'compareth his state to a ship in perilous storme tossed on 'the sea,' impressed itself most upon the popular imagination. Wyatt here, as elsewhere, has stamped his own bitterness of resentment upon the borrowed metaphor under which Petrarca sorrowfully laments his grief. Sir John Denham says, 'There are so few translations that deserve praise that 'I scarse ever saw one that deserved pardon;' this, however, might even at the hands of so severe a critic have claimed forgiveness:—

'My galley chargèd with forgetfulnesse
Thorough sharpe seas, in winter nights doth pass
Twene rocke and rocke: and eke my foe (alas,
That is my lord) stereth with cruelnesse:
And every hour, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endlesse wind doth teare the saile apace
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulnesse.
A rayne of teares, a cloude of darke disdain
Have done the weried cordes great hinderance.
Wreathèd with error and with ignorance,
The stars be hidde that leade me to this payne.
Drownde is reason that should be my comfort:
And I remayne, dispairing of the port.'

This reappears some years later in the guise of two trivial lyrics, one in Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' the other in 'The 'Phœnix Nest.'

'My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas incensed with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse
Amidst the winter night' '

is the first stanza of Lodge's paraphrase; nor does the writer in the 'Phœnix Nest' reach any higher level in the scattered lines he adopts.

'These lines I send by waves of woe
And bale becomes my boate,
Which sighes of sorrow still shall keep
On floods of fear afloate.
My sighes shall serve me still for winde,
My lading is my smart,
And true report my pilot is,
My haven is thy heart.'

But once again, adapting the language of earth's foregone joys to express a divine remorse for a soul's foregone opportunities, Southwell comes forward to reinstate the poem

in all its former dignity in the opening of 'St. Peter's Com-' plaint.'

> 'Launch forth, my soul, into a main of tears,
> Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
> Torn sails will serve, thoughts rent with guilty fears.
> Give care the stern, use sighs instead of wind.
> Remorse thy pilot, thy misdeed thy carde,
> Torment thy haven, shipwreck thy reward.'

A year after Southwell's poems appeared, Henry Olney published an anonymous volume, 'Delia, certain Sonnets by 'R. L. adjoined to the amorous Poeme of "Don Diego and '"Ginevra."' This latter was apparently founded on one of Painter's versions of a story by Bandello, and contains little of interest; the sonnets, however—their author not infelicitously describes them as 'crimson verse'—are often striking both in phraseology and rhythm, and might fairly have won a place in Mr. Main's book.

No. XXIV. particularly, beginning—

> 'When leaden-harted Sleepe had shut mine eyes,
> And close o'erdrawn their windolets of light'—

gives with happy effect the sense of sinking in the dream waters which the author wishes to convey. The sonnet No. XXVIII. of this series has a strong resemblance to the opening stanza of 'St. Peter's Complaint,' before quoted (it is not the only instance of likeness between the writer of these sonnets and Southwell), and it is difficult to believe that the resemblance was merely of coincidence:—

> 'My tears were surges, sighes did serve for winde,
> Of all my ship despayre was chiefest frame.
> Sorrow was maister, care the cable rope,
> Grief was the maine mast, Love the captain of it.
> He that did rule the helm was foolish Hope,
> But Beautie was the rock that my ship split. . .'

And, to come to a later date, some echo is still surely to be found in the sonnet 'A Ship,' by Thomas Carew. A tone of deeper seriousness, an absolute exemption from the note of cold and dissolute license which defaces the poems, so called, of love, of his Royalist fellow poets, sets this apart and marks it as a relic of times when men were not ashamed loving to worship, and worshipping to love.

> 'Tost in a troubled sea of grief I float,
> Far from the shore in a storm-beaten boat.
> . . . .
> Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
> Of your displeasure, dares not homeward steer.'

But for Carew the stars are not hidden nor the sails wholly rent, and the old imagery is shorn of all its despair in anticipation of an hour when

> 'This ship
> Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
> Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.'

It may justly be objected, here and elsewhere, that similes so obvious were likely to present themselves independently to the fancy of any poet. Whole catalogues of such recurrent metaphorical images could be cited to prove the generality of their use. Shelley's figure of the widow bird had been anticipated both by Lodge, when he wrote—

> 'A Turtle sat upon a leave-lesse tree,
> Mourning her absent pheare'—

and by Spenser—

> 'Like as the Culver on the barèd bough
> Sits mourning for the absence of her mate.'

Vere wrote—

> 'That with the careful Culver climes
> The worn and withered tree,'

and Drummond employs the very term 'widowhood' for his unhappy dove. Around the phœnix, the nightingale, the salamander, or myths such as Actæon, Arion, and Narcissus, are whole constellations of verses, both Italian and English, so like one another that in reading them the wonder is amongst such likeness to find so much diversity of treatment, so many disparities of sentiment, and so many inversions of language. Certain phrases also—'brittle as glass,' with which Shakespeare's sonnets familiarise us; hair of golden wire; the 'dolce guerrera' of a hundred poems—these, with other kindred epithets, are the current coin of poetical diction; while even more confusing than this communism of similes is the practice, common to many writers, of simply rearranging the theme of a poem, and redisposing it sentence by sentence into fresh metrical form. A comparison of the indexes of first lines indicates to what extent one poem often served as the basis or text for another. One curious case of such transmutation is afforded by Lodge's lyrical paraphrase of an unsigned sonnet in the 'Phœnix Nest'—he himself was a contributor to the miscellany. The sonnet is as follows, and seems to be a faint reflection of Petrarca's 'Passer mai 'solitario'—though likewise, no doubt by pure coincidence,

there are phrases which recall one of Romanello's sonnets, printed at the end of 'La Bella Mano.'

'Like to a hermite poore, in place obscure,
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woe as time cannot recure,
Where none but Love shall ever find me out.
My foode shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drinke nought else but teares falne from mine eies,
And for my light, in such obscurèd shade,
The flames shall serve which from my heart arise.
A gowne of graie my bodye shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope, whereon Ile staie :
Of late repentance, linckt with long desire,
The couch is framde, whereon my limbes Ile lay ;
And at my gate Dispaire shall linger still,
To let in Death, when Love and Fortune will.'

These, we are told, were the original words of a celebrated song set by Nicholas Laniere and Alfonso Ferabosco in 1609, and are referred to by Phineas Fletcher when he says that his metaphrase of the 42nd Psalm is 'to agree 'with the tune of "Like the Hermite,"' a direction recalling those Roscoe quotes of a sixteenth-century Venetian hymn-book (to cite one instance alone of so general a custom) where the hymns upon the Passion and kindred subjects are to be accompanied by the melodies of 'Una Donna d'Amor 'fino,' 'Leggiadra Damigella,' and other popular *canzoni a ballo*. So, also, the puritan sheep-shearer of the 'Winter's 'Tale' sang his psalms to hornpipes!

Lodge's lyric, assuming it, despite its anterior date o publication, to be a paraphrase, developes the idea of the sonnet sentence by sentence, turning its brief intensity into the conventional sentimentalism appropriate to the trivial rhythm of the verse. It tells its own story of a day when critics proffered no charge and authors feared no verdict of plagiarism, and when such duplications served as a mere exercise in the pastime of verse writing.

So, too, in the spring songs of lost or forsaken loves there runs a strain of more than accidental resemblance. A singular charm pervades the whole cycle. Surrey's 'De-'scription of Spring,' wherein each thing renews save only the lover, gave the initiatory note. Here Mr. Main refers us to Petrarca's 'Zefiro torna,' but it is only the first few lines which faintly recall Petrarca's lament. The hart hanging his old head on the pale, the buck in the brake, the fishes, the adder casting her last year's skin, the swallows hunting for flies and the bees for honey, these are all images

taken from English parks and woodlands and streams and fields. In 'Maister Edwards his "I may not"'—from the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices'—we find a continuation and completion and repetition of the catalogue of spring's unavailing joys, with what Puttenham calls 'the loveburden' added to each stanza.

'In May by kinde Dame Nature wills, all earthly wights to sing,
In May the new and couplèd fowls may joy the lively spring,
In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
In May the birds their mossie nests do timber as they may.

. . . . . .

'The stately Hart in May doth mue his old and palmèd beames
His state renews in May he leaps to view Apollo's streames.
In May the Buck his hornèd tops doth hang upon the pale,
In May he seeks the pastures greene in ranging over the dale.

. . . . . .

'All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remove
I sorrow in May since I may not in May obtain my Love.'

While still nearer to the original is the delicate lyric of a nameless singer in the 'Phœnix Nest.'

'The gentle season of the yeere
Hath made my blooming branch appeere
And beautified the land with flowres;
The aire doth savour with delight,
The heavens doe smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eies augment their showres.

'The meades are mantled all with greene,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treene,
The birds with feathers new doe sing:
But I, poore soule, whom wrong doth wrack,
Attyre myself in mourning black:
Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring.'

These are but a few out of the manifold instances of the customary transference of old thoughts to fresh forms, by which the gap between the copyist and the originator in literature is veiled in mist. And yet the fact remains that there are originators; that even in the use of subjects and similes, at first sight seeming to be the exclusive property of no man and no age, there is an epoch in history, as there is also a period in the life of every human sentiment, when the word, the metaphor, or the emotion falls into the hands of some genius spirit, who utilises the word or expresses the sentiment, common to all, in some such manner as to elevate it from the lower region of life's prose to the upper sphere of the ideal. 'No doubt,' says Hartley

Coleridge, in a flash of imaginative retrospect, 'there has 'been a time when the moon and the blue sky, and the rose 'and the lily, the dove and the nightingale, all were new in 'verse.' There also may be a day when they will once again be mere outcasts of fancy, a day when they will cease to convey that sense of beauty which it is the royalty of art to express. For beauty in diction is, after all, not so much —apart from rhyme and rhythm—a matter of sound as of suggestion. When the master singer has brought some term of daily life into a new relationship of dignity or grace, the word itself suffers a transformation as rich and rare as that undergone by the corals and pearls of Shakespeare's sea floor, while many human emotions have waited—some possibly have still to wait—for centuries their apotheosis from the poet's pen. The transfiguration once effected in a form which forces its acceptance upon the imaginative instinct, the word, before habitually discarded, becomes a natural vehicle of poetic thought; the sentiment, before ignored, becomes a natural subject for imaginative treatment, until—to pursue the chronicle—vulgarised and profaned by too familiar repetition, its glamour fades, and once more it is exiled to the refuse heap of decayed sentimentalities.

The power thus to exalt a hitherto unnoticed subject to honour, and to win the suffrage of imagination and fancy on its behalf, is the prerogative of the few, who, if they cannot create, can yet recreate; it is the vocation of the pioneers of the undiscovered countries which lie beneath our feet. And though in the commonwealth of mind there is neither patent nor monopoly, the many do henceforth but re-echo the music of the chosen and elect kings amongst poets. So each age has its dominating spirit, whose influence endures until a greater than he arises, who plays new melodies upon the old strings, or it may be plays the old melodies upon new instruments, and gives a new keynote to the echoes around.

This, no doubt, was done to a paramount degree by Petrarca, and nowhere do we so clearly trace his influence as in the numerous series of sonnets which, following his example, every poet lover made it part of his service to dedicate to his real or imaginary mistress.

Setting aside the greater names of Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare, the list is still long. Even Lord Brooke, little tinted as he was with the prevailing fashions, has left the record of his love in the series of so-called 'sonnets' he

published under the name of 'Cœlica.' Far apart indeed they stand from other love poems of the time in the tragic self-contempt of a grief which feels itself stained by its very faithfulness—the faithfulness in which other lovers glory:—

> '. . . I only beare
> Faith's ensigne, which is shame and misery.'

Bitter too and harsh are his protestations of devotion to the idol he knows to be of dust and clay:—

> 'I scorn the world, the world scorns me, 'tis true;
> What can a heart do more to honour you?'

And with an ominous jest he epitomises the record in the anagram of his own name, 'Griev-ill.'

Constable has his sonnets to Diana 'conceived in the 'style of Ronsard and the Italians,' as are also, we may add, those conceived in the praise of the virgins and saints and 'Amazons of Heaven.' Watson, besides his 'Passions,' has fifty-two sonnets commemorating an unkind mistress. Lodge wrote his 'Phyllis;' Barnabe Barnes, William Brown, the several authors of 'Licia' and 'Diella,' have each a series; Daniel celebrates 'Delia' in verses dismissed by Coleridge with the assertion that they hardly contain one good line, a conclusion which the three examples given by Mr. Main would do much to modify, especially the invocation to sleep—'Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable 'Night'—a sonnet found, with some slight variation, placed by a curious accident amongst Drummond's five sonnets to Galatea, in one, at least, of the editions of his poems. To enumerate no more, Drummond himself writes the story of his love for Auristella (Mary Cunningham) in his sonnets, songs, and madrigals; and Habington, whose sonnets elicited Arthur Hallam's special commendation, closes the list with his poems to his wife 'Castara.'

Yet, dominant as was Petrarca's influence in these series, it must not be forgotten that, the impulse once given to the reproduction of the Italian poets, it extended in widening and degenerate circles to the works of those who were often themselves but imitators. Wyatt and Watson owed much to Serafino, Firenzuola, Parabosco, and Alamanni; Lodge to Dolce, the dramatic and pastoral poet of the sixteenth century, to Martelli, a young Florentine, one of the race of poets whose name he bore, and to Ludovico Pascale, the author of 'Rime Volgari,' published 1549. In 'Margarite 'of America' are two 'Pietate' copied from Dolce, which are full of colour, grace, and harmony; in William Longbeard

are three 'Fancies, after the manner of the Italian Rimes.' The last of these, with its closing couplet, has the shallow grace of a nineteenth century imitation :—

'When I admire the rose,
That nature makes repose
In you the best of many,
More faire and blest than any ;
And see how curious art
Hath deckèd every part,
I think with doubtful view
Whether you be the rose, or the rose is you.'

Another lyric, taken from Dolce, has a skilfully contrived rhythm with repetition words and half-hidden rhymes, which give a singular effect (somewhat analogous to that in Penthia's death song) of lingering to the metre :—

'I see with my hearts bleeding
Thus hourly through my pain my life desires;
I feele the flames exceeding
That burne my heart by undeservèd fires.
But whence these fires have breeding
I cannot find, though great are my desires.
O miracle eterne
That thus I burne in fire and yet my fire cannot discerne.'

In Milton's sonnets, of which Johnson memorably wrote that of the best it could only be said that they were not bad, imitation of form reached its climax and perfection. In more than two-thirds, according to Mr. Tomlinson's strict analysis, the metrical arrangement accurately represents the most correct Italian models. Henry Hallam, drawing attention to other resemblances, suggests that the idea of the sonnet 'Methought I saw my late espousèd saint,' was inspired by Bernardino Rota's similar vision of his dead wife Portia Capece. It is a sonnet Hallam briefly delineates as beginning in pedantry and ending in conceit, while, substituting the word *last* for *late* in the first line, he seems to wish to remind his readers that Catherine Woodcock had had a predecessor and was about to have a successor!

'The Restoration'—I quote Arthur Hallam—'was the 'trumpet of a great woe to the poetry of England: from 'this time we may date the extinction of Italian influence 'as a national feeling.' With Milton's sonnets and with Crashaw's 'Songs out of Italian,' which represent no less than Lodge's verse the facile and often delicate extravagance of the schools of Dolce and Marino, the register, incomplete as it is, fitly closes. In the works of the mystic poet of the

Flaming Heart, whose life has many corresponding points with that of his co-religionist, Southwell, both adherents of a fallen cause, both dying in early manhood, divine emotions again borrow the fire of earth's passions, and by just equipoise earth's passions assume the vesture of spirituality. This garb is, however, thrown aside in the love lyric, the first of three, following the long narrative translation of the 'Sospetto d' Herode.' It is a song which might well have made the 'author's friend' pause when he prefaced the posthumously published edition with his angry denunciation of the vanity of love sonnet and epithalamium writers, 'under-'headed poets, retainers to seven shares and a half; madrigal 'fellows, whose only busines in verse is to rime a poor six-'penny soul, a subburb sinner, into hell.'

'To thy lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth,
When those roses
It discloses,
All the flowers that nature nameth.

. . . .

O envȳ not
(That we dye not)
Those deer lips, whose door encloses
All the graces
In their places,
Brother pearls and Sister roses.'

The final juxtaposition of such names as those of Milton and Crashaw evidences the equal fascination with which the Italy of the past magnetised the minds of men so widely parted in sympathy and intelligence, in affections and imagination, as the austere author of the 'Hymn to the 'Nativity' and the human-hearted singer of Mary's motherhood, with the Baby the red leaves of whose lips can only rest upon her breast.

'No way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.'

One by one the figures of the poets who succumbed to that spell of the South pass before us, a motley roll call; Wyatt, a king's rival, ploughing in water, sowing in sand, learning the 'bitter fashion of forsaking,' whose reproaches are arraignments, and whose tears are gall; Surrey, 'the foolish 'proud boy' of old Barlow, Westbury's Dean, committed to the Fleet for the double offence of eating meat in Lent

and walking the City streets in unseemly manner, a year later the honourable marshal of Henry's army, whose hand never closed upon a bribe, the brilliant courtier terminating the gay and brave career of his thirty years, defamed by his only sister, and executed on a capricious charge for the over-ambition of an heraldic blazoning; Edmund Spenser, the ideal poet; Philip Sidney, the ideal soldier; drunken, coarse, dissolute, repentant Robert Greene; dauntless Southwell, whose shield argent no speck had ever stained—all these, with the Watsons, Draytons, Daniels, and Drummonds of literary life, afford perhaps as various types as the centuries could bring forth, yet one and all of these, and of their disciples and comrades in the vast army of poets, not excepting Shakespeare himself, are content again and again to merge their individuality, or, more strictly speaking, to disguise it, in an alien mode of sentiment, of form, and of phraseology, adopted from a foreign land.

To what cause to attribute the extent to which English writers assimilated and acclimatised the spirit of the great Tuscans is a question for the philosophers of the History of Poetry to deal with; yet even they may content themselves with the fact that, from the beginning of years and the making of man, the wind of imagination bloweth where it listeth, fanning strange fires and sowing strange seeds in many unexpected quarters. And the England of Elizabeth was ripe for the fertilising breath of Dante and Petrarca; it had reached the same climax of emotion and sensation, it was swayed by the same mood of worship and of passion as was the Italy of their earlier day. Had it not been so, for England they would have written in vain. If any truth be true, it is that every man in reading the books of others reads primarily what he himself puts into them, or, to use an American paradox, a man can only learn what he knows. Had the Elizabethans not known what they learnt from the Italians, had they been mere echoists, their verses would have lacked all the qualities by which they are immortalised:

> 'It needs much iteration to strike truth
> Into the human echo.'

It needs more than iteration, however persistent, to strike fire and life into those finest instruments of humanity which go to make a poet—a sensitive imagination and a rhythmical ear.

ART. III.—1. *Le Maréchal Canrobert.* Par LOUIS MARTIN, Rédacteur au Ministère de la Guerre. Paris: 1895.

2. *Le Maréchal Canrobert.* Par FRANÇOIS BOURNAND. Paris: 1895.

3. *Le Dernier Maréchal de France, Canrobert.* Par le Commandant GRANDIN. Paris: 1895.

BY the death of Marshal Canrobert, whose name has been long familiar to all Englishmen—indeed, for the last forty years, ever since the battle of Inkerman—the *maréchalat* of France has, at length, finally become extinct—that *maréchalat*, we may say, whose roll presents to us an almost uninterrupted line of noble names, including those of such famous warriors and able generals as no other country in Europe at least, if not in the whole world, has been able to surpass either in number, skill, or bravery. A glorious roll, forsooth, which extends back over seven centuries of French history. Well may the Vicomte de Vogüé declare in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' 'Le maréchalat était la pierre 'd'aimant où tendaient toutes les épées françaises.' The records of the 'maréchaux de France' have thus been ever indissolubly connected with the dynasties of the ancient monarchy from the days of the Capets, with the Napoleonic *régime*, with the Restoration and the latter Empire, whilst even the Second Republic has been presided over by the penultimate and perhaps not the least characteristic of the marshals.

The first marshal of France * is said to have been created by Philippe Auguste in succession to the last of the *grands sénéchaux*, Thibaut, Count of Blois, who was killed during the siege of Arc, at the end of the twelfth century; and amongst the most conspicuous names of the earliest marshals we find notably the De Montmorencys and the two

* At its origination the office of *maréchal* seems to have been more nearly equivalent to our 'Master of the Horse,' the etymology of the word being, it is said, properly derived from the two German words *march*, or *marach* (horse), and *scalch* (master). When on active service with his sovereign prince the *maréchal* marched with, or had charge of, the advanced guard, in order to arrange for the royal quarters, and to collect information and intelligence for the guidance of the campaign. He was thus in the position of a chief of the staff. Bouillet says that the term was originally 'Maréchal de l'Host.' The *maréchaux de camp* were officers under the commander-in-chief, whilst those of the king were called 'maréchaux de France.' *Vide* Dictionnaire Universel.

Boucicauts, father and son; the last-named having been created a marshal at twenty-five years of age by Charles V., whilst the elder Maréchal Boucicaut was one of the principal negotiators of the treaty of Brétigny, during the reign of Jean le Bon, in 1360, of whom it was written—

> 'Quand vient à un assault,
> Mieulx vault Saintré que Boussiquault;
> Mais quand vient à un traité,
> Mieux vault Boussiquault que Saintré.'

The senior of the two Boucicauts thus exhibited a character the exact converse to that of the brave marshal whose loss the French army now deplores.

During the crusades and in the Middle Ages there was only one marshal, whilst from the time of St. Louis until the accession of François I. the number of marshals was fixed at two; but François I. raised three to this dignity—one of them being Robert de la Marck de Fleurange—and Henri II. increased the number to four, at which figure it was maintained by the Etats de Blois in 1577. Henri IV., however, surpassed this limitation; whilst in the reign of Louis XIII. the bâton was degraded by its bestowal on Concini, who had never drawn his sword, and later by the promotion of Vitry, captain of the body guard, for having assassinated Concini in 1617.

Turenne, the very archetype of French marshals, the greatest commander of them all, together with Villars, were both elevated to the extraordinary dignity of 'Maréchal 'Général des Camps et Armées du Roi' by Louis XIV., who, before the end of his reign, raised the total number of marshals to twenty, the most famous of whom, next to Turenne, was Vauban, the father of modern fortification. The Count de Saxe was equally distinguished by Louis XV. as the third 'Maréchal Général.'

It would occupy far too much space to give anything like a complete list of the marshals, but a brief allusion to the modern generals who attained this rank, from the early days of Louis XVI., may prove somewhat interesting. Under this monarch nineteen marshals were appointed, of whom the names of Choiseul-Stanville, Castries, Lévis, and Ségur are perhaps most familiar to us.

On the re-establishment of the *maréchalat* in 1804, Napoleon promoted to be marshals eighteen of his generals: among them may be mentioned Masséna, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Lannes, Soult, Ney, Davout, Kellermann. Subsequently seven others were named in succession by the Emperor—

Victor, in 1807; Macdonald, Marmont, and Oudinot, in 1809; Suchet, in 1811; Gouvion Saint-Cyr, in 1812; lastly, Poniatowski, in 1813.

Louis XVIII. created six marshals, who contrast at least unfavourably with Napoleon's nominations, and three generals were similarly elevated under Charles X.—the Prince of Hohenlohe in 1827, Maison in 1827, and De Bourmont in 1830.

The Citizen King, Louis Philippe, named ten marshals—Gérard, in 1830; Clauzel, Lobau, and De Grouchy, in 1831; Valée, in 1837; Sébastiani, in 1840; Bugeaud, in 1843; Drouet d'Erlon, in 1844; Reille and Dode de la Brunerie, in 1847.

Louis Napoleon, when Prince President, made his uncle Jerome Bonaparte, formerly King of Westphalia, a marshal, in 1850. As Emperor Napoleon III. raised eighteen officers to the *maréchalat*—Harispe, Exelmans, and Vaillant, in 1851; Le Roy de Saint-Arnaud, Magnan, and, Castellane, in 1852; Baraguay d'Hilliers, in 1854; Pélissier, Randon, Canrobert, and Bosquet, in 1856; MacMahon, Niel, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, in 1859; D'Ornano, in 1861; Forey, in 1863; Bazaine, in 1864; and, lastly, Lebœuf, in 1870. Thus, although Canrobert was the last survivor of the marshals, there had been seven junior to him on the honourable roll of the army list. A great void, therefore, has occurred in the national and military life of France by the disappearance from her army of the last of the marshals.

François Certain Canrobert was born at St. Céré on June 27, 1809. He was the second son of an amnestied *émigré*, who, formerly a captain in the Régiment de Penthièvre, had taken part in the siege of Maestricht, and, it is supposed, had also served as an officer, under the name of Belerose, in the ranks of the Chouans during the guerilla warfare of La Vendée; whilst the elder son, following the fortunes of the Great Napoleon during the fateful 'Hundred 'Days,' fell on the field of battle at Fleurus two days before all was lost at Waterloo.

At ten years of age the young François was sent up to Paris to stay with his maternal uncle, the well-known General Marbot, by whose interest he gained admission into the Institution de Senlis, to receive that education to which the sons of the Chevaliers of the Order of St. Louis were entitled. There he remained until he was seventeen, when he entered the Royal Military School of St. Cyr,

from which he passed out as a sub-lieutenant and was posted to the 47th Regiment of the Line. The young subaltern was well reported on; but we do not find that the military studies of his youth were extraordinary, or that he was 'the most successful of respondents to school and 'college questions.'* When, later, he passed as a full lieutenant under Castellane's command, that strict martinet and disciplinarian noticed him, at his inspection in 1835, as proficient in his duties, with a clear voice, fit to command a battalion, 'petit, laid, mais bien tourné,' spirited, zealous, very firm, active, and subordinate, having a taste for his profession—in fact, a picked officer, who deserved advancement in the interests of the army of the future, besides being one who would make an excellent adjutant-major. Such was Canrobert's reputation at twenty-six years of age.

That same year the 47th Regiment embarked for Africa, being commanded by Colonel Combes, a veteran officer who had fought under the Empire, followed Napoleon to Elba, and, as *chef de bataillon* of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard, commanded the hollow square within which the Emperor had taken refuge at Waterloo. No wonder that, under such a past master in the art of fighting, young Canrobert learnt in the field how to lead his men, and how to inspire them with personal feats of valour. No wonder also that the simple young lieutenant, now *sans famille*, became thoroughly imbued with Napoleonic ideas, whilst all the traditionary ambitions which had ever distinguished the soldiers of the Empire were now aroused within him. How these were made use of by designing men in after days shall presently be shown.

The 47th Regiment, directly on arrival, formed part of the force placed under Marshal Clauzel for the purpose of destroying Mascara, then the chief stronghold of the famous Abd-el-Kader. Mascara fell into the hands of the French without much trouble, but not before the 47th had been engaged in a little fighting, during which Canrobert was able to distinguish himself by his promptitude in bringing up his detachment to repulse an attack made upon the rear-guard of the brigade which Colonel Combes commanded. When attached to the column led by General d'Arlanges to establish a fortified camp on the Tafna, in order to afford

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* *Vide* Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' cabinet edition, vol. iii. p. 72. As a matter of fact Canrobert's name appeared eighteenth on the list of those who passed out of St. Cyr in 1828.

communication between Tlemcen and the sea, the 47th had some warmer work cut out for it in 1836, when the troops in Algeria were placed under that sagacious veteran General Bugeaud, who at once perceived that the methods of warfare hitherto pursued by Clauzel and D'Arlanges had been wholly unsuitable for the country in which operations were being carried on. He insisted that the large bodies of troops should be subdivided, that field artillery should be dispensed with, and that light flying columns, with mountain guns, and *bât* mules for baggage, should be organised, in order to follow up the Arabs into their mountain fastnesses. Bugeaud had seen guerilla warfare in Spain,* and, although his brigadier-generals were at first disinclined to believe in his projected methods, the success which attended his change of tactics soon convinced them that the system was sound. This school of African warfare, which has now been followed for over half a century, was in this way inaugurated.

After promotion to the rank of captain and adjutant in the 47th, when twenty-eight years of age, Canrobert took a prominent part in the siege and assault of Constantine, during which the governor-general, Damrémont, was slain (being succeeded by General Valée), as were also Colonel Combes and many brave men along with him. During the operations Canrobert's horse was shot under him, and at the final assault he accompanied his chief, Colonel Combes, who led the second column of the attack. After mounting the breach, the leading column was almost annihilated by the explosion of a mine, and Canrobert was despatched by Colonel Combes, who was fatally wounded, to report to the Duc de Nemours the state of affairs. He had received a shot in his leg, but he managed to get back to the trenches, whence he was carried to an ambulance. For his gallant conduct at the assault Canrobert was mentioned in orders and granted the cross of the Legion of Honour.

In 1839 the 47th Regiment returned to France, but Canrobert, preferring active service in Algeria to garrison life at Perpignan, applied to General Castellane to be permitted to join a battalion of the Chasseurs à pied, just about to proceed to Algiers. Castellane thus described Captain

* As a captain Bugeaud had fought at Saragossa in 1808–9, and as a commandant, under Marshal Suchet, he had served throughout the campaign in Catalonia during 1809 and 1810.

Canrobert to the Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Cubières, by whom he was appointed to the 6th battalion:—

'M. Canrobert est un officier dont je fais le plus grand cas; il est très ferme, actif, très capable, bien élevé, fort instruit de son métier; il a le feu sacré. C'est un officier distingué et d'avenir, qui fera un excellent chef de bataillon dès que son ancienneté de grade permettra de le proposer.'

In the Chasseurs, as in the 47th, Canrobert was continually bringing himself to notice by his activity and bravery under Generals Baraguay d'Hilliers and Changarnier.

'Parmi ceux qui se sont le plus particulièrement distingués on a remarqué M. le capitaine Canrobert, qui a parfaitement secondé son chef de bataillon.'

Thus wrote the Governor-General of Algeria in 1842, when Canrobert was promoted to be 'chef de bataillon.' At the end of the same year, thanks to the personal influence exerted by General Marbot, that officer's nephew was appointed to the command of the 5th battalion of the Chasseurs d'Orléans, with which his name will always be associated,* inasmuch as the soldiers have included it in their regimental song, of which the refrain runs—

'Le cinquième bataillon, ventre à terre,
Commandé par Certain Canrobert.'

On July 4, 1843, during a sharp fight with a force of Kabyles, under some 'Kalifas' devoted to Abd-el-Kader, Colonel Le Flô, with some Chasseurs d'Afrique and Zouaves, being sorely pressed by the enemy and about to retreat, was succoured by a timely charge of the 5th Chasseurs d'Orléans, under Canrobert, who, hearing the noise of musketry, had come to the relief at the *pas gymnastique*, '*ventre à terre*,' on the principle, so often enforced in African warfare, 'qu'il 'faut toujours marcher au canon.' This affair was known as the 'combat de Chaffaïa,' and for his services on the occasion Canrobert's name appeared in general orders for the third time; and General Bugeaud recommended him for the ribbon of an officer of the Legion of Honour.

In 1845 Commandant Canrobert was engaged with the 'colonne infernale,' as it was called, throughout the operations against the fanatic Bou-Maza conducted by Colonel de Saint-Arnaud, in the course of which, it may be remembered,

* As the 10th battalion of the Chasseurs à pied is distinguished as MacMahon's battalion, so also, says M. Martin, the 5th battalion continues to be known as the 'bataillon Canrobert' to the present day.

a large number of Arabs in the caverns of Shelas were blocked from August 6 to 12, on which date the Colonel had all the apertures hermetically stopped up.

'La terre couvrira à jamais les cadavres de ces fanatiques. Personne n'est descendu dans les cavernes; personne . . . que moi ne sait qu'il y a là-dessous cinq cents brigands qui n'égorgeront plus les Français. Un rapport confidentiel a tout dit au maréchal simplement, sans poésie terrible, ni images.'

Of course Canrobert had no more share in this business than he had taken in the more notorious massacre of the fugitive Arabs in the caves of the Dahra during the previous year by Pélissier, who suffocated them by fires lighted at the entrances; but the occurrence of such deeds, which were duly reported to and acquiesced in by Marshal Bugeaud (now the Duc d'Isly), serves to indicate the style of warfare to which the French officers in Africa had become accustomed. It is almost needless to add that repeatedly Colonel Saint-Arnaud had occasion to praise the *sang-froid* and valour of his active coadjutor Canrobert in his despatches to the Duc d'Isly, who again reported to the Minister of War—

'C'est un officier du premier mérite, aussi brave qu'intelligent. Il serait à désirer que M. le commandant Canrobert arrivât vite à la tête d'un régiment.'

Although we must not linger over all the varied services of this brilliant officer during his fifteen years' campaigning in Africa, we must not omit to make some mention of his noted achievement at Zaatcha.

When General Herbillon was sent from Constantine against Zaatcha, the stronghold of Bou-Zian, Canrobert, now colonel of the regiment of Zouaves, after distinguishing himself, as usual, during the siege, led the principal column of the assault. By this time, says M. Chadeuil, the Colonel had grown passably stout, and the agility of the Zouave is proverbial, so he harangued his men somewhat as follows:—

'Enfants! si vous entendez sonner la retraite, vous saurez que ce n'est pas pour les Zouaves; rappelez-vous que je veux être le premier sur la brèche. Vous me porterez, vous me soutiendrez, vous me pousserez, vous me jetterez par-dessus les barricades, mais il faut que j'arrive.'

Of the eighteen men before him sixteen were killed in the breach; two of his four orderly officers were likewise slain, the other two severely wounded, and Canrobert, with a sergeant, followed by the rest of his Zouaves, succeeded in making good their entrance. Canrobert was promoted

to be commander of the Legion of Honour, and shortly after (March 1850) he was made general of brigade and stationed in Paris.

At this time the witty General Fleury, himself a former captain of Spahis, was searching Algeria to find a suitable Minister of War, who should play into the hands of the Prince President, with other African officers, to bring about the restoration of the Empire, Saint-Arnaud being selected to replace General Randon at the Ministry of War.

The one blemish upon the otherwise unstained career of General Canrobert was that which, to his everlasting misfortune, was caused by the blood of the Parisians slain by his brigade on December 4, 1851; but, as Kinglake says, it was 'to his honour that he, more than all the other 'generals employed at that time, had loathed the work of 'having to abet the midnight seizure of his country's fore-'most generals.' M. Louis Martin takes pains to excuse the subject of his memoir as much as possible for the share which he took in furtherance of that hideous but successful conspiracy which culminated in the *coup d'état* of 1851. According to the account quoted from Colonel Charras's 'Les Aides de Camp du 2 Décembre' and Vermorel's 'Les 'Hommes de 1851,' it appears that the young brigadier-general had been the marked object of Louis Napoleon's attentions since General de Saint-Arnaud had been appointed Minister of War in October 1851. His ambitions were especially appealed to.

'Il (le Président de la République) lui montrait dans une perspective prochaine le sommet de la hiérarchie militaire, une position magnifique auprès du Chef de l'Etat. Un jour à la fin d'un dîner il lui jeta, dit-on, ces paroles avec une affectation marquée: "Sous l'Empire un homme de votre trempe était maréchal à 35 ans, et sous ce gouvernement d'avocats il vous a fallu 25 ans pour devenir général de brigade."'

Canrobert still holding back, the Prince President engaged the services of a certain Madame K. to sound the young general, then but forty-two years of age, over whom by her graces and charms she had acquired a certain ascendency.* This creature of Louis Napoleon reported

* 'Il y avait depuis quelque temps à l'Elysée une sorte d'escadron volant. M. Canrobert y avait distingué et il poursuivait de ses amoureux hommages une intrigante de haut parage, russe de naissance, déjà connue par plus d'une aventure . . . Spirituelle, belle encore en dépit de sept lustres plus qu'accomplis, elle avait affiché la passion la plus vive pour le chef du pouvoir exécutif en 1848; depuis elle était

to her master that Canrobert had declared that in future he would obey nothing less than an order signed by the Minister of War. Shortly after this General Magnan, who had replaced the patriotic Changarnier in the command of the troops in Paris, assembled the generals of division and brigade under his orders, and, after enjoining their passive obedience to the general in chief, added that he promised not to act but on the express orders of his superior officer.*

The portion of this unhappy business assigned to Canrobert is soon disposed of. On the morning of December 2 he was ordered by General Carrelet, commanding the division to which Canrobert's brigade belonged, to occupy the Place de la Madeleine and its neighbouring streets with his troops, and there he remained the whole day; but it had been feared by the conspirators that when he should learn of the wholesale deportation and imprisonment of the representatives of the nation Canrobert's adherence to the cause of the embryo Empire might falter, and he might refuse to remain at the head of his regiments, and consequently the wiles of the temptress were again brought into play.

'Dans l'après-midi on le vit se promener sur le boulevard, pendant plus d'une heure, en face des troupes, à la vue de tous, donnant le bras à Mme K——, qui, amoureusement penchée sur lui, l'excitait au crime.'

As to December 4, General Carrelet reports how, on that date, when the firing commenced along the Boulevard Poissonnière, the horses of the battery attached to Can-

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tombée dans les bras de M. Bonaparte, et de là dans ceux de nous ne savons quel individu de son entourage. Elle fut invitée à user de ses grâces et de ses charmes pour gagner à la cause bonapartiste M. Canrobert, toujours hésitant. Elle se mit à l'œuvre sur-le-champ et bientôt elle acquit un certain empire sur cet ardent poursuivant de son cœur, jusque-là dédaigné.'

* General Magnan 'expressly requested,' says Granier de Cassagnac (in his 'History of the Re-establishment of the Empire'), 'not to be apprised until the moment for taking the necessary dispositions and mounting on horseback.' In other words, adds Kinglake, though he was willing to use the forces under his command in destroying the Constitution, and in effecting such slaughter as might be needed for the purpose, he refused to dispense with the screen afforded by an order from the Minister of War. In the event of the enterprise failing he would be able to say, 'I refused to participate in any plot. The duty of a soldier is obedience. Here is the order which I received from General Saint-Arnaud. I did no more than obey my commanding officer.' See Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' vol. i. p. 247.

robert's brigade, being unused to musketry, got restive and out of hand, smashing the limbers and wheels of the gun-carriages, so that the battery was quite disabled from coming into action; his apologist quotes this fact as a proof that Canrobert did not use his field-guns against the people. Again, as to the continuous and heavy file-firing along his line of infantry, M. Louis Martin pleads that the death of the trumpeter Danot by a musket shot, evidently aimed at Canrobert himself from one of the houses, palliates, if it does not excuse, the dreadful massacre of unarmed citizens in this quarter of the city.* Should his readers, he adds, study all that has been written upon the events of this day, 'ils y verront qu'un soldat brave et loyal, comme le fut 'toujours le maréchal, ne figura point parmi ceux qui 'enivrèrent la troupe pour l'exciter au crime.' 'Une 'dernière fois, nous tenons à le répéter, Canrobert ne fit 'qu'obéir (*il le devait, d'après la discipline*) à ses chefs. . . .' We confess that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that any of M. Martin's arguments can lessen in the slightest degree the heavy responsibility incurred by Canrobert at this crisis, or palliate in any way the crime of which he was at least an accessory after the fact, if not an acquiescent participator. It has been necessary to deal with this shady portion of Canrobert's career, which we would but too gladly have passed over in silence.

The Vicomte de Vogüé assures us that when Canrobert heard of the banishment of his friends—Generals Le Flô, Changarnier, and La Moricière—he sent in his resignation to the Minister of War, who only tore it up; but this hardly accords with the fact that within a few weeks of the *coup d'état* he had been appointed personal aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and again accepted the reward of his services in December by promotion to the rank of a general of division, in command of the troops assembled in camp at Helfaut, near St. Omer. Moreover he was soon on intimate terms with Louis Napoleon and constantly in attendance on the Emperor during his courtship of Mdlle. Eugénie de Montijo, for he himself relates—

'J'étais de service et j'accompagnais mon souverain qui journelle-

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* 'La seule part prise par moi dans ce feu,' declared Canrobert in the Senate, 'c'est de l'avoir fait cesser dès que j'ai pu y parvenir, car le clairon qui, à côté de moi, faisait par mon ordre la sonnerie: "Cessez le feu!" est tombé mort à mes pieds, frappé d'une balle qui certainement ne lui était pas destinée.' (Séance of December 12, 1879.)

ment se rendait des Tuileries au palais de l'Elysée ; il y restait depuis le déjeuner jusque vers minuit. Mme de Montijo et moi, nous étions comme les chaperons des deux futurs, qui jamais ne s'éloignaient ensemble du grand salon, dont nous occupions un coin discret.'

The fact is, up to this time Canrobert had been a poor man, and had to make his fortune. Finding, after a warlike speech which he addressed to the troops at Helfaut, that the funds went down, he is reported to have said, 'Ah ! j'ai pu 'faire baisser la Bourse ! Eh bien ! il faudrait qu'elle baissât 'beaucoup pour être au niveau de la mienne.'

When the Emperor Nicholas declared war in the spring of 1854 the fleets and armies of France and England were already moving towards the scene of the coming conflict, and Canrobert was the first to land with his division at Gallipoli. Later on his troops were in camp alongside Sir George Brown's light division at Varna, and that kindly acquaintanceship with his neighbours was first commenced which afterwards ripened into a lifelong friendship towards the English soldiers. In Bulgaria the camps of the allied nations were stricken by cholera, whilst the sufferings endured by the 1st Division of the French army, which was moved into the Dobrudscha, under Canrobert, resulted in the entire failure of that expedition, as described by Bosquet to General Rivet.

'Plus de cinq mille hommes de la 1re division ont quitté le rang, cinq frégates à vapeur ont dû les aller chercher en partie, le reste s'est traîné jusqu'ici ; 41 officiers, plus de 2000 soldats morts, etc. ; les Spahis d'Orient morts, déserteurs, licenciés ; la colère de l'armée sur le dos de Yusuf, d'Espinasse et d'autres peut-être. . . . Voilà le résultat de la campagne de la Dobrutscha !'

Canrobert was one of the commission who arranged the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and he himself was the first person who sprang to land at Old Fort Bay and planted there the French flag. On the advance towards the Alma Canrobert's division led the way ; and no one needs to be reminded that in this engagement the hero of Zaatcha led his division worthily against Menschikoff's troops posted to contest the passage on the steep hills beyond. In fact, Marshal Saint-Arnaud reported to Marshal Vaillant—

'La 1re division a gravi les hauteurs par ses pentes les plus roides avec une ardeur dont son chef, le général Canrobert, lui donnait l'exemple. Cet honorable officier général a été frappé à la poitrine d'un éclat d'obus ; mais il a pu rester à cheval jusqu'à la fin de l'action et sa blessure n'aura aucune suite fâcheuse.'

It is a matter of history that Canrobert, although not the next senior general, possessed a commission from the Emperor authorising him to take the chief command of the whole *armée d'Orient*, should any accident or illness render Saint-Arnaud incapable of holding that post; and, consequently, when Saint-Arnaud died of cholera his successor had supreme charge of the 30,000 men composing the French expeditionary force on shore, whilst Admiral Bruat, his chivalrous coadjutor, commanded the naval forces of France off the coast of the Chersonese; so that the French army was never 'palsied for want of a chief,' as Kinglake, ever ready to disparage our allies,* would have us to believe. General Forey, although senior to Canrobert, cheerfully accorded his most loyal services to his old comrade, exclaiming as the two brave men shook hands, 'Vous 'n'aurez pas dans toute l'armée de lieutenant plus soumis.'

When the allied armies had made their famous flank march around the then almost defenceless Sebastopol, the English seized on Balaclava, although, as the French marched by precedence on the right, that port should more properly have been assigned to the latter. The French acted with great forbearance, and nothing could be fairer, writes Kinglake, than the course General Canrobert took. He 'generously and wisely' gave Lord Raglan the choice of occupying Balaclava or Kamiesch Bays; and the allotment resulted from the free choice of the British, and not from any endeavour to overreach them on the part of Canrobert.

It was, however, principally by the events of that November Sunday on the ridge of Inkerman that the name of Canrobert became so well and so favourably known in England as that of the general who so promptly and gallantly hurried up to the assistance of Lord Raglan's small army when wellnigh overpowered by the dense mass of the Russian battalions.

Although the French camp was at least six miles, over rough ground, from Mount Inkerman, Canrobert, regardful of his African principle, 'Marcher au canon,' straightway

* Kinglake takes peculiar pains to belittle the services rendered by the first division of the French army at the battle of the Alma; for example, he states that *if* Menschikoff had undertaken an advance against Canrobert's division, he would have found 'the French battalions quite soft to his touch;' mentions 'the backwardness of the division,' 'the unfaithful silence of the French,' 'the French returns were grossly erroneous,' &c.

brought up General Monet's three battalions, with Bosquet's division, in aid of the British on the home ridge, hastening to place himself by Lord Raglan's side in the fore-front of the fighting, whilst he did not omit to warn Forey's corps to prepare itself for the sortie which General Timovieff was certain to send against the siege works and trenches.*

When the Russians succeeded in reaching the crest of the Inkerman plateau, Canrobert had been struck in the right arm by a shrapnel-shell fragment, and was on foot—his horse having been shot under him—readjusting the bandage of his wound, close by Lord Raglan, who was mounted. 'No two men,' writes Kinglake, 'could be easily 'found more unlike one another in temperament than the 'French and the English commanders, now again side by 'side on Home ridge—the one consumed by anxiety, the 'other enshrouded by some mysterious quality of his nature, 'which seemed to keep troubles aloof from him.'

The Russians, under Prince Gortschakoff, were forced to retire before Pennefather's and Codrington's divisions, now strongly reinforced by the timely arrival of the French infantry and Boussinière's twelve heavy guns of position; whilst Timovieff's sortie was not only repulsed with loss, but followed up and pursued right up to the very lines of Sebastopol by Forey's division. The honour of the day was saved, and the danger which might easily have proved a disaster was averted by the happy intervention of Canrobert.

As soon as the despatches announcing the victory at Inkerman had reached Westminster the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were unanimously voted and forwarded to the French general in the Crimea.

Indeed, Canrobert's partiality for the British soldiers was frequently evinced in many ways; and his letters afford evidence of his friendly feeling towards them. Thus after the terrible winter had set in, and when his own men were housed and fed in comparative comfort, owing a good deal to his own anxious solicitation and watchful provision, his feelings of sympathy were excited by the sufferings endured by his allies.

* A comparison of the numbers engaged sufficiently indicates to whom the victory was really due. 'Altogether, the allied infantry now on Mount Inkerman comprised between 12,000 and 13,000 men. Besides his 8,000 French infantry (which retained an unbroken organisation, and comprised 5,000 fresh troops), General Canrobert had under his orders a powerful artillery, with also 700 horse.' (Kinglake, vol. vi. p. 412.)

'L'armée anglaise sait combattre avec une vaillance qu'on peut appeler sans égale ; mais elle est loin d'avoir pour la guerre nos prévisions, notre savoir-faire et notre industrie. Nos alliés, qui sont bien sur le champ de bataille les plus solides soldats que l'on puisse rencontrer, sont tellement étrangers aux simples notions du service des armées en campagne, pour ce qui concerne les précautions hygiéniques, la répartition des heures du repos et du travail, la confection des travaux de fortification, etc. . . . que leur effective diminue sensiblement ; mais, je le répète, ils savent noblement racheter ces défauts en face de l'ennemi.'

By the end of the winter half the British army had been rendered inefficient by sickness, whilst the French force, strongly reinforced, was in a fit state to march anywhere and to do anything. This was chiefly owing to Canrobert's careful nursing of his troops.

After the arrival at the French head-quarters of General Niel, with special authority to inquire, to advise, and even take entire direction of the French engineers and the siege works, besides being entrusted with a secret mission from the Emperor, and after the recall of the Kertch expedition, the relations between Lord Raglan and Canrobert became more strained ; * and when in addition, at the beginning of May, the submarine electric cable was connected with the Chersonese, and the French commander-in-chief began to get 'pelted' with telegrams from Paris, Canrobert felt that he was unequal to supporting the constant wear and tear of such harassing discord much longer.† Accordingly on May 16 he telegraphed to the Minister that, as his health would not permit of his keeping the chief command, his duty towards his sovereign and his country forced him to request permission to resign the command to General Pélissier, an able leader of great experience. The army which he would hand

* In his letter to the Emperor Canrobert—May 19, 1855—mentions 'les ardues difficultés que je viens d'éprouver pour préparer l'exécution du plan de campagne de Votre Majesté, devenu *presque impossible* par la non-coopération du chef de l'armée anglaise, la position très fausse que m'a créée ici vis-à-vis des Anglais, etc. . . .'

† One of Pélissier's staff officers writes at this time : 'Le général Canrobert n'a rien fait à la vérité : le fardeau était trop lourd pour lui. Néanmoins il a un grand mérite ; c'est pendant l'hiver de n'avoir pas désespéré de la position critique dans laquelle se trouvait l'armée, et d'avoir su inspirer aux soldats la confiance qu'il avait en eux. . . . Personne n'oubliera jamais que c'est grâce à sa vigilance, à ses soins, que l'armée a pu vivre et rester intacte au milieu des rigueurs de l'hiver dernier. Ce fait seul suffirait pour illustrer un général.' (*Lettres écrites de Crimée par le Capitaine Loizillon.*)

over to him was intact, fit, full of go, and confident; Canrobert therefore begged the Emperor to let him remain to fight at the head of a division. Napoleon telegraphed the same day that he accepted the resignation, and that Canrobert should take the command not of one division but of the corps d'armée under General Pélissier. But Canrobert preferred rather to command his old division than take charge of the 1st corps d'armée. As General Thiry expressed it:—'Le général Canrobert est un brave homme et un homme de 'cœur; il n'a même pas voulu commander le 1er corps; il re-'prend son ancienne division. *C'est une conduite romaine.* 'Jadis ceux qui avaient été consuls devenaient sans difficulté 'les lieutenants de leurs successeurs; mais cette modestie 'n'est plus guère de notre temps.' In fact, as simple general of division Canrobert took his turn of service in the trenches every three days; and the saying was rife throughout the siege works of the left attack, 'Quand la Canro-'bert donnera Malakoff tombera.' * But this was not to be; for on July 26 the Emperor ordered the return of his aide-de-camp, and Canrobert embarked for France, where on his arrival he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, whilst in addition he was elevated to the dignity of a senator. On the occasion of the banquet given to Queen Victoria at the Tuileries on August 19 Canrobert was placed by her side at the table, and afterwards received at her hands the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. At the end of the year the regiments just returned from the Crimea made a triumphal entry into Paris, and Canrobert, by order of the Emperor, rode at their head. His honours culminated by his nomination to the much-coveted rank of 'maréchal de France' early in the following year.

April 1859 found Marshal Canrobert commanding the 3rd Corps d'Armée des Alpes, which was, in fact, an army of observation, being the prelude of the forthcoming war with Austria. By the end of the month, and when Canrobert had organised the three divisions of his force at Lyons, it had become the 3rd corps of the Army of Italy, and its commander was already at Susa and on his way to Turin to

* Canrobert, after receiving the peremptory order from the Emperor to return immediately, went for the last time up to the battery of Lancaster guns to take a final view of the siege works. 'Comme Moïse,' he said, 'j'ai vu la terre promise et il ne m'a pas été permis d'y entrer.' This was all his complaint. The soldiers all cheered him. He was too popular to be permitted to remain.

advise King Victor Emmanuel on the line of defence which the latter had already established on the Dorea Baltea in order to cover Turin. It is manifestly impossible here to follow all the movements of the 3rd corps during the campaign. It must suffice to indicate the most critical periods when Canrobert's actions were important towards deciding the fortunes of the day, more especially because the Marshal has been accused by several of his own comrades of slowness in bringing up his divisions; but an examination of Canrobert's own notes clearly shows that the delays were caused by counter-orders and other causes over which he had no control. Nevertheless, it has been stated by one of our own critics of the Italian campaign that 'Canrobert missed a 'chance of distinguishing himself at Palestro, nearly lost 'a battle by coming up late at Magenta, and showed a 'caution amounting to timidity at Solferino.'

During the advance on Magenta Canrobert's march was continually impeded by the blocking of the only road by the reserve artillery and baggage wagons of the 4th corps. Later he had to withstand the whole brunt of the final attempt to turn the French right, until, Trochu's division coming up, the columns under Giulay retired. Canrobert was in the thick of the fighting—in fact, so much so that he, with his staff, being charged by the Hungarian hussars, narrowly escaped, two of his aides-de-camp being killed by his side. There was not much personal timidity about Canrobert, but the weight of responsibility in manœuvring a whole corps d'armée must ever prove most onerous to all but a heaven-born leader. So also after the great battle of Solferino, on June 24, where to Marshal Niel, who seems always to have been jealous of his colleague, the honours of the day were attributed, Marshal Canrobert's movements were severely criticised. In Niel's report of the action the following paragraph occurred:

'Malheureusement le maréchal Canrobert, menacé sur sa droite, ne jugea prudent de me prêter son appui que vers la fin de la journée.'

Considering that Canrobert had sent the divisions of Renault and Bourbaki to support Niel, together with all his cavalry, accompanying them himself, and contributing largely to the success of the engagement, Marshal Niel's report stung his generous colleague to the quick, and it is said that the Emperor himself had to intervene to prevent the scandal of a duel between two of his highest officers.

As soon as the treaty of peace had been signed at

Villafranca Canrobert obtained leave of absence to recruit from the fatigues of the campaign at Vichy and Aix; obtaining subsequently, on the death of Marshal Castellane, the command of the 4th corps d'armée, whose head-quarters were at Lyons. It was whilst holding this important command that, in January 1863, the Marshal married Miss Macdonald, who, throughout the remaining years of the Empire, was one of the ladies who formed the brilliant *entourage* of the Empress Eugénie, whilst the Marshal succeeded to the command of the 1st corps d'armée at Paris.*

At last the fatal declaration of war with Prussia came, and with it Canrobert soon discovered that the Parisian battalions of the Garde Mobile were wholly undisciplined and out of hand. Some of the telegrams which passed when the Marshal was organising the 6th corps d'armée at the camp of Châlons are given by M. Louis Martin; and most instructive are they as to the disastrous state into which the war department and departmental services had fallen. For instance, with the twenty field batteries belonging to the 6th corps there was but *one* solitary veterinary surgeon. The number of contradictory orders with which the Marshal was 'pelted,' as in the Crimea, from Napoleon at Metz and MacMahon at Saverne is inconceivable. To make matters worse, after MacMahon has had to retreat from Froeschwiller, as he states, without supplies, without ammunition, for which he appeals in vain, for Canrobert had none to send, Napoleon telegraphs that the Empress requires Canrobert's presence in Paris; so off the Marshal starts, only to be told when he gets there that his presence is not required. Meanwhile his corps d'armée has moved up to Metz, whither the harassed Canrobert has to follow it *on a locomotive*, only just in time, as within a few hours later all communication had been closed between Metz and Châlons. It was not for the first time that Canrobert found the personal interference of the unfortunate Emperor to be detrimental to national interests.

Marshal Bazaine was a far younger man and considerably junior in army rank to Canrobert, who nevertheless did not hesitate to place himself loyally under the orders of one whose reputation as a military strategist had gained for him the command of the Army of the Rhine. Marshal Bazaine

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* In succession to General Magnan.

repaid this self-abnegation of his senior by imputing to him all the failure and disasters of August 18.

On the 17th, whilst still at Vernéville, which position he was ordered to quit for St. Privat the very eve of the great battle, Canrobert wrote to Bazaine, 'Je demande 'avec instance à Votre Excellence de ne pas oublier que je 'n'ai *plus de cartouches, plus de munitions d'artillerie*; qu'en 'dehors de la viande que je fais acheter sur place je n'ai plus 'd'approvisionnements.'

To the heroic defence which the 6th corps made at St. Privat the Prussians themselves have borne witness. Prince Frederick Charles brought twenty-three batteries into action, without counting the Hessian artillery, and their fire was concentrated on the defenders of St. Privat, whose ranks were torn by this hail of projectiles, as the retreat was effected in good order. Marshal Canrobert himself relates—

'Je marchais tout doucement, en m'arrêtant toutes les dix minutes. J'espérais toujours recevoir des renforts. Enfin, voyant que je ne recevais rien, j'envoyai un officier de mon état-major rendre compte à M. le maréchal commandant en chef de l'obligation où j'avais été de battre en retraite.'

When the delimitation of the frontier between France and Germany was being discussed the old Emperor William expressed to M. Thiers his wish that the fields of St. Privat and Gravelotte should be included within his new dominion. 'I desire,' he said, 'that the bodies of my dead soldiers, 'especially those of my Guards, who there died for me, 'should rest on German ground, and to effect this I will 'give orders to my diplomates to be less exigent to the 'south of the Vosges.' And therefore, as M. Thiers remarked to the late Marshal, 'if we have preserved Belfort 'within our boundaries it is to the heroism of your soldiers 'who defended St. Privat that we owe it.'

When it came to the last moment before Metz was given up, it was a question whether a final effort should or should not be attempted to break through the Prussian lines. Canrobert declared emphatically against this project, which, said he, could only enable the Prussians to score another victory, whilst it would add another disaster to their own reverses. A sort of conspiracy, it is said, was got up in Metz by the generals, who were indignant at Bazaine's contemplated capitulation. They proposed to seize Bazaine and offer the command to Canrobert, who was to lead them out to cut their way through the Prussians. The Marshal refused the command, but expressed himself as ready to

march out under the orders of whatever general undertook to carry out this impossible project.

Next came the question of delivering the standards at the capitulation. General Soleille was, it appears, ostensibly ordered to collect the flags and to burn them at the arsenal, but this was not accomplished. Canrobert having received orders to have the eagles of his cavalry and infantry conveyed to the arsenal from Bazaine, whose letter included this sentence, 'Vous préviendrez les chefs de corps qu'elles 'y seront brûlées,' duly executed this order, for, as he afterwards declared during the trial of Bazaine, he had no choice. 'Dans une armée il y a un chef et des soldats; 'qu'ils s'appellent maréchaux ou tambours, ce sont les soldats 'du général en chef.'

In reply to a question from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers Canrobert said, 'Je suis trop soldat pour que, recevant de 'mon chef l'ordre d'aller quelque part, je n'y aille pas. Je 'lui ferais peut-être des observations, mais je m'inclinerais 'devant ses ordres.' He was a true soldier in the fullest acceptation of the word, and a strict disciplinarian himself; any idea of indiscipline was foreign to his nature, to the whole tenor of his military life.

The Germans marched into Metz on October 29, and by November 4 Canrobert was breakfasting with the deposed Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe. A few days afterwards the Marshal proceeded to Stuttgart, where he remained interned until the end of the war. During this interval of four months' leisure he wrote three brief papers on the past campaign. The first is entitled 'Note sur l'Armée du Rhin-'Metz (1870),' the second dealt with the 'Causes Générales 'de nos Défaites,' and the third set forth the 'Conditions de 'nos Succès Futurs.' These form the only literary remains of one who was a master of the sword but not of the pen.

In the first he spoke up well for his chief Bazaine, and deprecated the outcry against that general.

'Le maréchal commandant en chef l'armée du Rhin avait été désigné par l'opinion publique, et cette même opinion n'avait cessé de le maintenir sur le parvis de la gloire et de la renommée jusqu'au 28 octobre, jour où, pour une question *prosaïque de farines*, il avait dû succomber. Dès ce moment cette opinion se déchaîna contre ce chef avec la même légèreté et la même exagération qu'elle avait mise à l'exalter: nouvelle et grande leçon qui prouve une fois de plus combien la Roche Tarpéienne est rapprochée du Capitole, et combien le succès semble ici-bas tout légitimer.'

The causes of the French disasters are plainly given, and

it is interesting to read them as recorded by a general who, intimately and closely connected with the Third Napoleon as he was by his own account, had apparently never warned his sovereign of the necessity for preparation, never urged the imperative need of practical reform of the many abuses in the whole system of military administration during the fourteen years that had elapsed since the Crimean war.

These causes he enumerates as follows:—

'1. We could oppose barely 300,000 combatants to more than a million men.

'2. Our regiments badly organised, with an inferior class of non-commissioned officers, contained far too many soldiers from the reserves, hastily called to the ranks, without sufficient drill.

'3. Our war organisation really did not exist. The infantry regiments had not been posted to divisions, nor had divisions been formed into compact army corps, furnished with all necessaries for war; whilst the chiefs were unknown to their soldiers, and the soldiers to their officers.

'4. Our artillery, deplorably inferior in number, was likewise inferior in its range or accuracy of fire; and, not having been sufficiently practised in manœuvring, always clung too close to our troops on the fields of battle.

'5. Our cavalry had no idea of scouting, reconnaissance, or outpost duty; and in battle contented itself with charging bravely on the enemy, without understanding how to take advantage of the ground, of the opportunity, or of other circumstances.

'6. Our staff corps, more accustomed to office work than to field work in the open air, generally ill mounted and of indifferent horsemanship, did not either by its activity, its initiative, or spirit of vigilance or management, by any means attain to the level of that high mission which had been assigned to it by its creator, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. It understood but little of reconnaissance duties, of the use of spies, of indications—in short, of intelligence work generally—and often was ignorant of the position and force of the enemy.

'7. The engineer department had not placed in a complete state of defence a single one of our frontier fortresses. It had kept up for long years many useless and costly places, where the fault was committed of crowding defensive garrisons, who could have been employed more usefully elsewhere.

'8. The commissariat, more red tape tied and methodically regular on paper than practical, had become wholly mixed; it did not know how to provide its stores beforehand, and its service of supply had been so badly organised that nearly always the troops were deficient of provisions, which greatly impeded or paralysed the operations.

'9. In short, the thoughtlessness of the declaration of war and the precipitate hurrying of troops to the frontiers deprived us of those natural allies on which we should most surely have counted.'

Could any more severe indictment have been made against

an army, pronounced too by one of its chiefs, a military adviser of his sovereign, who for many years had held high commands of large camps of manœuvre and wide territorial districts? Surely this is self-condemnation with a vengeance.

The paper continues its impeachment of all concerned, from the inexperienced generals-in-chief down to the civilian element which added confusion to their councils. The post-script is very characteristic of a French general, and perhaps of Canrobert himself specially.

'Et cependant, malgré les trop graves inconvénients signalés plus haut, les armées françaises eussent peut-être évité les affreux revers si elles avaient pu, comme naguère (avant l'emploi des nouveaux engins), faire usage de l'arme blanche et des colonnes d'attaque qui toujours assuraient et donnaient à la *furia francese* un de ses moyens d'action!'

In like manner the Marshal winds up his short paper on the 'Conditions of Future Success'—a mere sketch of the principal points to be looked to in defining the duties of the separate services and departments in the army—by an aphorism which expressed his appreciation of the true great failing in the French army of 1870: '*La discipline et l'esprit militaire sont la base de toute armée.*'

After the signature of peace Marshal Canrobert reached Brussels on March 18, 1871, and the first use he made of his liberty was to offer his services to M. Thiers and General Le Flô, who were then at Versailles organising the operations against the Communists. Although General Le Flô had been one of the victims of the *coup d'état*, although obliged to decline the services thus offered by one of the prominent actors in the tragedy of December 1851, now that he was Minister of War in the Government of the Republic, none the less did he write to Canrobert most courteously, having served with him in former days in Africa, 'Vous eussiez retrouvé en moi le vieux et respectueux camarade d'autrefois. '. . . Mais ce que je vais vous affirmer, c'est que vous ne trouverez ici, quand il vous conviendra d'y venir, que la sympathie affectueuse et *l'estime que vous avez imposées à tous les honnêtes gens.*'

After the suppression of the insurrection, however, when the Government had become somewhat firmly established, General de Cissey was able to get an appointment for Canrobert, who thenceforth presided over the committee on the classification of officers for promotion; and later on the Marshal served as a member of the Defence Committee, besides being placed on the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre.

The veteran officer was too sagacious to allow himself to

be nominated in the Bonapartist interests as a candidate for the National Assembly, but he was elected a senator for his native department in 1875, and again for La Charente in 1879. He naturally took no part in polemical discussions, being of opinion that soldiers ought not to meddle in politics. As he said, 'il est indispensable que l'abstention de l'armée en 'matière de manifestations d'opinions publiques soit absolue.' Nevertheless he was ever ready to give the State the benefit of his experience in matters of military organisation and the interests of the army.

During a debate on the projected regulations for the staff of the army Canrobert laid down the following dictum on the attributes of the staff:

'L'état-major est à une armée ce qu'un chef d'orchestre est à toutes les parties concertantes, c'est-à-dire qu'il n'invente rien, mais qu'il dirige l'exécution des ordres et la pensée du général en chef.'

At length, in 1883, he presented, and the President, M. Jules Grévy, accepted, his resignation of the duties which he had exercised up to that time. He was then in his seventy-fifth year, and had served France for over fifty-seven years. Looking back over this period of military duty, the fine old soldier could exclaim, 'Dans le cours de ma longue carrière 'j'ai toujours pris pour principe: "*Fais ce que dois, advienne* '"*que pourra.*" Jamais je n'ai décliné la responsabilité de 'mes actes.'

Henceforth the retired veteran resided in the Rue de Marignan at Paris, occasionally visiting his country house at Jouy en Josas, where, to his great regret, he lost his wife in 1890. He appeared in public for the last time at the funeral of his friend Marshal MacMahon, at the end of 1893, in the Chapel of the Invalides, where he was, a few months after, to follow his late comrade. After the death of Mac Mahon Canrobert was the senior of all the European field marshals and the last of the old 'maréchaux de France,' and with the last moment of his life the *maréchalat* of France likewise expired, on January 23, 1895.

The Chamber of Deputies was asked by M. Ribot, then Premier, to grant a public funeral to a gallant soldier who on the fields of battle in the Crimea had shown his valour and abnegation, who at St. Privat had fought in the last open battle which the French had been able to deliver against the Prussians. Homage was due not only to the man, but to the ancient army of France in the person of its last representative. The new army of France, which was syn-

onymous with France herself, saluted Marshal Canrobert as the chief of the old army. The President of the Council implored the House not to exhibit before Europe an unseemly discussion over the grave of the last marshal of France. Nevertheless a tumultuous debate ensued before the necessary vote was secured by the Government with a large majority; and even in the Upper House the Senators were not altogether unanimous.

On February 3 the funeral rites were celebrated with all that military and religious pomp in which the Parisians delight, in the church of St. Louis, behind whose altar is the entrance to the vault sacred to the marshals.

Hard by the bronze gates of the Great Napoleon's separate tomb is this crypt, devoid of ornament, excepting the urns containing the hearts of Vauban, of Kleber, and of Hautpoul. Forty recesses constructed for as many bodies are but partially occupied. Amongst others resting here may be found those with whom the subject of our memoir was closely associated: among them, for instance, are Bugeaud, of African, and Saint-Arnaud, of Crimean fame; Pélissier, whose body has already been twenty years in the grave; and MacMahon, who survived him for a similar period. Side by side with these now rests Canrobert, who had been for forty years a marshal, and for the last year of his life *le dernier maréchal de France*.

ART. IV.—1. *Finland in the Nineteenth Century.* By Finnish Authors, illustrated by Finnish Artists. Helsingfors and London: 1894.

2. *Vignettes from Finland.* By A. M. CLIVE BAYLEY. London: 1895.

3. *Il Kalevala.* Studio Storico-Critico. Da DOMENICO COMPARETTI. Roma: 1891.

ZACHARY TOPELIUS, the most genial and patriotic of Finns, tells us in one of his stories how the high gods, when they set about the making of worlds and continents, unluckily forgot Finland. All their gifts and good things were exhausted ere they discovered their mistake; and that mistake was an irrevocable one, since, through their lavish bounty to others, all their blessings had passed out of their own power. The gods themselves cannot, as is well known, take back their gifts, so there remained neither warmth nor wealth, neither sunshine nor vein of gold, neither wines nor precious stones with which to dower her. Thus it came about that Finland inherited nothing but herself, and her dowry still consists of her soundless wastes, of granite boulders, of lakes and islands, of strawberries, of meadows where her milch kine graze, and, above all, of the silence of her forests, where the pines grow faultless in their towering height, straight and strong as the masts of some 'great 'admiral.' Such is the legend of the creation of Suomi, the land of the strawberry, 'far set amid the melancholy 'main,' between the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia.

Putting legend aside, it is impossible not to be struck by the physical geography of this country, especially by the great deposit of drift and of huge erratic boulders that cover its soil. Signs of glaciation abound, both in these stones and in the innumerable lakes, ponds, tarns, and bogs which are so characteristic of Finland. Formed sometimes in the solid rock, out of which some primeval glacier has scooped their bed, the lakes are often found to be dammed up by such accumulations of unstratified drift as melting icebergs would leave. These depressions, which follow each other in chains, occupy nearly 42,000 kilomètres of the total face of Suomi. In much smaller proportions the same sort of chains may be noticed in Forfarshire, and in Brittany between Le Mans and Vitry. A traveller might in both these instances fail to notice them, but in Finland they are

the distinguishing feature of a country of which one-tenth of the surface is a gathering together of water, while one fourth of it may be described as 'watery.' Yet, in spite of the legend of the gods' mistake, Finland would be happy and prosperous were it not condemned to an annual recurrence of a 'glacial period,' were it not what the 'Kalevala' calls it, 'a land of cruel winters.'

Finland lies between 60° and 70° of latitude. Its coasts continue to rise from the sea at the rate, in some places, of three feet in a century. Its most northern point is where the Karasjoki flows into the Tana, and its most southern extremity is that promontory of Hangö of which the port is not always wholly closed by ice. Part of the coast consists of naked cliffs of granite, which rise to a marked but not an impressive altitude; but far more frequently the coast line dies away in a fringe of insignificant and barren islands. The multitudinous channels which intersect such an archipelago, or skerry, require expert pilots, so do the waters of the shallow lakes. Navigators must rely on buoys and beacons and danger signals, since the landscape of the Finnish mainland can offer but few salient points by which to steer. Sometimes there are a village and factory, and more rarely there is a church, with a belfry and with that quaint outhouse in which of olden time men stacked the arms that it was indecorous and unfair to bring into the house of God, and which is now used to store, during divine service, the furs required for a journey by boat or *kyyti-rattaat*. One thing is always lacking, viz. a mountain or a range of hills that might form a background to this monotonous foreground of stones and weeping birches. The highest hill in Finland only measures 858 mètres, though there is a hilly district between Kuopio and Kajana, while behind Joensuu there rises a hill of respectable proportions, and there is a ridge known as the Ridge, a continuation of which, where it is prolonged into Russian territory, serves to separate the waters of the Gulf of Finland from the White Sea. The slope of the country towards the sea is very gradual. The Saima Canal, with its twenty-six locks, has only a fall of 76 mètres, and it is often difficult to distinguish the waters of some black lake from those of the river, which, with a really imperceptible current, runs, or rather leaks, out at its lower extremity. There are, however, some remarkable rapids on Finnish waters, such as those on the Tornea, the Ulea, the Kymmene, and the Vuoksi. The last-named of these rivers is full of

beauty from its fall, by two branches, into Lake Ladoga, where it becomes one of the feeders of the Neva, up to the bridge at Jääskis and its birth-place above the great waterfall of Imatra. Big with the overflow of the Saima lake world, the Vuoksi there tears through a long narrow gut or gorge, and flings into waves of every shape and of rainbow hues a greater volume of water than passes over the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara.

This Saima, known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands, has no parallel in Europe, and on its banks at Willmanstrand the late Czar built himself a country house. The lake is very well fitted for yachting, and a journey of fifteen hours may easily be passed in one of the small steamers which ply on its waters, and which ultimately, by means of the Saima Canal, reach the sea at Viborg. Many of the thousand islands are treeless lumps of rock or stranded little rosettes of juniper, alder, and purple heather. Others again carry fragments of virgin forest, and some notion of the extent of this extraordinary basin may be arrived at if we think of Soidinsalo, which measures 1,605 square kilomètres, and which is surrounded by water on all sides.

In Finland there are just two months of summer, July and August, and during those weeks there is often a frost keen enough to ruin the potatoes and to damage the rye. September and October make up the autumn. Late roses flower up to Michaelmas, and the season is beautiful with tints of crimson, grey, and gold, but the tarns are frozen over, and even the canal boats push their way through crisp ice. The time to visit Finland is at midsummer, during the weeks when through the long blond night there is no darkness at all to render visible a single star. When the first star does show the people are aware that the year has turned, and that before long their brief summer will be dead.

One of the prettiest pages in Miss Clive Bayley's very pretty book of 'Vignettes from Finland' is her description of a summer dawn. The Hull steamer is lying off the harbour of Abo, waiting for a pilot.

'About one, as the dawn broke, we glided slowly forward. Round the horizon a broad rainbow of colour belted the sky, bright in pink, yellow, and green, the violet and blue of the sea being added to the hue of the sunrise. We moved away almost imperceptibly among the small rugged rocks, which still looked black in the grey light around us. A yacht, with her sails full set, lay floating in the dead calm. There was not a ripple on the water, nor any sound save that of our

own motion. Here and there stood a lighthouse or signal tower, and white cairns of stones seemed to mark specially dangerous or fatal reefs. . . . Soon after changing pilots we came among the larger islands, which seemed to increase in size as we neared land. They were rich in tall timber, some of the pines rising in faultless spires above the forest, while others, as they showed like ragged masts against the sky, spoke of wind and tempest. Rushes fringed the islands now and again with a dash of exquisite green, but in the grey dawn the colour of the forests seemed sombre, though relieved here and there by the delicate hues of the silver birch. Suddenly we changed our course a little, and the sun caught some of the yellows and greys of what I suppose are sand, limestone, and granite rocks, and invested them with a perfect halo of light. The channel too opened out, and the reaches of water between the larger islands are very beautiful. Wooden huts, rich in red colouring, showed here and there among the trees, and now and again a little craft, poised motionless as a bird, would appear in the bend of a bay or close to the shore of some islet. . . . This is, at all events, a charming entrance to an empire which stretches eastward to the further shore of Asia.'

This grand-duchy of Finland, of 144,000 square miles, with its 2,770,000 inhabitants, is very little known. The public is not only capable of mixing up Finland and Lapland, but is apt to treat Finlanders and Finns as identical, which they are not, because the former name describes the inhabitants of the country, recruited, as they must be, from many sources, while the name of Finn indicates the men and women who belong to the original Ugrian race. What is this race? Let Topelius reply to this question. That he is well able to do so is proved by the fact that in this collection of able reports on Finland, printed in English at Helsingfors, the task of describing the early inhabitants and the influence of later immigration on the stock has been entrusted to him.

'Where history has lost all trace philological research has succeeded in finding relations of race. We are told by philologists that Finns belong to a numerous race, the Finnish-Ugrian, descendants of which are spread over a vast territory, from the Ob and Ural in the east to the banks of the Danube in the west and south, where they are represented by the Magyars. The nearest relations to the Magyars—at least as far as language is concerned—are the Ostiaks, on the Ob and the Irtysch, and the Woguls, about the Ural. In the east of European Russia there dwell the brother races—the Zyrians and Wotiaks, the Mordvinians and the Cheremesses, the two last-named of whom live on the Volga and are more closely related to the Finns. . . . It was only on the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia that the branches of this numerous race, which had spread so far north-westward, at last found a refuge for human culture, sheltered by the wilderness and yet

attainable by the seas. The fact that the Finns still exist, that they have preserved their national individuality and succeeded in attaining to European civilisation, is in great part due to the peculiar nature of their country, which is so bleak and cold, but at the same time so sunny, so enclosed and yet so open, so sheltered, yet so accessible to European influences. . . . The Biarmas, on the Dwina, so powerful till the fourteenth century through their commerce and wealth, and also the Magyars, are the only nations of Finnish race that ever founded an empire. All the rest seem to have lacked political initiative. . . . The Biarmas defended themselves against the Sclavonians for 150 years. It likewise took the Swedes 150 years, with three crusades, to conquer bit by bit thinly populated Finland, which, moreover, was torn to pieces by civil wars. The united Russian forces needed about three centuries to conquer this country, and did it also bit by bit.'

Topelius makes out such a good case for the Finnish race that we are sure it is only with regret that he confesses

'no written chronicle, no document, no cuttings in the rocks or runic monuments recall the memory of these heathen Finnish races, who did not know the art of writing. All that we know about them would have been confined to antiquities from the stone and iron ages, to weapons, ornaments, and remains of fortifications, &c., and to the scanty descriptions of other nations, had the Finns themselves not retained a tradition of uncommon richness and vitality. Epic songs, interspersed with legends and incantations, descended from generation to generation through many centuries, but were not written down till the end of the last century. Elias Lönnrot collected them and put together the scattered remains of a great national epic, comparable to the Homeric odes, and which in 1835 was published with the title of "Kalevala." The latest of these fifty runes bear traces of the influence of Christianity, but most of them give evidence of great age, and the oldest suggest a relation with the myths of India. . . . The Finns were sun and fire worshippers. Among all the neighbouring races they have until modern times been known for their witchcraft, and have themselves believed in this mysterious power. But in all Finnish sorcery there is a leading thought of noble elevation, which more than any other natural religion approaches Christianity, viz. that the world was created by the Word. The Word prevails over everything. Strength is only an outflow of wisdom, and only he is wise who possesses the creating word, the "word of origin," as it is called, without which any incantation is powerless; and there lies the chief difference between the views of the Finnish races and those of the Aryan, for the latter races have always considered heroic power to consist chiefly in exploits of the sword.'

Perhaps if Topelius had been disposed to philosophise deeply on this difference he might have found that it arose from a difference in the ethical standpoint of the races. Its bearings on social life have been practical enough.

The Finns could never have subjected themselves, as did the Latin and the Norman people, to feudalism and a military dictatorship. They would fight for their country, but never for aggrandisement; and who knows whether in 'the 'difference' to which Topelius draws attention we may not find an explanation for the incompatibility of the Finns with their Russian masters? Theirs is an antipathy more subtle and more deep-seated than can be accounted for by political reasons only. Let us grant that the governor-general of the grand-duchy be a Russian, and an orthodox believer, and that he and his family may possess all the womanly *morgue* and all the manly *superbe* (as Richard Cœur de Lion called it) of which an imperial and imperious government is capable, still the provincial governors are of native growth. At this moment Viborg is ruled by a gentleman who is a Finn and a Lutheran, one whose piety, grace, and accomplishments ought to mollify all rancours of party and creed. What is more, the liberties of Finland are really safeguarded by the terms of the union. It is not in Finland as in the Polish provinces of the Russian empire. Corporal punishment is forbidden, deportation to Siberia is impossible, and the Finns are allowed to elaborate with all care and prudence their own system of prison discipline. Their schools are excellent, and itinerant teachers lodge in the farmhouses of very thinly peopled districts. The pastors will not confirm children who cannot read and write, and in a Finnish regiment only 2 per cent. of the men are ignorant of these elementary steps on the ladder of learning. In the Russian army, in 1860, only 2 per cent. could read or write. By 1870 the number had risen to 11½ per cent.; but even now it leaves a great deal to be desired, the more so as Alexander Alexandrovitch closed a good many of the schools which Alexander Nikolaivitch had opened.

This subject of educational superiority is one in which Finns feel keenly. No real physical barrier separates the grand-duchy from her great neighbours. Lake Ladoga, with its 6,804 square miles of surface, is really a Finnish lake, because it is fed for the greater part by Finnish streams, of which the Neva is the outcome. St. Petersburg is within six hours of Viborg by rail; Russian officials run down to their *datchas*, or country houses, in Finland from Saturday to Monday, as Londoners do to Chislehurst or Watford; yet the so-called union is not, and will never be, a union of hearts. The ill-will and the distrust of the Finns are kept alive less by any malversations of the Russian

tchinovniks than by the capacities and the aspirations of the diligent and law-abiding Finnish people.

But here we must pause to ask, What is this people? It is the product less of heredity than of environment, of gradual developement, and of a chronic dislike to their masters. A people is like a great river. It is fed by affluents, by streams that have issue at different levels and that have run through different soils, but whose combination secures strength, volume, and impetus. The solidarity of all those racial elements, which might otherwise be contending and unconformable, is gained when men have learnt that union is strength. Such a union is procured by adjustments that are not all self-interested, by concessions that are not all hypocritical, by submissions that are not all servile, and it is secured by a sense of that need for mutual assistance which prosperity implies and which adversity necessitates. Among the Finnish population the harmony that has been reached gives a great impulse to commerce, to industry, and to letters. That it has not been lightly won we must proceed to show.

Differences of language prove that originally more than one race peopled prehistoric Finland. Yet the local dialects, like the whole group of Baltic tongues, have the same characteristics. They are all distinguished by the paucity of consonants, and by that great developement or multiplication of vowels which renders the language sonorous and flexible, and makes such Finnish names as Urdiala, Runolinna, and Lavola so pleasing to the ear. The language is not an easy one to learn: what language can be that boasts of fifteen cases? The student must remember the nominative, partitive, genitive, inessive, elative, illative, adessive, ablative, allative, abessive, prolative, translative, essive, comitative, and instructive. A great deal of instruction will assuredly be needed to enable a learner to master such a syntax as this, particularly when it is remembered that the moods of the verbs do not fall behind the cases in variety and intricacy. He will have to wrestle with moods infinitive, passive, imperative, optative, conditional, and concessive. Then he has to consider the declensions, indicated by a change in the termination of a noun, and not, as in English, by the use of such prepositions as *of*, *in*, *for*, and *by*. For example, Jääskis is the name of the town where a fine bridge spans the Vuoksi, but from the parsonage, or the chemist's shop, you must write 'Jääskiissä.' In the same way *tölli* is a cottage; for 'in the cottage' you must write

'töllissä.' Very curious points for philologists occur in Finnish. Under Sir Robert Morier's *régime* at the English Embassy in St. Petersburg a fine monograph on Finnish grammar was made by one of his staff. Mr. Eliot, in his profoundly able introduction, says—

'Although the common opinion about Finnish is that it is hopelessly unlike any European language, it must be admitted, by all who have studied it, that it presents a very close approximation to the Aryan type, due, no doubt, to the strong and consistent foreign influence to which it has been subjected. As is well known the vocabulary is overrun with Scandinavian words, often the equivalent of the simplest ideas, which must have been borrowed not lately, but before the earliest period of which we have any record. In the structure of the language itself this approximation is not less striking. It manifests itself in two ways—negatively and positively. As regards the first, Finnish has abandoned many contributions which are to be found in other languages of the same group, but which are unknown in Aryan grammar. Thus we find no trace of the object being incorporated with the verb, or of the verb taking possessive as well as predicative suffixes. On the other hand the positive resemblances are very numerous. It cannot be denied that the declensions, whatever be their origin, are, in their present form, very similar to those of Latin and Greek. The case suffix forms a whole with the noun. . . . The only difference between Finnish and Greek or Latin declensions is that the first is more regular and transparent in its character, though even here, some cases, as the partitive singular and the genitive plural, do show considerable diversity. The adjective is fully declined, agrees with its substantive, and takes degrees of comparison. The verb is clearly distinguished from the noun, and the scanty supply of primitive tenses has been supplemented by a number of forms combined with the auxiliary verb, after the analogy of German and Swedish. There are, on the other hand, a great many infinitive and participial constructions which recall Turkish. . . . On the whole it may be fairly said that Finnish really presents no great differences from Aryan languages, except in its euphonic laws, its use of pronominal suffixes, the infinitives and participles, and some syntactical peculiarities. Compared with such a language as Ostiak, or even Magyar, it shows the clearest traces of foreign influence, and of *non-Aryan material recast in an Aryan mould*. . . . The tendency to advance from the primitive forms and constructions of the Ugro-Altaic languages to a mode of expression more in harmony with Western thought reaches its height in the modern literary Finnish. It is no reproach to this language to say that it is artificial.'

This is very true. If in the very construction, in the bone and tissue of the language, it appears that Aryan and occidental communications have corrupted Ugrian speech, much more should alteration be found in the Finnish of the modern, very modern, Finnoman. His talk is artificial,

just as the Provençal of the Félibres, of Roumanille and Mistral is artificial, and little of a guide to the conversation of the flower-pickers and of the washerwomen in a Provençal *lavandou*. The process by which this over-fine Finnish is grown is easy to trace, since in trying to assimilate European, and especially Anglo-Saxon culture, a mass of translations has been made. To run one's eye over such a catalogue of books as a Finnoman loves to exhibit is to notice at once that many, too many, of the works for sale are not Finnish books, though written in Finnish and printed at Helsingfors or Borga. They are the books of Bulwer, of Dickens, of Darwin, and of Mrs. Humphry Ward, to say nothing of such classics as the Scott novels, of books on medicine and botany, and the like. It stands to reason that the translators, moved by their very anxiety to do justice to the originals, should have coined and adapted forms of thought in the first place, and forms of speech in the second, that were not proper to their archaic mother tongue. Necessity is proverbially apt to quicken invention, and even in speaking of the compilation of the far-famed 'Kalevala' Mr. Eliot says—

'Neither can any one who knows Welsh or Gaelic, and the comparatively slender stock of ideas and of words to express ideas which the Celtic world possessed and the Celtic mouth required, wonder at the number of newly invented words in the Provençal of the poets, or in the Finnish of the "Kalevala."'

Ardent Finnomans explain away some of the anachronisms with which Lönnrot's version is reproached, by saying that the word is old enough, and that though a modern and a far-fetched signification may now be attached to it, it once had another and a truly archaic meaning. This may sometimes be true, but the Finnoman who rushes into this controversy is really reopening the question which assumed the proportions of a warfare as to the authentic nature of Macpherson's 'Ossian.' In that case a vast mass of Ossianic legend and poetry was assumed first to be genuine and then to be nearly spurious. Patient modern investigation has convinced us that not only did the Gaelic world possess all the poems that Macpherson captured and translated, but there existed, and in some districts there still exists, as much and more traditional matter associated with Ossian and with Fingal. We are now also awake to the variants which exist of all unwritten tales, and we are therefore able to approach the question of the 'Kalevala' runes in an unprejudiced spirit. So did Professor Julius Krohn, of Helsingfors,

the best and greatest of the commentators on the national epic, and, like his son, a folklorist of repute. The variants are additions to our knowledge, not disproofs of the authentic nature of a rune, and as the 'Kalevala' is avowedly not the work of one mind, or of one age, we need not stumble when we come on newer grammatical forms, or find some newer ways of expressing ideas which have long been the current property of the Finnish race. We have said that Krohn's commentary is of paramount authority; but later came Professor Comparetti's book, which, if largely borrowed from Krohn's, is none the less an epoch-making essay. An associate of the Royal Academy, called 'dei Lincei,' he brought out his work in Rome, and the world is the gainer that one of the ablest Greek scholars in Italy should have applied himself to the epic poem of Finland. Comparetti is no mean authority on Dante, all the more so that he benefited by the vast erudition of the late Don Michael Angelo Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta, as the care and acumen so acquired have stood him in good stead in the study of the 'Kalevala.' Comparetti says of his essay that it is anatomical, and really this description is a fair one. He dissects the poem; and the 'Kalevala,' studied at home by men like the Krohns, by Ahlquist, Donner, Setälä, Hertzberg, and Neovius, has everything to gain at the hands of the foreign expert whose zeal has led him to visit and revisit Finland, and to investigate, with the truest sympathy, the scope and tendencies of Finland's great epic.

Comparetti holds that for the composition of the 'Kalevala,' as we now possess it, Lönnrot laid under contribution traditional poetry of *every species*, adding to the groundwork of such narrative (but not historic) poems as might be justly termed heroic many subsidiary narratives, nuptial odes, incantations, and fragments of lyrics, so that the 'Kalevala' has come to be 'a synthesis of all traditional poetry.' How justly the Italian professor judges we shall realise when with him we go over the 'arguments' of the fifty runos. The many digressions and the quaint episodes that are incorporated with the groundwork of the epic show up most plainly; as, for example, the runos Nos. 19 and 21–25, which are a collection of nuptial hymns, and the runos 45, 47, and 48, on the birth of fire and the origin of evil, which are passages of moral and philosophical interest only, and not even real interludes. Episodical too are the death of Lemminkäinen, and the history of the lyre (*Kantele*), in the runos 3, 39 (latter part), 40, and 41.

The expedition in search of the Sampo cannot be regarded with anything but the greatest interest. Critics are not agreed among themselves what this Sampo was. Was it a plough, a vessel, or a mill? Was it a bolt magically forged, and kept in a case with a coloured lid; or was it a web mystically woven, many-hued, and wonderful? It was at all events an article the possession of which conferred great advantages; its capture engaged many minds, and fairly inebriated a few. According to the orthodox arrangement in fairy tales three heroes went in search of it. The 'old and 'truthful' Väinämöinen was at their head, and he took his harp with him. The Sampo was found, was captured, and was got safe on board their vessel. Songs of triumph were sung; the world was to know a halcyon time. But count no men happy till they are dead. Thanks to the arts of a malevolent witch, a storm arose; the thunder fell, the good ship went to pieces, and the precious Sampo went to the bottom of the sea. So perish the hopes of men and of nations. Not only have we in this expedition a presentiment of the Argonauts and their search for the Golden Fleece, but we have a foretaste of the quest for the Holy Grail, which makes the *Leitmotif* of the whole Arthurian legend. We are not sure if it was meant to be the *Leitmotif* of the 'Kalevala,' but it forms the most tangible incident in what Max Müller ranks as among the great epics of the world. The true origin of this Sampo myth is not historical. We meet with it in many places and many disguises, but it has its birth in the emotions of men. It originated when men became aware of their desire to have and to know, to eat of knowledge, to get gifts for men, to realise their ideals. Here the story is as pathetic as disappointment can well make it. All the wasted energy of the men who strained at the oars, all the illusory hopes of the leaders, are set forth. One malevolent woman blights all their hopes, but the poem explains itself. The grand old singer has even lost his 'Kantele' in this ruin. But men become great by what they know, and it is by suffering that they learn. *Pathemata mathemata.* It is through their own efforts, by their own consistent 'sailing to the never pleasant Northland,' and not by success, that they grow heroic. 'Where,' asks the bard in his first despair, 'where is the force in earth or 'heaven That will help a soul in pain?' Väinämöinen remembers that he must help himself. To begin with,

'Time will fly on equal pinions,
Whether we have songs or silence;'

and the world needs his *Kantele*. So he sets to work to make a new one. 'Sorrow carved it, and carking care;' but the poet lives, and draws sweetness from it. He has learnt that the offence must come, and that the vision being for an appointed time, men ought always to pray and not to faint. So ends the quest of Väinämöinen, and it leaves the old minstrel more wise, more pathetic, and more fit to be a leader of men. A high soul, as Goethe would say, surely 'underlies the childish play' of the fancy in this old Finnish runo. The most advanced religious belief has not found any better palliative for evil than the struggle against it in the quest for truth; and the divinest prayer ever breathed has for its final utterance one submissive yet urgent cry, '*A malo libera nos!*'

Väinämöinen the bard is the true hero of the 'Kalevala,' and just as the poem opens with him and shows us his progress, like that of Ulysses, through experience to knowledge, so it ends with his disappearance. But let there be no mistake. Such a man could not be lost. So Väinämöinen is not dead; only departed. He had once before, like Orpheus, visited the shades. Now he has heard of the birth of the Virgin's Son, and he is troubled. A Greek legend says that on the night when Christ was born in Bethlehem the powers of nature were troubled at His coming, without whom there was nothing made that was made; so the forests were full of voices that sobbed, because 'great Pan is dead.' In the same way Väinämöinen feels that his kingdom will be given to another. We see him pushing off in his boat, bound for some unknown shore. 'Westward, westward,' sailed the hero,' and on the 'lower verge of heaven,' on the confines of the world he will tarry till Suomi, 'hungry for 'the true religion of patriotism,' again invokes her seer. 'Watch for me,' he says, 'at dawn of morning,'

> 'That I may bring back the Sampo,
> Bring again the harp of joyaunce,
> Bring again the golden moonlight,
> Bring again the silver sunshine,
> Peace and plenty to the Northland.'

Whenever the hour strikes he will return like lost Jeremy the prophet, like lost Marko of Servia, like Charlemagne and Barbarossa and lost King Sebastian, and like the blameless son of Uther, who still waits in Avalon.

If Väinämöinen had such glorious counterparts, so also had Ilmarinen, the immortal smith. The myth of the great

artificer is to be found all over the world of folklore, and Ilmarinen's hammer seems to have had all the powers of Thor's. His universal genius is reproduced in the Irish legends about their dark-haired and mysterious builders, and also in the Sutherlandshire tales about Holy Gilbert, the *Gobhan*, or smith, to whose ingenuity the peasants still love to ascribe any notable piece of workmanship. As Comparetti says—

'From runos so devoid of historical basis how is it possible to ask them for any record of their origin, for any remembrance of the root whence they sprang? How can we ask it when the subject of their narrative is in itself a problem for the wise? Many have asked, "What does the 'Kalevala' mean? Has it any technical significance? Is it myth, or allegory, or symbol? He who should seek for the kernel of the 'Kalevala' will find the nutshell empty." It is really a collection of fragments bearing on the old culture of Finland, when men first accounted for the birth of fire and of song, and began to discern, as in the quest of the Sampo, "the pain of finite hearts that yearn."'

Space forbids us to go further into the mythology of the 'Kalevala.' Enough has been said to show that for the folklorist the book is a mine of wealth. Some of the legends are so childishly whimsical as to be barren of interest for a grown-up world; others, again, are highly suggestive and beautiful, as, for example, the account of how from the tears of the divine poet Väinämöinen pearls were born, or how, when he framed his *Kantele*, or lyre, its strings were made from the fair hair of a girl who was waiting for her bridegroom. Before leaving this subject it is well to listen to a few words from Lönnrot himself, to hear the Homer of an epic which has no foundation in history, but which is full of the magic as well as of the natural philosophy and the earliest ethical tendencies of the Finns.

'As none of the singers of runos can measure himself with me in the matter of the mass of runos by me collected, I conceive that I have the same right as those singers have ever arrogated to themselves, viz. that of arranging the runos in the order in which they may seem to me best to adapt themselves the one to the other.'

This was Lönnrot's theory and practice, and so guided he produced a very remarkable and a very stirring piece of work. But a disappointment awaits the traveller who by the help of either the diction of the 'Kalevala' or the grammar of Mr. Eliot should imagine that he has learnt Finnish. He may have vanquished and overcome the syntax, and boldly have attacked the prosody; but woe betide if, in idioms so accurate, he should ask his boatman whether a salmon is

likely to-day to rise to his fly from the 'tail' of this or that pool. 'Kitchen Finnish,' as the Russians are pleased to term it, must really be learned *viva voce* from the moormen who win their hay, from the reapers and the lumberers, or from the bargemen who bring the loads of deal planks through the canal to the sea. In society it is not easy to acquire more than a smattering of Finnish, because, owing to the tradition of Swedish influence and Swedish culture, and under the reality of Russian supremacy, the native tongue is pretty nearly banished to the kitchen. Swedish is spoken in the drawing-room, and in Swedish the poet of yesterday recorded impressions which have little in common with the old runos. Officially three languages are recognised, and the name of every station is written up in Finnish, in Swedish, and in Russian. It may very well happen, however, that near the frontiers the station master, in his pride of office, will decline to answer your enquiries about your luggage except in Russian. If you turn for help to the *emäntä* and her two daughters, who wear fringed white silk handkerchiefs over their hair, and stand beside you on the platform, you will find that they can only speak Finnish, and call Viborg *Vipuri*. So do the children who offer birch-bark baskets, full of strawberries, for sale, while your companions in the railway carriage give you to understand that they only understand when they are addressed in Swedish. After investigation it will appear that they not only can speak Finnish, but that they are quite able to converse with you in French or in German; but so great is their dread lest any suspicion of conferring with Russians should attach to them that they prefer to take refuge in invincible ignorance. They belong, it seems, to the Svekoman party, and its existence is now so much of an anachronism that, to account for it, we must revert to the history of Finland at a period anterior to her conquest by Russia. The first conquest of the country by King Eric of Sweden took place in 1157; the Swedish dominion was maintained during centuries, and Finland, when incorporated as a province, enjoyed the same political rights as the mother country. Needless to say that a Swedish immigration took place, which drove the Lapps northwards to the Polar circle, and that a fusion was effected between the immigrants and the purely native races. It was to St. Erik that Finland owed the introduction of Christianity; and the English tourist who, landing at Abo, visits its cathedral, may remember with pleasure that this evangelising and

martial king had to send to England to find the first shepherd for the recently converted Finns. St. Henry now lies in Abo, having met a martyr's death, and having recognised as his successor another Englishman named Thomas. The oldest part of their cathedral now left standing dates from the first half of the thirteenth century; but Abo is best known by the signature of a treaty of peace, when, in 1743, Sweden allowed the Russian frontier to be pushed forward to the river Kymmene.

The Finns are fond of boasting that, though founded in the twelfth century, the Swedish dominion in Finland was able to resist all Russian attempts at aggression till the era of Peter the Great. That after his reign things should wear another aspect is easily explained. Not only had Russia realised her mission as a European Power, and not only had the testament (real or fictitious) of the imperial ship-carpenter fired the imaginations of his successors, but the capital had become fixed at St. Petersburg. Now St. Petersburg as a locality, with its wide river, its many islands, its flat, ugly horizons, its marshes and canals, and its fogs, is essentially Finnish, and, what is more, Finland proper has become the strategical frontier for the city. A train from Helsingfors by Viborg runs straight into the capital, and the possession of the grand-duchy is essential to every White Czar who represents at the Winter Palace, rests at Peterhof or Tzarskoe Selo, and sleeps his last sleep in the fortress of Peter and Paul, beside the brimming Neva. Imperial Russia, throned no longer in central Moscow, but in this outlying St. Petersburg, could not live if she had not Finland for her own. Possessed of Finland, as she is, there is not the smallest chance that she will ever let her best bulwark go. For this reason the history of the country, since the erection of St. Petersburg into the residential capital of the Russias, is that of a never-ending and still beginning struggle to have and to hold the grand-duchy. There was a war in 1788, and war again in 1808, when the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch announced his intention of annexing the whole of the Swedish possessions in Finland. Successful and self-satisfied, this Czar, who coquetted with a code and with constitutionalism, issued a manifesto declaring to the Finlanders that their ancient laws would be inviolably maintained. Every Czar, from that day to this, has said, and had to say, the same thing, and Finland has really preserved the position which Speransky

desired for her when he said to his Imperial master, after the Diet of Borga, 'Finland is a State, not a province.'

Generations have come and gone since Speransky spoke, and though a certain russification of measures and manners has unavoidably taken place, the 'form of government' of 1772, and the 'Act of Security' of 1789, and the 'Act of 'Legislation' of 1809 are neither null nor void. The privileges of the four orders who sit in the National Diet, the laws regulating the Lutheran Church, and the statutes which refer to the Bank and the currency, the maritime code, the organisation of the military systems, and such matters of penal and civil law as fix the permanent standard of legality are the inheritance of the modern Finlander. Why, then, should he complain? and whence arises his jealous distrust of Russia? In the first place he dreads a commission charged to codify his old and still existing laws. It has not appeared yet, but he sees it on the horizon of practical politics. Next he dreads an amalgamation of the duties which would raise his own taxes from 5*s.* in the pound to 11*s.* 8*d.*, or rather more than double them. Finally, he dreads the establishment of the Orthodox Church on such lines that the Lutheran religion would in Finland be reduced to the place of a permitted sect. It is in the matter of mixed marriages that the Finn is most unpleasantly reminded of the difference between himself and the Russians. These were cases not foreseen by the Act of Legislation, and the bitterness of feeling is increased when the Lutheran inhabitants of any district are compelled to maintain with their money an Orthodox pope and his ritual. This is done under the pretext that the Orthodox believers are too few and too poor to keep up a place of worship for themselves. The grievance is real, and not made more palatable by the gross ignorance of the Orthodox congregation they provide for of the simplest rudiments of Gospel knowledge. The Orthodox attitude with regard to the marriage tie is severe, but then Russian morality falls so far below its theory that here again we must make allowances for the intense annoyance roused by the interference of the clergy. There are very few Jews in Finland, so that the anti-Semitic agitation is not yet among her troubles. Her Diet contains labour members, and this Diet is supplemented by a State Council of 14 members, over which the Governor-General presides, and where decisions are given in the name of the Emperor.

In 1812, and while the organisation of Alexander Pavlovitch was still young, an interesting moment presented itself.

From having been a friend and admirer of Napoleon Alexander had become his enemy and the soul of a coalition against France. One of the first points in its formation was a meeting between the Czar and Karl Johan, the lately chosen Crown Prince of Sweden. The two princes met at Abo, and conjecture, ever busy, put about a report that Finland was to be restored to her former masters. The Svekoman party rejoiced, but their joy was short-lived. No such project was really in the air. The wish only had been father to the thought, and Sweden, for her co-operation in that struggle which the Russians still speak of as 'the war 'of the forty nations,' was only presented with Norway. Even at Vienna, where the changes in State boundaries were so manifold, no one attempted to attack or question the union of Finland with Russia. That remained and still remains inviolate, not because of any sympathy, real or latent, between the Empire and the grand-duchy, but because, as we have just pointed out, Finland is the necessary buffer, the outwork, the anteroom of St. Petersburg. Many distinguished men have held the post of Governor-General of Finland. There was first Barclay de Tolly. Then came Prince Alexander Menschikoff, and Ormfelt, so well known for his opposition to the views of Speransky, and later there came Adlerberg, who advocated the construction of the railway to the frontier, and even to the capital. The present Governor-General, Count Heyden, is not popular, perhaps the less so because his wife (whose charitable establishments form one of the glories of St. Petersburg) has gone to where, beyond all voices of senators, representatives, and *tschinovniks*, there is peace. The Governor-General resides in Helsingfors, with occasional visits to a villa near Juustila, on the beautiful waters of the Saima Canal. Though the visible head of the State he is not the head of society. It cannot be concealed that the landed gentry of Finland, who speak Swedish, have Swedish traditions and sympathies, and, in a great many cases, are of Swedish extraction. The work of the great landowners in their own districts is certainly excellent. The villages of wooden huts are made to look neat; the schools, almshouses, and churches are in excellent repair, and among the local magnates you find men who are cultivated and accomplished, and whose eyes are open to the claims and to the wants of modern times. The drinking habits, which in good society were once as jovial and as excessive as those of provincial Scotland, are things of the past. Around such landlords live the native Finns, hewers of wood and drawers

of water, clearers of the forests, and above all makers of butter. They speak their native speech; they are poor, frugal, and hard-working, if prone to hard drinking. These peasants breed horses, weave and spin, work in the sawmills and dairies, and are all the time capable of a great amount of training and culture. It is curious to see barefoot—we had almost said bare-legged—peasant women working in dairies where the machinery, the bookkeeping, and the Pasteurisation all demand skill, attention, and care. Many landowners own from 200 to 500 cows. They pay great attention to the breeds, and have more than once bought in the Scotch and English markets, especially from the Duke of Buccleuch's herds. In some fortunate instances such a landlord has learned the native language. He lives among his own people, where not only is he the local magistrate, the local lecturer on temperance, the local contributor to the native press, but he and his daughters are glad to be the local doctors, surgeons, and nurses. These gentlefolk are patriots of the best sort, though their sympathies must be sometimes torn by a strangely divided sense of patriotism. They live as Finns among Finns, but they have to accept service and take office under Russia, and as generals, admirals, governors, and heads of sections they must carve out careers for themselves. Their children's careers must also be considered, and among other anomalies to which they are exposed is the appearance, from time to time, of a Russian bride brought back by a son who has spent some time in St. Petersburg, or in some garrison town of Holy Russia. In time the strife of Svekoman and Finnoman must cease, for the former party must diminish in numbers and importance. Let us hear what Miss Clive Bayley has to say of the present state of parties.

'Nothing is more striking than the calm common sense which rules supreme in matters of national policy. Anything like resistance to authority is unknown, except among criminals. There is never any sedition, *émeute*, or mob in Finland. Absolutely law-abiding and unprovocative, the Finns keep a vigilant look-out for every symptom of Socialism, anarchism, or any other ism that might give Russia an excuse for interfering. . . . So closely are the ports watched, and all the more effectually that they appear to be unguarded, that a Nihilist or anarchist would have little opportunity of escape. This is the practical way in which the Finn serves his country and promotes liberty, by checking license. . . . There has been one terrible mistake made in past Finnish policy. The Swedish element considered itself for a long time an oligarchic and aristocratic *crème de la crème*, and utterly scorned their Finnish fellow-countrymen. The latter, by

an aberration of judgement hard to pardon, coquetted with Russia, in order to break the power of the nobles. It is broken, but the party now known as New Finnoman see in a coalition with the Svekoman the only source of strength and stability. In this young party, growing up in the place of the original heroes and patriots, who but for their one fatal mistake might be called the fathers of their country, lies the hope of Finland. The Svekoman sees that the energy, the independence, the doggedness of the Finn, his tenacity of purpose, reserve, and prudence, give him a force which presents an almost impervious front to Russian chicanery and intrigue. The Finnoman in his turn sees that the higher social culture of the Svekoman is not a thing to despise. Hence has sprung up a young Finnoman party, which includes most of the talent, wit, and genius of Finland, and has for its aim the glorification and maintenance of Finnish nationality alike in art, literature, education, manufacture, and commerce.'

The Finns are very democratic, very proud of their progress and of the way in which they have grappled with the questions of the redistribution of land, the liquor trade, the rights and employment of women, people's libraries, &c.; so they are not disposed in things temporal or spiritual to ape Russia and the Russians. They remind you of that great empire of which the Archbishop of Kherson and Odessa frankly said 'he saw no signs (1889) of any coming dawn.' In Finland there are daylight and energy. It is to this energy that we owe the series of papers on Finland. Let us glean from the very massive volume before us some details as to the methods in which Finland expresses her aspirations as well as her powers.

The literary reputation that rises first to our lips is that of Runeberg. He was at college with Lönnrot, but whereas the one devoted himself to the old runos in the Finnish tongue the other was the great ornament of the Swedish literature of Finland. The friends founded the Private Lyceum of Helsingfors, and a sentiment of love for the Fatherland became the chief spring of their literary activity. Runeberg's first home in East Bothnia early developed that love of nature which his masterpiece, the 'Elk-Hunters,' exhibits, but it is his lyrics which live in the mouths and hearts of men and women. By 1839 his reputation was made, and Xavier Marmier, in his studies on the literature of the north, places beside Oehlenschläger and Tegner the poet of Borga. His wife, Fredrika, was a poetess, and the house which the gifted pair occupied in Borga is now a National Museum. The 'Vårt land' of Runeberg, set to music by Pacius, has become Finland's national anthem, and when he died, in May 1877, all the four estates took part in his funeral.

The divine spark is not extinct in the family, and Walter Runeberg modelled the statue which commemorates his father's genius in the centre of Helsingfors. 'Literature,' says Aspelin, 'was the first expression of the thoughts and 'feelings of the Finnish people, but the attainment of a high 'standpoint and the circumstance that the Finnish lan-'guage is now being employed in most departments of 'human knowledge justify the assertion that the result 'of the work of developement is a national literature.' Nothing can be more true than that Finlanders turn their attention to all departments of human knowledge. In the country you find not only excellent roads, but telegraphs, telephones, the electric light, and all modern resources, unless indeed it be carriages more luxurious than the droskies that ply in Abo and Viborg. It is true that in those towns the pavements are not suited for vehicles of a better kind, but, on the other hand, when you have jolted over the stones to the bank you find there polyglot partners and four or five fair-haired lady clerks behind their desks. In Finland the question of employment for women has received great attention. The country is poor, the middle class is both well educated and ambitious, if very simple in dress and living, and the daughters are now brought up intelligently. As bank and telegraph clerks, and as *masseuses*, many of them earn their living most creditably, and even when they emigrate Finnish governesses are in demand in Canada and the far West.

There is another direction in which public interests and personal ingenuity intend to help each other. We mean the opening out of the country to tourists and for the purposes of business as well as of sport.

There is near Willmanstrand a factory for the bobbins used in the Lancashire and Yorkshire mills, for which the wood of the birch trees is best adapted. At Joensuu the great house of Egerton, Hubbard, & Co. have their sawmills, leasing from the government and from private owners large tracts of forest. There are English vice-consuls at Helsingfors, Abo, and Viborg, and since 1871 three companies of insurance against fire offer a protection against a danger which in a land of wooden houses is always to be borne in mind. The hills of Finland are poor in ores, but the riches of the rocks lie in their granites and porphyries. There is near Jääskis a pale blue porphyry of the rarest beauty, and for the monument which is being raised in the Kremlin to

the memory of Alexander the Blessed M. Basil Joukovsky has selected from Finland some exquisite slabs. The pavement is being laid down by him in a shade of dark olive green, of which the effect must be seen to be believed, contrasting as it does with the brickwork of the terraces that reach down to the banks of the Moskva and with the mosaics and the golden lilies of the roof. The stones used for the construction of St. Petersburg are generally taken from Finnish quarries.

When we come to think of touring in Finland the question resolves itself into one of the means and cost of communication. Life is cheap, so is travelling; the roads are adapted for cycling, but the natural lines of traffic are formed by the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia and by the numerous lakes, rivers, and canals. Small hotels are springing up; at Juustila and Lauritsala rough accommodation is to be got; the hotels of Imatra and Raupa are more civilised, and an English company now contemplates the purchase of Taipale, which is certainly the gem of the estates on the Saima Canal. Sport is less certain than might be wished, because poaching is very common, and because the kestrels are allowed to work their wicked will among the game of Finland. You may see as many as four hawks in the course of an hour, while a naturalist may be pleased to learn that as many as twenty-two 'Camberwell beauties' have been counted in a three hours' drive through a forest of which the glades and woodland spaces are always gay with butterflies. There are trout and salmon in the rivers, but it must not be forgotten that during the greater part of the tourist season shooting is prohibited, and that the hazel hens and the wild ducks only appear on the table after the leaves have begun to turn their colour and the days to grow short. Canoeing has become fashionable on the inland waters, and it is generally easy to hire a boat; but for the amenities of life in Finland, among both gentle and simple, our readers cannot do better than first read Miss Clive Bayley's pleasant and well-written pages, and then go to Finland to judge for themselves. They may perhaps be tempted, like our authoress, to linger there after St. Bridget's summer in October is past, and till winter has come to open new communications across the morasses, even till 'high winter,' as it is called, sets in after New Year's Day, and with its increase of light gives the first promise of returning spring.

ART. V.—*Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. London: 1895.

MR. ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE has done good service to English biography by the publication of a selection from the letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Since the death of the latter in 1834 a number of his letters have been printed, but they are scattered up and down various biographical works and can only be read in a fragmentary form; others, and not the least important, have remained unpublished. The present correspondence has been gathered from both sections, and is intended by the editor to be a representative selection. It extends from the year 1785, when Coleridge was a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, thirteen years of age, to July, 1834, when he was a confirmed invalid, and indeed was within a few days of his death. Though a number of other letters are in existence, this collection is sufficiently large and varied to enable us to realise with greater vividness than has ever hitherto been possible the personality of Coleridge. This must yet for many years to come be of extreme interest to all students of our literature, for we cannot regard Coleridge as a mere abstraction and separate the work from the creator. In every page of his poems, his philosophy, and his criticism we come in contact with some matter which causes some reference to the writer's personality. Even were this not so, Coleridge was a man of so unique and so interesting a nature that there will always be some who will find him, apart from his work, a perpetual subject of consideration and analysis. By means of these letters we are brought into contact with him as a man; we realise his strength and his weakness, his extraordinary intellectual power, and his equally extraordinary shortcomings. Around few English writers has gathered a larger quantity of special literature, in part biographical, in part critical; nor do additions to it cease, for the editor of these volumes has lately published, under the fanciful and rather misleading title of 'Anima Poetæ,' a selection from Coleridge's manuscript notebooks, and the main reason for the appearance of a still more recent work, 'The Gillmans of Highgate,' is Coleridge's connexion with this excellent family. But among recent works the first place must be given to the admirable biography by the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, which was published in 1894, and is not likely to be superseded as an impartial yet a friendly narra-

tive of Coleridge's life, marked as it is by the most scrupulous accuracy and by a judicial yet large-minded criticism. But, excellent as this work is, and interesting as are the views which we obtain of Coleridge in the biographies of Wordsworth and Southey, we cannot in any of these books enter into that long personal intercourse with him which we do by a perusal of a sequence of his letters, extending over a period of nearly fifty years. For this purpose a coherent and consecutive edition of his letters was necessary. Coleridge's was the most interesting personality among the literary men of the first half of this century. No one of his age had his versatility or his capacity, or, it may be added, his curious weaknesses. Such a man can never be properly understood until we have been able to follow his correspondence year by year. Without it we never really get within his own feelings for his friends. With his own words to guide us in regard to his intercourse with his relatives, his friends, and his contemporaries, we stand at his own point of view. Some of the letters by themselves may seem uninteresting and even trivial, but we do not understand a man when we only see him in full dress, so to say; thus, as parts of the whole, such letters are of importance, since they enable us to become more truly intimate with this extraordinary man, to enter into his aims and his failures, to sympathise with his intellectual and moral life, and to feel a kindness even for his shortcomings. Coleridge more than most men poured out oftentimes his whole heart in a letter; he laid bare his soul with a childlike simplicity; he was never averse to enter by correspondence into an abstruse philosophical argument, nor did he keep his literary criticisms only for public reading. Thus both his personal and his intellectual character will become clearer to any one who will take the trouble to read through these two volumes: that character will be better realised by such a perusal than by accepting the most careful and accurate summaries of his actions and his works. We shall endeavour, so far as it is possible in a limited space, to make a few selections from these letters, with a view of placing our readers to some extent on the same terms of intimacy with Coleridge as are reached by those who have not unsympathetically read this remarkable correspondence. For there is little that is new to be said in the form of criticism either of his poetry or his prose. His position as a poet, a philosopher, and a critic is pretty clearly ascertained. The facts of his life have been accurately chronicled; his actions and his infirmities have

afforded material for judgements often hard, and, on the other hand, sometimes too kindly: perhaps an unnecessary importance has been attached by both friendly and unfriendly critics to some personal failings.

> 'Not ours to gauge the more or less,
> The will's defect, the blood's excess,
> The earthly humours that oppress
> The radiant mind.
> His greatness, not his littleness,
> Concerns mankind.'

It is in this spirit that these letters should now be read, showing as they do the great charm of Coleridge's character, which explains the love which was borne for him by a few persons who knew him intimately and long. 'His great and 'dear spirit haunts me; never saw I his likeness, nor pro-'bably the world can see again,' wrote Lamb, who had known him all his life, and was probably of his contemporaries the man best fitted to form a fair judgement of his friend. Thus we should unquestionably regard these letters, not as affecting Coleridge's position as a writer, nor as illuminating any particular fact in his career, but as bringing the reader of to-day into a personal relationship with a man who had a unique place among his contemporaries, which was obtained very much from those personal characteristics which men of a later generation can only appreciate—and that imperfectly—by that insight which is obtained from the self-revelation of a candid letter-writer.

Nor must we read them—as we may the correspondence of some eminent persons—for their own intrinsic charm. There are some letters which may be perused, without reference to the personality either of the writer or of the correspondents, simply as delightful pieces of a special branch of literature. Those of Charles Lamb and Maria Edgeworth, to take two examples, possess much of that charm, so difficult to define, which gives to certain correspondence, often on trivial subjects, a perpetual attraction. Coleridge was of a nature too intense for this; his letters are too much, as a rule, the earnest expression of strong feelings, or the straightforward statement of ordinary matters, ever to come within the charmed circle. When his letters are more literary in style, as are some of those descriptive of his visits to Germany and the Mediterranean, they are more in the nature of long descriptions by an able and imaginative writer, by a 'special correspondent,' than of letters by the wanderer in foreign countries to his intimate

friends at home; in some instances they were actually published, either in his lifetime or posthumously, as narratives of foreign travel. It is necessary to point out these limitations of Coleridge's capacity as a letter-writer, in order that there may be no misapprehension on the subject, and that it may not for a moment be supposed that this collection of his letters adds to our permanent literature. They are valuable not from the point of view of pure literature, but from that of biography.

Excluding three letters written when Coleridge was a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, the first in chronological order were written when he was an undergraduate at Jesus College, Cambridge. They are addressed to Mrs. Evans and her daughters. It is well known how Mary Evans was Coleridge's first love, and how his engagement and subsequent marriage with Sarah Fricker were events which resulted as much from the loss of the former as from actual love for the latter. This group of letters is valuable, not only because several of them have hitherto been unpublished, but more especially as indicative of Coleridge's mind and character at the time when they were written. They are touched by a delightful gaiety, but often also by a maturity of manner which adds to their charm. Here is one written to Anne Evans, noticeable at once for brightness and gloom, full of literary promise and agreeable feeling:—

'My dear Anne,—A little before I had received your mamma's letter, a bird of the air had informed me of your illness—and sure never did owl or night raven ("those mournful messengers of heavy "things") pipe a more loathsome song. But I flatter myself that ere you have received this scrawl of mine, by care and attention you will have lured back the rosy-lipped fugitive, Health. I know of no misfortune so little susceptible of consolation as sickness: it is indeed easy to offer comfort, when we ourselves are well; *then* we can be full of grave saws upon the duty of resignation, &c.; but alas! when the sore visitations of pain come *home*, all our philosophy vanishes, and nothing remains to be seen. I speak of myself, but a mere sensitive animal, with little wisdom and no patience. Yet if anything can throw a melancholy smile over the pale, wan face of illness, it must be the sight and attentions of those we love. There are one or two beings, in this planet of ours, whom God has formed in so kindly a mould that I could almost consent to be ill in order to be nursed by them.

'O turtle-eyed affection!
If thou be present—who can be distrest?
Pain seems to smile, and sorrow is at rest:
No more the thoughts in wild repinings roll,
And tender murmurs hush the soften'd soul,

'But I will not proceed at this rate, for I am writing and thinking myself fast into the spleen, and feel very obligingly disposed to communicate the same doleful fit to you, my dear sister. Yet permit me to say, it is almost your own fault. You were half angry at my writing *laughing nonsense* to you, and see what you have got in exchange—pale-faced, solemn, stiff-starched stupidity. I must confess, indeed, that the latter is rather more in unison with my present feelings, which from one untoward freak of fortune or other are not of the most comfortable kind. Within this last month I have lost a brother and a friend! But I struggle for cheerfulness—and sometimes, when the sun shines out, I succeed in the effort. This at least I endeavour, not to infect the cheerfulness of others, and not to write my vexations upon my forehead. I read a story lately of an old Greek philosopher, who once harangued so movingly on the miseries of life, that his audience went home and hanged themselves; but he himself (my author adds) lived many years afterwards in very sleek condition.

'God love you, my dear Anne! and receive as from a brother the warmest affections of your

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 52.)

It was in December of this year that Coleridge took the extraordinary step of leaving Cambridge and enlisting in the 15th Light Dragoons. No man was ever less fitted for a soldier's life, even though the causes of his seeking it were probably the same as have actuated scores of more commonplace mortals—debts and disappointed love. His discharge was procured in April of the following year. The correspondence which belongs to this particular period does not throw any further light on the causes which led to this strange step, but it reveals a considerable progress in Coleridge's character towards that incapacity for encountering the practical difficulties of life and that remarkable absence of self-reliance which seemed to make the help of some more commonplace nature a perpetual necessity to him. 'I have so seldom acted right,' he says, in a letter written to his brother, the Rev. George Coleridge, a short time before his actual discharge, 'that in every 'step I take of my own accord I tremble lest I should 'be wrong.' Self-confidence is one of the characteristics of youth; men of mature years may sometimes smile at it, and sometimes regard it with a feeling of contempt. But without it there is a poor chance of overcoming the earlier difficulties of life, or of developing the serener courage of which it is often but the parent. One letter from this group will sufficiently exemplify the state of Coleridge's mind at the

time. It is a curious mixture of thoughtfulness and of anxiety for petty details.

'Sunday night, March 21, 1794.

'I have endeavoured to feel what I ought to feel. Affiliated to you from my childhood, what must be my present situation? But I know you, my dear brother; and I entertain a humble confidence that my efforts in well-doing shall in some measure repay you. There is a *vis inertiæ* in the human mind—I am convinced that a man once corrupted will ever remain so, unless some sudden revolution, some unexpected change of place or station, shall have utterly altered his connexion. When these shocks of adversity have electrified his moral frame, he feels a convalescence of soul, and becomes like a being recently formed from the hands of nature.

'The last letter I received from you at High Wycombe was that almost blank letter which enclosed the guinea. I have written to the postmaster. I have breeches and waistcoats at Cambridge, three or four shirts, and some neckcloths, and a few pairs of stockings; the clothes, which, rather from the order of the regiment than the impulse of my necessities, I parted with in Reading on my first arrival at the regiment, I disposed of for a mere trifle, comparatively, and at a small expense can recover them all but my coat and hat. They are gone irrevocably. My shirts, which I have with me, are, all but one, worn to rags—mere rags; their texture was ill adapted to the labour of the stables.

'Shall I confess to you my weakness, my more than brother? I am afraid to meet you. When I call to mind the toil and wearisomeness of your avocations, and think how you sacrifice your amusements and your health; when I recollect your habitual and self-forgetting economy, how generously severe, my soul sickens at its own guilt. A thousand reflections crowd in my mind; they are almost too much for me. Yet you, my brother, would comfort me, not reproach me, and extend the hand of forgiveness to one whose purposes were virtuous, though infirm, and whose energies vigorous, though desultory. Indeed, I long to see you, although I cannot help dreading it.

'I mean to write to Dr. Pearce. The letter I will enclose to you. Perhaps it may not be proper to write, perhaps it may be necessary. You will best judge. The discharge should, I think, be sent down to the adjutant—yet I don't know; it would be more comfortable to me to receive my dismission in London, were it not for the appearing in these clothes.

'By to-morrow I shall be enabled to tell the exact expenses of equipping, &c.

'I must conclude abruptly. God bless you, and your ever grateful

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 64.)

It was this unpractical youth who in this same year, just before he left Cambridge, formulated a scheme of founding a kind of socialist colony in America. The new system was called Pantisocracy; it was a dream into which Cole-

ridge for a time threw himself with the utmost enthusiasm; friends who ventured to criticise it coolly became almost, in his view, traitors to a sacred cause. The episode has been dwelt on too much in connexion with Coleridge's life, since the system was altogether visionary; it never for a moment would bear serious examination. It is chiefly interesting as an illustration of the tendency of Coleridge's mind to formulate schemes without having the practical capacity to carry them out. 'The Watchman,' 'The Friend,' and numberless other literary adventures were, later on, planned, sometimes begun, and never carried through. At twenty-two he was eager to found a new colony across the Atlantic. Almost at the hour of his death he was at work on his *magnum opus*, a new philosophy. 'Of all systems that have ever been presented 'this has the least of mysticism, the very object throughout, 'from the first page to the last, being to reconcile the 'dictates of common sense with the conclusions of scientific 'reasoning;' and in 1830 he writes to Poole that he is 'advancing regularly and steadily towards the completion of 'my *magnum opus* on "Revelation and Christianity," the 'reservoir of my reflections and reading for twenty-five 'years past.' Neither colony nor system of philosophy was more than a dream. 'Pantisocracy, oh! I shall have 'such a scheme of it! My head, my heart are all alive! 'I have drawn up my arguments in battle array; they shall 'have the tactician excellence of the mathematician with 'the enthusiasm of the poet.' So he wrote to Southey towards the end of 1794; in truth, it was the enthusiasm of the poet and not the strong and clear resolves of the colonist which was surging in this brain.

The years 1797 and 1798 were those in which Coleridge's genius as a poet was at its fullest excellence. He had been married in 1795; in the following year he made the abortive experiment of publishing a periodical called 'The Watchman,' and, just as it was drawing to a close, he settled at Nether Stowey, near Bristol, while in July, 1797, the Wordsworths made their home, only three miles away, at Alfoxden. At Bristol Coleridge's prudent friend and adviser, his constant helper, Poole, was living. These two years are what the editor of this correspondence calls the Stowey period; it is that in which Coleridge attained his high place as an English poet; 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'Frost at Mid-'night,' and the 'Ode to France' were produced in it. He was troubled by narrow cares, by the difficulties of supporting a wife and child by means of precarious payments for

unprofitable literary work. Yet it is to this period that belongs, in many respects, the most permanent interest. As a poet Coleridge is 'high among the highest of all time.' As such he is greater than as philosopher or critic, for the simple reason that, remarkable as he is in these characters, the great poets of the world are comparatively so few that one who takes his place among them stands there on a higher plane than is attainable elsewhere.

> 'Beethoven, Raphael cannot reach
> The charm which Homer, Shakespeare teach.'

At the end of a long letter to John Thelwall, Coleridge gives an interesting little sketch of his manner of life at Stowey.

'I never go to Bristol. From seven till half-past eight I work in my garden; from breakfast till twelve I read and compose, then read again, feed the pigs, poultry, &c., till two o'clock; after dinner work again till tea; from tea till supper, *review*. So jogs the day, and I am happy. I have society—*my friend* T. Poole, and as many acquaintances as I can dispense with. There are a number of very pretty young women in Stowey, all musical, and I am an immense favourite: for I pun, conundrumise, *listen*, and dance. The last is a recent acquirement. We are very happy, and my little David Hartley grows a sweet boy and has high health; he laughs at us till he makes us weep for very fondness. You would smile to see my eye rolling up to the ceiling in a lyric fury, and on my knee a diaper pinned to warm. I send and receive to and from Bristol every week, and will transcribe that part of your last letter and send it to Reed.

'I raise potatoes and all manner of vegetables, have an orchard, and shall raise corn with the spade, enough for my family. We have two pigs, and ducks and geese. A cow would not answer the keep: for we have whatever milk we want from T. Poole. God bless you and your affectionate

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 219.)

Unfortunately the letters which belong to this period are not numerous, and we have fewer glances into Coleridge's mind at this time than could be wished. A letter to Thelwall shortly before he left Bristol, which may almost be regarded as belonging to the poetical period, throws, however, great light on Coleridge's character and habits at this time.

'Saturday, November 19, [1796.]
'Oxford Street, Bristol.

'My dear Thelwall,—Ah me! literary adventure is but bread and cheese by chance. I keenly sympathise with you. Sympathy, the only poor consolation I can offer you. Can no plan be suggested?

. . . Of course you have read the "Joan of Arc." Homer is the poet for the warrior, Milton for the religionist, Tasso for women, Robert Southey for the patriot. The first and fourth books of the "Joan of "Arc" are to me more interesting than the same number of lines in any poem whatever. But you and I, my dear Thelwall, hold different creeds in poetry as well as religion. *N'importe!* By the bye, of your works I have now all, except your "Essay on Animal Vitality," which I never had, and your *Poems*, which I bought on their first publication, and lost them. From these poems I should have supposed our poetical tastes more nearly alike than, I find, they are. The poem on the Sols [?] flashes genius through Strophe I., Antistrophe I., and Epode I. The rest I do not perhaps understand; only I love these two lines:

> '"Yet sure the verse that shows the friendly mind
> To Friendship's ear not harshly flows."

Your larger *narrative* affected me greatly. It is admirably written, and displays strong sense animated by feeling, and illumined by imagination, and neither in the thoughts nor rhythm does it encroach on poetry.

'There have been two poems of mine in the new "Monthly "Magazine," with my name; indeed, I make it a scruple of conscience never to publish anything, however trifling, without it. Did you like them? The first was written at the desire of a beautiful little aristocrat; consider it, therefore, as a lady's poem. . . .

'Your portrait of yourself interested me. As to me, my face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic good-nature. 'Tis a mere carcass of a face; fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the Puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historical writers; but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry and "facts of mind"—that is, accounts of all the strange phantasms that ever possessed "your philosophy"—dreamers, from Thoth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan, are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry. All else is *blank*; but I *will* be (please God) an horticulturalist and a farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition, and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it.

'I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open. In conversation I am impassioned, and oppose what I deem error with an eagerness which is often mistaken for personal asperity; but I am ever so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my *opponent*. Such am I. I am just

going to read Dupuis's twelve octavos, which I have got from London. I shall read only one octavo a week, for I cannot *speak* French at all and I read it slowly. . . .

'Write on the receipt of this, and believe me as ever, with affectionate esteem,

'Your sincere friend,

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 178.)

No letter is better worth attention, and in the significant sentence, 'I absolutely hate composition,' we may perhaps see the key to the paucity in amount of his poetry. Criticism, philosophical speculation, and an irregular and desultory manner of jotting down his thoughts on the subject, an absence of the perpetual and steady work of Wordsworth, and of the facility of the metrical expression of a strong outflow of poetical feeling, long before he attained middle age, were essentially characteristic of him. We see in this same letter his capacity for literary criticism and his love of omnivorous reading; in the preliminary sentence, 'Literary 'adventure is but bread and cheese by chance,' we may regretfully observe a full recognition of what largely helped to deprive English literature of more continuous and permanent results of Coleridge's genius—the necessity to make literature the means of earning his living. This necessity would have been greater than it was had it not been for the singular generosity of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, by whom he was granted an annuity of 150*l*. No conditions were made in regard to it, but, for reasons which have never been clearly ascertained, Josiah Wedgwood withdrew his half in 1813. Such a loss, after the gift had been regularly received for many years, might well have made even an amiable man express some harsh feelings. Though chronologically this event is far later than the time at which we have arrived, an extract from a letter to Poole, which partly touches on this subject, is so singularly illustrative of that overwhelming charm of Coleridge's nature that it is best transcribed in this place.

'You will have heard that, previous to the acceptance of "Remorse," Mr. Jos. Wedgwood had withdrawn from his share of the annuity! Well, yes, it is well!—for I can now be *sure* that I loved him, revered him, and was grateful to him from no selfish feeling. For equally (and may these words be my final condemnation at the last awful day, if I speak not the whole truth), equally do I at this moment love him, and with the same reverential gratitude! To Mr. Thomas Wedgwood I felt, doubtless, love; but it was mingled with fear, and constant apprehension of his too exquisite taste in morals. But Josiah! Oh, I ever

did, and ever shall, love him, as a being so beautifully balanced in mind and heart deserves to be!

'"Tis well, too, because it has given me the strongest impulse, the most imperious motive I have experienced, to *prove* to him that his past munificence has not been *wasted*.' (Vol. ii. p. 611.)

This sweet charity was never wanting throughout Coleridge's life. Almost the only occasion on which he allowed vexation upon any subject to get the better of him, as distinguished from a momentary or reasonable anger, was in regard to what he considered the want of appreciation and want of recognition of his lifelong labours by the English public.

'I have too sad an account to settle between myself that is and has been,' he wrote to Daniel Stuart in 1814, 'and myself that cannot cease to be to allow me a single complaint that, for all my labours in behalf of truth against the Jacobin party, then against military despotism abroad, against weakness and despondency, and faction and factious goodiness at home, I have never received from those in power even a single acknowledgement, though by mere reference to dates it might be proved that no small number of fine speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere originated directly and indirectly in my essays and conversations.'

More striking still is the remarkable letter to Allsop written four years later.

'December 2, 1818.

'My dear Sir,—I cannot express how kind I felt your letter. Would to Heaven I had had many with feelings like yours, "accustomed to express themselves warmly and (as far as the word is applicable to you, even) enthusiastically." But, alas! during the prime manhood of my intellect I had nothing but cold water thrown on my efforts. I speak not now of my systematic and most unprovoked maligners. On *them* I have retorted only by pity and by prayer. These may have, and doubtless *have*, joined with the frivolity of "the reading public" in checking and almost in preventing the sale of my works; and so far have done injury to my *purse*. *Me* they have not injured. But I have loved with enthusiastic self-oblivion those who have been so well pleased that I should, year after year, flow with a hundred nameless rills into *their* main stream, that they could find nothing but cold praise and effective discouragement of every attempt of mine to roll onward in a distinct current of my own; who *admitted* that the "Ancient Mariner," the "Christabel," the "Remorse," and some pages of "The Friend" were not without merit, but were abundantly anxious to acquit their judgements of any blindness to the very numerous defects. Yet they *knew* that to *praise*, as mere praise, I was characteristically, almost constitutionally, indifferent. In sympathy alone I found at once nourishment and stimulus; and for sympathy *alone* did my heart crave. . . . After all, however, I have now but one sorrow relative to the ill success of my literary toils (and toils

they have been, *though not undelightful toils*), and this arises wholly from the almost insurmountable difficulties which the anxieties of to-day oppose to my completion of the great work, the form and materials of which it has been the employment of the best and most genial hours of the last twenty years to mature and collect.' (Vol. ii. p. 696.)

Such vexation as may be discerned here is not with any particular individual, nor in respect of any supposed special injury, but in regard to what Coleridge considered to be neglect which extended over a series of years.

To return, however, to that earlier period of Coleridge's life upon which we were touching. In the autumn of 1798 he made the expedition to Germany, at first in company with Wordsworth. It was undoubtedly pregnant with results to his future mental developement. Though Coleridge founded no system of philosophy, yet his writings on philosophical subjects are so suggestive, even though they are fragmentary, that their influence has been great. The tendency of his mind to original thought, and more especially in regard to this and kindred subjects, was always pronounced; but it is doubtful if it would have turned so completely into the ways of criticism and ethical study if Coleridge had not visited Germany and steeped himself in archaic and abstruse German writings. He arrived in Germany in September, 1798. By January of the following year he had already planned a life of Lessing.

'I despair not but with intense application and regular use of time, to which I have now almost accustomed myself, that by three months' residence at Göttingen, I shall have *on paper* at least *all* the material if not the whole structure of a work that will repay me. The work I have planned, and I have imperiously excluded all waverings about other works. This is the disease of my mind—it is comprehensive in its conceptions, and wastes itself in the contemplations of the many things which it might do. I am aware of the disease, and for the next three months (if I cannot cure it) I will at least suspend its operation. This book is a life of Lessing, and interweaved with it a true state of German literature in its rise and present state. I have already written a little life from three different biographies, divided it into years, and at Göttingen I will read his works regularly according to the years in which they were written, and the controversies, religious and literary, which they occasioned.' (Vol. i. p. 269.)

The project was one which an ordinary man would not have contemplated until after years of study. Coleridge, who was no superficial student, was ready to undertake it in three months from the moment he stepped on German soil. It is hardly possible, indeed, to overrate the effect at such a com-

paratively early age—for he was but seven and twenty—on such a mind as that of Coleridge of his somewhat solitary and limited study.

'My dear Poole, my dear Poole,' he writes to his friend in May, 1799, 'I am home-sick. Society is a burden to me; and I find relief only in labour. So I read and transcribe from morning till night, and never in my life have I worked so hard as this last month, for indeed I must sail over an ocean of matter with almost spiritual speed, to do what I have to do in the time in which I *will* do it or leave it undone! O my God, how I long to be at home! My *whole Being* so yearns after you, that when I think of the moment of our meeting, I catch the fashion of German joy, rush into your arms, and embrace you. Methinks my hand would swell if the whole force of my feeling were crowded there. Now the Spring comes, the vital sap of my affections rises as in a tree! And what a gloomy Spring! But a few days ago all the new buds were covered with snow; and everything yet looks so brown and wintry, that yesterday the roses (which the ladies carried on the ramparts, their promenade), beautiful as they were, so little harmonised with the general face of nature, that they looked to me like silk and made roses. But these leafless Spring Woods! Oh, how I long to hear you whistle to the Rippers! There are a multitude of nightingales here (poor things! they sang in the snow). I thought of my own verses on the nightingale, only because I thought of Hartley, my *only* Child.' (Vol. i. p. 295.)

Mr. Dykes Campbell appears to think that Coleridge exaggerated the loneliness of his life in Germany: 'My im-'pression is that he had distractions,' and 'he no doubt fretted 'sometimes,' he says. But these letters read continuously appear to show that even though Coleridge had 'distrac-'tions' he felt keenly the solitariness of his life in regard to the absence of loved friends and relatives. Good-natured acquaintances, conversations with intelligent officials, and learned professors did not fill the place of those whom he had left behind—of his wife, his children, Poole, and Lamb. In an earlier letter to his wife, written from Göttingen in the bleak days of March, he cries, 'Love is the vital air of my genius, 'and I have not seen one human being in Germany whom 'I can conceive it possible for me to love—no, not one.' The writer whom we have quoted, kindly and just as he is, appears on this point scarcely to have appreciated the tender-ness of Coleridge's character, the absolute necessity of the most loving intercourse with a few kindred minds. It was one of the keynotes of his nature; the lack of sympathy, of understanding of him by his wife was the real cause of the unfortunate estrangement of later years. 'The wife of 'a man of genius,' so he wrote on one occasion to Southey,

'who sympathises effectively with her husband in his habits 'and feelings, is a *rara avis* to me.' This same quality of nature would prevent 'distractions,' which would make absence from home and friends bearable to one man, from being of any value to him. They might occupy an hour, they could not satisfy the void which he always felt. This very fact would, as we have said, render more powerful the literary influences of his study. He could not counteract them by hours of talk with Wordsworth, with Lamb or Southey. In these letters there is little allusion to his work; they are rather descriptive or outpourings of home-sickness. The extracts which we have quoted indicate, however, very vividly the influences under which Coleridge lay at the time; it was not only their effect which was permanent, but the absence of others of a different kind. But though Coleridge's life in Germany was often gloomy, it was a period of steady and hard work with a definite object in view, which was attained. He returned home, in July, 1799, a master of the German language, steeped in its literature, and with a considerable knowledge of its ethical writers.

The next sixteen years were terribly fragmentary, full of intentions which were never carried out or of projects only commenced, full of self-reproach and bodily suffering and of incapacity for sustained effort. A calmer and happier period began when Coleridge settled at Highgate with Mr. Gillman in 1816. Some tranquil eighteen years, the harvest time of a rich intellect, ensued; but it was a harvest scattered and broken. A large number of letters relating to the main period are printed in these volumes; the editor has subdivided them into different groups which mark what may be fairly considered as minor periods. The method is convenient; it formulates a distinct time for chronological purposes, such as that between 1804 and 1806, when Coleridge was in the Mediterranean, and then chiefly at Malta. Coleridge, as is well known, for a short time was private secretary to the Governor, Sir A. Ball, and subsequently acting public secretary. No place could be imagined more unsuitable to him. He appears often to have disliked the work extremely; yet it is probable that he proved a more efficient public servant than might have been expected, for it is unlikely that a capable official, like Sir A. Ball, would have promoted an incompetent private secretary who had no claim whatever upon him. But though this particular episode is distinct in itself, yet it forms only one part of this general period, which is marked throughout

by the same characteristics. Southey, full of common sense, obviously incapable of appreciating Coleridge's nature, wrote in reference to the appointment which has just been mentioned, 'Odd, but pleasant enough, if he would but learn to 'be contented in that state of life in which it has pleased 'God to call him—a maxim which I have long thought 'the best in the Catechism.' But Coleridge was not a discontented man. In this correspondence complaints of narrow means, of having to work for booksellers, appear from time to time, but to one of his nature the irksomeness of anything like task work must have been inconceivable. In one letter he calls himself a man of 'to-morrow,' a happy phrase in which to describe his unpractical habits. He regarded himself as a teacher of society, and one endowed with a peculiar genius to be employed for the improvement of his fellow-men. To such a one the mere necessity to use literature as a profession was necessarily heart-rending. The annuity from the Wedgwoods has seemed to some as though it put all difficulties out of his way. But it was, to some extent, an uncertain payment. Coleridge had a wife and children to support; he had the education of the latter to defray; he had also to keep himself. An income of 150*l.* was insufficient for these purposes. Even in the hands of an economical man of business it would have been a matter of difficulty to make it cover all expenses; and the mere necessity for rigid economy weighed far more heavily on Coleridge than it would have done on a man of less sensitive temperament. That he did not complain more is thus, after all, more remarkable than that murmurs arise here and there in this correspondence. A singular physical and mental nature combined to make him seem to more tranquil and commonplace natures a discontented man. Throughout the rest of these letters this troublesome physical state, aggravated by his abnormal use of opium, is constantly in evidence. We see it, for example, in the following interesting letter to Poole, written early in 1801, which may also be selected as one which well illustrates the general work of Coleridge at this time. Philosophy had overthrown poetry; 'Christabel' was being prepared for publication, but it was the publication of old, not of new work:—

'My dear Friend,—The interval since my last letter has been filled up by me in the most intense study. If I do not greatly delude myself, I have not only *completely extricated the notions of time and space*, but have overthrown the doctrine of association, as taught by Hartley, and with it all the irreligious metaphysics of modern infidels

—especially the doctrine of necessity. This I have *done*; but I trust that I am about to do more—namely, that I shall be able to evolve all the five senses, that is, to deduce them from one sense, and to state their growth and the causes of their difference, and in this evolvement to solve the process of life and consciousness. *I write this to you only, and I pray you, mention what I have written to no one.* At Wordsworth's advice, or rather fervent entreaty, I have intermitted the pursuit. The intensity of thought, and the number of minute experiments with light and figure, have made me so nervous and feverish that I cannot sleep as long as I ought and have been used to do; and the sleep which I have is made up of ideas so connected, and so little different from the operations of reason, that it does not afford me the due refreshment. I shall therefore take a week's respite, and make "Christabel" ready for the press; which I shall publish by itself, in order to get rid of all my engagements with Longman. My German Book I have suffered to remain suspended chiefly because the thoughts which had employed my sleepless nights during my illness were imperious over me; and though poverty was staring me in the face, yet I dared behold my image miniatured in the pupil of her hollow eye, so steadily did I look her in the face; for it seemed to me a suicide of my very soul to divert my attention from truths so important, which came to me almost as a revelation. Likewise, I cannot express to you, dear Friend of my heart! the loathing which I once or twice felt when I attempted to write, merely for the bookseller, without any sense of the moral utility of what I was writing. I shall therefore, as I said, immediately publish my "Christabel," with two essays annexed to it, on the "Preternatural" and on "Metre."—This done, I shall propose to Longman, instead of my Travels (which, though nearly done, I am exceedingly anxious not to publish, because it brings me forward in a *personal* way, as a man who relates little adventures of himself to *amuse* people, and thereby exposes me to sarcasm and the malignity of anonymous critics, and is, besides, *beneath me*, . . .) I shall propose to Longman to accept instead of these Travels a work on the originality and merits of Locke, Hobbes, and Hume, which work I mean as a *pioneer* to my greater work, and as exhibiting a proof that I have not formed opinions without an attentive perusal of the works of my predecessors, from Aristotle to Kant.

'I am confident that I can prove that the reputation of these three men has been wholly unmerited, and I have in what I have already written traced the whole history of the causes that effected this reputation entirely to Wordsworth's satisfaction.' (Vol. i. p. 348.)

The Life of Lessing was 'suspended;' Coleridge was on the verge of a great philosophical discovery; he was about to publish a book, half prose, half verse, obviously intended primarily as a means of bringing in a little cash. He has an idea of a work on Locke; he cannot sleep, and is nervous and feverish. Here is an epitome of a period of his life, which, with variations little dissimilar, lasted till he resolutely

endeavoured, under the care of the Gillmans in 1816, to attain a better physical state. The tranquillity he then attained may in part be set down to advancing age. When this letter was written, in 1801, Coleridge was not thirty, but he was already old beyond his years when he should have been in the fulness of mental and bodily power; yet there still existed the restlessness of unsatisfied capacity and of full manhood. At this period—namely, from 1800 to 1803—occurred that residence of Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick, which has identified him with the Lake Poets; here he again had the Wordsworths for neighbours. It is a melancholy time, for Coleridge was becoming weaker in health and purpose, and these infirmities and an absence of sympathy were separating husband and wife. 'Mrs. 'Coleridge's mind is light and unimpressionable, warm in 'anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes uniformly pro-'jects itself forth to recriminate instead of turning itself 'inward with a silent self-questioning. Our virtues and our 'vices are exact antitheses.' When we read this sentence in a letter to Southey, himself not overburdened with sympathy for uncommon natures, and whose character was well described by Coleridge when he wrote of him, 'It is impos-'sible for a good heart not to esteem and to love him; but 'yet the love is one-fourth, the esteem all the remainder,' and when we bear in mind Coleridge's nature, it is not the least surprising that domestic unhappiness resulted from a union between two persons who, each possessing more than the ordinary good qualities by which men and women are endowed, were yet wanting in that real sympathy which, to Coleridge at any rate, could alone have brought happiness.

That a delicate frame and an abnormal nervous system were so affected by a pernicious habit, originally acquired for the purpose of alleviating suffering, as to render the course of Coleridge's life after his return from Germany up to 1816 continuously unhappy, cannot be doubted when the tone of his letters before and after 1816 is understood. Not that after this date complaints of bad health are absent, but it is a bad health borne with cheerfulness, and though life may not be regarded as a period of happiness it is far from one of positive misery. This state of Coleridge's mind before the Gillmans' house became his home has been already exemplified; that subsequent to this event will be made clearer by the persual of the following letter to Mrs. Gillman. The cause of it was the sending to him of a plant of

myrtle.* It would be impossible to find a more charming or delightful reply:—

'May 3, 1827.

'My dear Friend,—I received and acknowledge your this morning's present both as plant and symbol, and with appropriate thanks and correspondent feeling. The rose is the pride of summer, the delight and the beauty of our gardens; the eglantine, the honeysuckle, and the jasmine, if not so bright or so ambrosial, are less transient, creep nearer to us, clothe our walls, twine over our porch, and haply peep in at our chamber window, with the crested wren or linnet within the tufts wishing good morning to us. Lastly the geranium passes the door, and in its hundred varieties imitating now this now that leaf, odour, blossom of the garden, still steadily retains its own *staid* character, its own sober and refreshing hue and fragrance. It deserves to be the inmate of the house, and with due attention and tenderness will live through the winter grave yet cheerful, as an old family friend, that makes up for the departure of gayer visitors, in the leafless season. But none of these are the *myrtle*! In none of these, nor in all collectively, will the *myrtle* find a substitute. All together and joining with them all the aroma, the spices, and the balsams of the hot-house, yet would they be a sad exchange for the *myrtle*! Oh, precious in its sweetness is the *rich* innocence of its snow-white blossoms! And dear are they in the remembrance; but these may pass with a season, and while the myrtle plant, our own myrtle plant, remains unchanged, its blossoms are remembered the more to endear the faithful bearer; yea, they survive invisibly in every *more than* fragrant leaf. As the flashing strains of the nightingale to the yearning murmurs of the dove, so the myrtle to the rose! He who has once possessed and prized a genuine *myrtle* will rather *remember* it under the cypress tree than seek to *forget* it among the rose bushes of a paradise.

'God bless you, my dearest friend, and be assured that if death do not suspend memory and consciousness, death itself will not deprive you of a faithful participator in all your hopes and fears, affections and solicitudes, in your unalterable

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 745.)

It is a tribute to Coleridge's character that for eighteen years he lived in a family to which he was bound by no ties of relationship in unruffled peace and with increasing content. It shows that when Coleridge was understood the closest intercourse with him could go on unbroken. He might not be an easy man to live with, but it was possible for those who would sympathise with him, when once he was

* The editor states that the plant passed after Coleridge's death into the possession of the late S. C. Hall, by whom it was given to the late Lord Coleridge, and that it now appropriately flourishes outside the library at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary.

freed from the worst despotism of his enemy, to find that the ties of home grew closer as the years advanced. The picture of this home does much to soften the harsher tones of earlier days. How much Coleridge owed to the Gillmans he was the keenest to perceive, and no more touching tribute of gratitude and affection has ever been penned by a great man than the letter which he addressed to Mrs. Gillman in 1830, at a time of serious illness. It begins without those invocations of affection which are common in Coleridge's letters to his intimate friends.

'Dear Mrs. Gillman,—Wife of the friend who has been more than a brother to me, and who have month after month, yea, hour after hour, for how many successive years, united in yourself the affections and offices of an anxious friend and tender sister to me-ward!

'May the Father of Mercies, the God of Health and all Salvation, be your reward for your great and constant love and loving-kindness to me, abiding with you and within you, as the Spirit of guidance, support, and consolation! And may His Grace and gracious Providence bless James and Henry for your sake, and make them a blessing to you and their father! And though weighed down by a heavy presentiment respecting my own sojourn here, I not only hope but have a steadfast faith that God will be your reward, because your love to me from first to last has begun in, and been caused by, what appeared to *you* a translucence of the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful from within me—as a relic of glory gleaming through the turbid shrine of my mortal imperfections and infirmities, as a Light of Life seen within "the body of this Death"—because in loving me you loved our Heavenly Father reflected in the gifts and influences of His Holy Spirit!

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 754.)

These two letters, however, throw next to no light on his work during this last period, and indeed the actual and apparent results were comparatively small. It is true that an extraordinary mind, full of thought and originality, stored with immense quantities of varied knowledge, was constantly sending forth a copious stream. But it was largely in conversation, in fragmentary lectures, in essays, and in isolated compositions for his *magnum opus*, to which we have already alluded, and other tasks contemplated but not performed. His intellect was never idle, but it worked almost automatically and without a plan. Each literary or ethical subject which attracted his attention distracted him from continuous labour. There is in this collection a remarkable example of this tendency. One of his corre-

spondents was Mr. Tulk, a man of fortune and a prominent Swedenborgian. Through this gentleman Coleridge's letters came to be read at the meetings of the community, and twenty-five of them in which he states his theories of ontological speculation were some fourteen years ago sold by auction. This correspondence would form the subject of no little thought, of a completely isolated kind. But in a letter to Mr. Tulk which is printed in this correspondence we can see this attention to each new subject exemplified. Mr. Tulk seems to have sent Coleridge a copy of Blake's poems, and he accompanies the return of the volume with a note, at the end of which he remarks, 'I return you Blake's poesies, 'metrical and graphic, with thanks. With this and the 'book I have sent a rude scrawl as to the order in which 'I was pleased by the several poems.' Incidentally it is curious to note, as the editor of these volumes does, that Coleridge had apparently for the first time just become acquainted with Blake's poems, though the 'Songs of Inno-'cence' were published in 1787, and Coleridge had so catholic a literary taste that he was ready to read anything. It is clear, however, that until this perusal Blake was unknown to him, and we may surmise from it how little Blake was known even to men of the largest literary knowledge at the beginning of the century. This 'scrawl' fills two pages of this book, and a portion of it contains what may be called a table of criticism—that is to say, Coleridge gives certain figures and letters as the expression of certain feelings and opinions: 'I signifies it gave me 'great pleasure.' To each of the several poems he appends one of these signs, so that his correspondent in a short space had a complete expression of his feelings in regard to these poems, each of which he must have weighed with care.

The amount of literary criticism, however, to be found in these volumes is less than would have been expected. For Coleridge's letters are, as a whole, extremely subjective: he wrote because he wanted to say something about himself—to feel, so to say, the support and the guidance of a friend. Let it not, however, be understood that from time to time his letters do not contain admirable and suggestive criticism, for they certainly do, and such criticism will give them to many their highest value, for we can never have too much of so sane, so stimulating, and so discerning a critic as Coleridge. A few letters to W. Sotheby are among those which are most noticeable from this point of view.

With him the correspondence was essentially literary in its character, and these letters have a permanent literary value. It would occupy too much space to quote each of them at large, nor would it fall in with what was stated at the commencement of this article—that we should chiefly endeavour to touch on those letters which throw light on Coleridge as a man rather than as a critic. As illustrations, however, of Coleridge as a literary correspondent they cannot be entirely omitted. In one, for instance, written in 1802, Coleridge is discussing German poetry, and he breaks off into this general canon of criticism :—

'It is easy to clothe imaginary beings with our own thoughts and feelings; but to send ourselves out of ourselves, to *think* ourselves into the thoughts and feelings of beings in circumstances wholly and strangely different from our own, *hic labor hoc opus*; and who has achieved it? Perhaps only Shakespeare. Metaphysics is a word that you, my dear sir, are no great friend to, but yet you will agree with me that a great poet must be *implicité*, if not *explicité*, a profound metaphysician. He may not have it in logical coherence in his brain and tongue, but he must have the ear of a wild Arab listening in the silent desert, the eye of a North American Indian tracing the footsteps of an enemy upon the leaves that strew the forest, the touch of a blind man feeling the face of a darling child. And do not think me a bigot if I say that I have read no French or German writer who appears to me to have a *heart* sufficiently pure and simple to be capable of this or anything like it.' (Vol. i. p. 372.)

The passage needs no commentary. Both in principle and in illustration it will be regarded as admirable. A little further in the same letter he drifts on to Wordsworth and his poetry. 'I warmly accord,' he goes on to say,

'with Wordsworth in his abhorrence of these poetic licenses, as they are called, which are indeed mere tricks of convenience and laziness. *Ex. gr.* Drayton has these lines :—

> '"Ouse having Ouleney past, as she were waxed mad
> From her first stayder course immediately doth gad,
> And in meandered gyres doth whirl herself about,
> *That, this* way, here and there, backward, in and out.
> And like a wanton girl oft doubling in her gait
> In labyrinthian turns and twinings intricate," &c.

The first poets, observing such a stream as this, would say with truth and beauty, "it *strays*;" and now every stream shall *stray*, wherever it prattles on its *pebbled way*, instead of its bed or channel. And I have taken the instance from a poet from whom as few instances of this vile, commonplace, trashy style could be taken as from any writer [namely], from Bowles's execrable translation of that lovely poem of Dean Ogle's (vol. ii. p. 27). I am confident that Bowles good-naturedly translated it in a hurry, merely to give him an excuse for

printing the admirable original. In my opinion, every phrase, every metaphor, every personification, should have its justifying clause in some *passion*, either of the poet's mind or of the characters described by the poet. But metre itself implies a passion, that is, a state of excitement both in the poet's mind, and is expected, in part, of the reader; and, though I stated this to Wordsworth, and he has in some sort stated it in his preface, yet he has not done justice to it, nor has he, in my opinion, sufficiently answered it. In my opinion, poetry justifies as poetry, independent of any other passion, some new combinations of language and *commands* the omission of many others allowable in other compositions. Now Wordsworth, *me saltem judice*, has in his system not sufficiently admitted the former, and in his practice has too frequently sinned against the latter. Indeed, we have had lately some little controversy on the subject, and we begin to suspect that there is somewhere or other a radical difference in our opinions. *Dulce est inter amicos rarissimâ dissensione condere plurimas consentiones*, saith St. Augustine, who said more good things than any saint or sinner that I ever read in Latin.' (Vol. i. p. 373.)

No doubt Coleridge's metaphysical speculations have stimulated men's thoughts and have borne much fruit in the works of younger thinkers. 'I wished,' he wrote on one occasion to this same correspondent, 'to force myself out of 'metaphysical trains of thought which, when I wished to 'write a poem, beat up game of far other kind.' And it may be permitted from a purely literary point of view to regret that they so often banished poetry and lessened the amount of general criticism. The result was possibly inevitable with a man of his nature, but also it must be attributed, as already pointed out, to his visit to Germany. It is singular, however, that it was apparently not in Germany that he became acquainted with Kant's works. In a letter to his nephew John Taylor Coleridge, in 1825, Coleridge emphasises the assertion that his philosophical opinions were formed before he left England.

'I can not only honestly assert, but I can satisfactorily prove by reference to writings, that all the elements, the differentials, as the algebraists say, of my present opinions existed for me before I had ever seen a book of German metaphysics later than Wolf or Leibnitz, or could have read it if I had.'

Some of his statements in later life as to facts and occurrences of his younger days have been proved not always to be quite accurate, and it is not easy to accept this statement to the full extent to which it goes. It is, however, worthy of remark that Mr. Leslie Stephen, in a note in these volumes, points out that it was about 1801, at

Keswick, that Coleridge began a serious study of Kant—that is to say, after and not during his sojourn in Germany. This study was of the greatest importance to the modification of his opinions, and moulded them much throughout his life.*

It is quite consistent, however, with this later study of Kant that the impetus to it was given by his reading in Germany.

'I reverence Immanuel Kant with my whole heart and soul, and believe him to be the only philosopher; for all men who have the power of thinking I cannot conceive the liberal pursuit or profession in which the service derived from a patient study of his works would not be incalculably great, both as a cathartic tonic and directly nutritious.

These words he wrote to J. H. Green in 1817; they may be regarded as his mature and deliberate judgement. Not that he went with Kant in everything; for, indeed, a few lines before the passage which we have quoted, he says, with something like anger—

'I reject Kant's *stoic* principle as false, unnatural, and even immoral, where in his "Kritik der praktischen Vernunft" he treats the affections as indifferent.'

We can never overrate the importance of this absorption of Coleridge for a substantial period in the works of German writers, at a time when such a complete study of these authors was quite unusual in England, or of the effect of the comparatively novel views, so far as regards the immediately following years, which were expressed by him in his own country.

It is time, however, to refer to another phase of Coleridge's life, in regard to which these letters are of peculiar value—his relations with his friends. Friendship was a necessity of Coleridge's nature, and of no common kind; it was intense and sensitive. It was so great for a time that there was always some one person who for a period, not altogether monopolising it, yet was supreme. But the same intensity necessarily narrowed it, and throughout Coleridge's life his friends were extraordinarily few, though towards the end of his days a somewhat larger and calmer feeling superseded the deeper and narrower one of previous years. These letters enable us to realise this phase of Coleridge's life with great clearness. They touch on all

* See also Coleridge's statements in the 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. i. ch. ix., on this point.

the friendships of his life, on the early intimacy with Lloyd, too lightly begun; the lifelong and steady attachment to Wordsworth and Lamb, interrupted once or twice, to be again renewed; the sensible relationship with Southey; the kindly and remarkable intercourse with Poole and Stuart, and with the editor of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Courier;' on his connexion in later life with those friends who brightened his days—the Morgans, the Gillmans, Allsop, and Green. These names almost exhaust the list. With Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy, Crabb Robinson, and one or two more we begin to reach men who perhaps should be accounted acquaintances rather than friends. The openness and the sincerity of Coleridge's friendship with these remarkable personages—for there was not one who had not some noticeable quality of mind or character—give a pleasing impression of his nature, and the very completeness of his reliance on them makes the relationships of the most unusual kind. When he quarrels with them, as on some few occasions he did, on subjects which we may regard as insufficient for a serious difference, or cause only for a quiet remonstrance, it is because the sensitiveness of his nature could not allow his friendships to be those of an ordinary man. Thus in 1812, when Coleridge was about to stay with Basel Montagu and his wife for some considerable period, Wordsworth, as Mr. Dykes Campbell says, 'with the kindest motives, and no doubt 'in the kindest terms,' expressed an opinion in confidence to Montagu that some of Coleridge's ways might be inconvenient in his household. Montagu repeated something of this conversation to Coleridge, who from it understood Wordsworth to have said that he had no hope of him, that he was an absolute nuisance in his family. Coleridge regarded this as though it were the most terrible of indictments. The letter to Wordsworth of May 4, 1812 (now for the first time published), is an extraordinary outburst of injured friendship. It may appear and, if written by an ordinary man of the world, would surely have been properly regarded as extravagant, but it was not dictated by mere extravagance of feeling; it was the result of that wholeness of friendship which could but feel cut to the quick by a single word of reproach addressed to a third person. This letter was written two years after the words were spoken, yet the occurrence was still vivid in Coleridge's mind. How it had seized on it is apparent from a single sentence in this letter, in which he explains that he had never voluntarily

talked of the occurrence, though on one occasion he had told it to Mary Lamb.

'Even then I did not intend to mention it; but, alarmed by the wildness and paleness of my countenance and agitation I had no power to conceal, she entreated me to tell her what was the matter. In the first attempt to speak my feelings overpowered me; an agony of weeping followed, and then, alarmed at my own imprudence, and conscious of the possible effect on her health and mind if I left her in that state of suspense, I brought out convulsively some such words as, "Wordsworth, Wordsworth has given me up. He has no hope of "me. I have been an absolute nuisance in his family . . . ." Had the whole and ten times more been proclaimed by a speaking-trumpet from the chimneys, I should have smiled at it, but that *you* had said it, this, and this only, was the sting—the scorpion tooth!'

The rankling sting was that the words appeared to Coleridge to be a breach of friendship; it was this and this only that had so broken his peace of mind. Coleridge ends his letter by the words, 'Whatever be the result of this long-'delayed explanation, I have loved you and yours too long 'and deeply to have it in my own power to cease to do so.' The explanation and the good offices of Crabb Robinson brought about a reconciliation, and then ensued all the old tenderness of Coleridge for Wordsworth, if not unmingled with some reproachful feelings. We may smile at what seems a small misunderstanding producing so complete a catastrophe, but we must not regard it from the point of view of ordinary men, nor must we read this letter to Wordsworth as if it were penned by a man of common feelings. Wordsworth himself, it is clear, did not rightly appreciate the sensitiveness of Coleridge's friendship. It was continued to the end of Coleridge's life, less intense as years went on, less personal and more literary, but none the less real and true. There is a letter in this collection, ascribed either to the year 1824 or 1829, which refers to a translation by Wordsworth of three books of the 'Æneid' which had obviously been sent by him to Coleridge for a critical perusal. The tone of this letter is in marked contrast to that from which extracts have been made above; it exemplifies the change which has come over the relationship between the two poets, and it has in addition a purely literary and critical interest.

'Dear Wordsworth,—Three whole days the going through the first book cost me, though only to find fault. But I cannot find fault, in pen and ink, without thinking over and over again, and without some sort of an attempt to suggest the alteration; and, in so doing, how soon an hour is gone! so many half-seconds

up to half-minutes are lost in leaning back in one's chair, and looking up, in the bodily act of contracting the muscles of the brow and forehead, and unconsciously attending to the sensation. Had I the MS. with me for five or six months, so as to amuse myself off and on, without any solicitude as to a given day, and could I be persuaded that if as well done as the nature of the thing (viz. *a translation of Virgil*, in English) renders possible, it would not raise but simply sustain your well-merited fame for pure diction, where what is not idiom is never other than logically correct, I doubt not that the irregularities could be removed. But I am haunted by the apprehension that I am not feeling or thinking in the same spirit with you, at one time, and at another *too much* in the spirit of your writings. Since Milton, I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you. And to read, therefore, page after page without a single *brilliant* note, depresses me, and I grew peevish with you for having wasted your time on a work *so* much below you, that you cannot *stoop* and *take*. Finally, my conviction is, that you undertake an *impossibility*, and that there is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed principle of *compensation* in the widest sense—that is, manner, genius, total effect. I confine myself to *Virgil* when I say this.

'I must now set to work with *all* my powers and thoughts to my Leighton, and then to my logic, and then to my *opus maximum*! if indeed it shall please God to spare me so long, which I have had too many warnings of late (more than my nearest friends know of) not to doubt. My kind love to Dorothy.

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 733.)

Of Coleridge's letters to Lamb very few have been preserved, and in these two volumes three only appear. They bring him somewhat into the sphere of Coleridge's life, but by no means to the same extent as other friends, more especially Poole and Stuart. These two men were perhaps the two most steadfast and helpful, more especially Poole. Stuart, as editor of a newspaper to which Coleridge sent his somewhat irregular but valuable contributions, had in some degree a motive of self-interest in assisting Coleridge either pecuniarily or by advice. Poole was wholly disinterested, and after Coleridge's departure from Stowey it is surprising that so much of the former friendship was sustained. The last letter from Coleridge to Poole which is printed in this book was written in the year 1830, the first in 1795, immediately after his marriage. Thus for five-and-thirty years the friendship endured, a continual help to Coleridge and no doubt a constant intellectual stimulus to Poole. It is pleasant to see this smooth and lasting intercourse between two men in many respects very dissimilar in character.

How keenly the earlier periods of this friendship were kept alive in Coleridge's memory is shown by the concluding sentence of this last letter:—

'O that riches would make wings for me instead of for itself, and I would fly to the sea shore at Porlock and Lynmouth, making a good halt at dear, ever fondly remembered Stowey, of which, believe me your image and the feelings and associations connected therewith constitute four-fifths of my dear Poole.

'Your obliged and affectionate friend,

'S. T. Coleridge.'

It was to Poole that Coleridge owed his home at Nether Stowey. It was he who aided him in many practical difficulties, and he was always ready to sympathise with every tone of Coleridge's feelings. He was not only willing to receive these communications, he was hurt if they did not come. Here is an interesting letter, more cheerful than many of those which Coleridge addressed to Poole, but significant of the many-shaped relationship which existed between them:—

'August 14, 1800.

'My dear Poole,—Your two letters I received exactly four days ago—some days they must have been lying at Ambleside before they were sent to Grasmere, and some days at Grasmere before they moved to Keswick. . . . It grieved me that you had felt so much from my silence. Believe me, I have been harassed with business, and shall remain so for the remainder of this year. Our house is a delightful residence, something less than half a mile from the lake of Keswick and something more than a furlong from the town. It commands both that lake and the lake of Bassenthwaite. Skiddaw is behind us; to the left, the right, and in front mountains of all shapes and sizes. The waterfall of Lodore is distinctly visible. In garden, &c., we are uncommonly well off, and our landlord, who resides next door in this twofold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours—and perhaps rather larger—well stored with encyclopædias, dictionaries, and histories, &c., all modern. The gentry of the country, titled and untitled, have all called or are about to call on me, and I shall have free access to the magnificent library of Sir Gilfrid Lawson. I wish you could come here in October after your harvesting, and stand godfather at the christening of my child. In October the country is in all its blaze of beauty.

'We are well and the Wordsworths are well. The two volumes of the "Lyrical Ballads" will appear in about a fortnight or three weeks. Sara sends her best kind love to your mother. How much we rejoice in her health I need not say. Love to Ward, and to Chester, to whom I shall write as soon as I am at leisure. I was standing at the very top of Skiddaw, by a little shed of slate stones on which I had scribbled with a bit of slate my name among the other names. A lean-expression-faced man came up the hill, stood beside me a little

while, then, on running over the names, exclaimed, "Coleridge! I lay my life that is the *poet Coleridge*!"

'God bless you, and for God's sake never doubt that I am attached to you beyond all other men.

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. pp. 335–336.)

Distance and a close circle of friends at hand did something in Coleridge's later life to render this friendship, though it continued, less intimate. It is unquestionable that what Poole was to him in earlier days that Joseph Henry Green was from 1817, the year in which he became acquainted with Coleridge. But Green was more than a friend; he was a disciple, and gave up the later years of his life to the spreading and popularising of Coleridge's teaching. Thus he united in himself two functions, and in each he was very essential to Coleridge's happiness.

'It is seldom, my dearest friend,' he writes in 1833, 'that I find myself differing from you in judgement of any sort. It is more than seldom that I am left in doubt and query on any judgement of yours of a practical nature, for on the good ground of some sixteen years' or more's experience I feel a take-for-granted faith in the dips and pointings of the needle in every decision of your total mind.'

This is the best tribute to Green in matters theoretical and practical. Coleridge had relied for sixteen years on his judgement. He was a man of great ability, and he had the rare advantage of receiving Coleridge's fullest confidences when his mind was richly stored by thought and experience. But the fact that for a number of years it was Green's custom to pass two afternoons a week at Highgate prevented the necessity of a frequent correspondence. When a letter was sent the cause was some comparatively trivial demand, as of a book or a pamphlet, or it was necessitated by enforced separation from illness. On such occasions the monologue, as Coleridge's conversation largely was, had to be put on paper. 'I have been myself in no usual degree 'unwell,' Coleridge writes in 1820, and he then launches first into a discussion of a lecture on Divinity, next into various points in regard to the authencity of certain books of the Bible, and then into the physiological question, 'Does 'the efficient cause of disease and disordered action, and 'collectively of pain and perishing, lie entirely in the organs, 'and then reawakening the active principles in me depart?' The subject once opened leads to a long discussion without any definite end, and it is broken off abruptly by the sentence, 'Enough for the present.' No letter could be

more characteristic of Coleridge. It was like a piece from one of the essays in the 'Friend,' or a comment in the 'Aids 'to Reflection,' learned, subtle, groping at times after truth, at times quickly fixing on it.

There is one phase of Coleridge's life which appears to be very clearly illustrated by this correspondence—his relations with his family other than his sons and daughter; of them we see comparatively little, bearing in mind their close relationship. But the letters to his wife and their absence in the latter part of his life, their tone of a slackening affection, are the most striking sign of the actual state of affairs. With his brothers he kept up no regular correspondence, but at the beginning of his life there are a certain number of what may be called fraternal letters, arising out of the relationship only. Then there came the episode of the enlisting, and there arises a frequent correspondence with his brother the Rev. George Coleridge, who acted to him at that time in the kindest and most thoughtful manner. Of him Coleridge wrote to Poole a few years later—

'My brother George is a man of reflective mind and elegant genius. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family excepting myself. His manners are grave and kind, hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches every way nearer to perfection than any man I ever yet knew; indeed, he is worth the whole family in a lump.'

But in later years George became alienated from his brother, though Coleridge avers that he himself loved him 'as father and brother in one.' The coolness was not unnatural. George Coleridge disapproved of his brother's breaking away from his wife. It was impossible for him to regard the long absence in the Mediterranean with approval. The failure of Coleridge to make a certain living, the unpractical character of his opinions were sure to evoke a coolness even in the mind of a good man incapable of understanding his brother's singular character. With his other brothers in England Coleridge kept up no actual relations. He visited them from time to time, from a sense of duty rather than from any other cause. But as his life drew near to its close something of the old brotherly affection of early days sprang up for his brother's sons. Though the marriage of his daughter with his nephew Henry Nelson Coleridge naturally must have been one cause of this, yet it commenced before that event.

'My very dear nephew,' he wrote to his nephew Edward in 1825, 'you have left me under a painful and yet genial feeling of regret that my lot in life has hitherto so much estranged me from the children of the sons of my father. . . . It is not in my power to express adequately, so as to convey it to others, what a revolution has taken place in my mind since I have seen your sister, and John, and Henry, and, lastly, yourself. Yet revolution is not the word I want. It is rather the sudden evolution of a seed that had sunk too deep for the warmth and exciting air to reach, but which a casual spade had turned up and brought close to the surface, and I now know the meaning as well as feel the truth of the Scottish proverb, "Blood is thicker than water."'

This drawing together of old and young is a pleasant and noticeable feature in Coleridge's later life. Another instance is to be found in the letter in which he referred to his nephew John Taylor Coleridge's accession to the post of editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' which is throughout marked by the utmost kindliness, though tinged—as was natural—with some obvious feeling of soreness both towards the periodical and its publisher.

'I will not disguise from you, my dearest nephew, that the first certain information of your having taken the "Quarterly" gave me a pain, which it required all my confidence in the soundness of your judgement to counteract. . . . My fears were directed to the *invidiousness* of the situation, it being the notion of publishers that without satire and sarcasm no review can obtain or keep up a sale. Perhaps pride has some concern in it. *For* myself I have none, probably because I had time out of mind given it up as a lost cause, given myself over, I mean, a predestined author, though without a drop of true *author* blood in my veins. But a pride in and for the name of my father's house I have, and those with whom I live know that it is never more than a dog-sleep, and apt to *start up* on slight alarms. Now, though very sillily, I felt pain at the notion of any *comparisons* being drawn between *you* (to whom with your sister my heart pulls the strongest) and Mr. Gifford, even though they should be [to] your advantage; and still more, the thought that . . . Murray should be or hold himself entitled to have and express an opinion on the subject. The insolence of one of his proposals to me, viz. that he would publish an edition of my Poems, on the condition that a gentleman in his confidence (Mr. Milman! I understand) was to select, and make such omissions and corrections as should be thought advisable—this, which offered to myself excited only a smile in which there was nothing sardonic, might very possibly have rendered me sorer and more sensitive when I boded even an infinitesimal *ejusdem farinæ* in connexion with you.

'But henceforward I shall look at the thing in a sunnier mood.' (Vol. ii. p. 736.)

It is pleasant to see Coleridge in this happier mind and to leave him in the quiet evening of a troubled life.

ART. VI.—1. *The Great War with Russia. The Invasion of the Crimea: a Personal Retrospect of the Battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and of the Winter of* 1854–5, &c. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. London, Manchester, and New York: 1895.

2. *Memories and Studies of War and Peace.* By ARCHIBALD FORBES. London, Paris, and Melbourne: 1895.

'REMEMBER I can make or mar you!' Portentous words addressed not so very long ago by a 'war correspondent' to a British officer on service—to a young soldier in command of an advanced post, who had had the presumption to refuse to hand over to the representative of a newspaper important information on its way from the front to headquarters, words spurned as they deserved, but still bearing with them suggestions, the mere possibility of which should strike a warning note on the ear of the news-reading public at home.

Now, while the great Powers of the world are resting on their arms, the 'war correspondent' has for the present sheathed his pen, and it may not be out of place to consider who and what he is. Why has he come into existence at all? Why is he accepted now-a-days as part of the equipment of every army? Will such acceptance of him be beneficial to the army which he accompanies, or to the public for whom he caters? To what extent can that public rely on his information, on his criticism, or on his praise? What are his powers for good or for evil? Can he make or mar?

Mr. Forbes tells us that the first of the race was a 'Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man not very 'long dead, who was sent to Spain by the "Morning Post" 'with the Spanish Legion' under Sir De Lacy Evans, between 1835–37, but that 'this new departure was not 'followed up, and no English newspaper was represented in 'the ill-fated Afghan campaigns of 1838–42, or in the great 'battles of the first and second Punjaub wars.' We may, however, assume, with no disrespect to the memory of Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, that the descent of the 'war correspondent' of the present day dates only from the Crimean war. Prior to that the public gained its information from 'the seat of 'war' from the official despatches alone, or from what might leak out from private letters. And not only from what might leak out, for private letters were undoubtedly written with the intention of being made public, written

with no sense of responsibility, often only the reflection of the discontent, the personal prejudice, or the ambitious longings of the writer. We are far from saying that no such letters are written now, but as a main source of information, as they were in those earlier days, nothing could be more baneful, and if the more recognised newspaper system has done much to cancel their effects, it will have done much also to alleviate the constant anxieties of a commander in the field.

'There is a system of croaking in the army,' says the Duke of Wellington writing from Portugal, 'which is highly injurious to the public service, and which I must devise some means of putting an end to, or it will put an end to us.' *

In the Crimea the same abuse made itself felt again, when

'the querulous letters from officers were so rife in England that the Duke of Newcastle, becoming indignant and even alarmed, imparted his disgust and anxiety to the commander abroad. Lord Raglan in answer observed that the same ugly symptom had disclosed itself at the time of the Peninsular War.' . . . 'He said their letters would not do "any real harm,"' and predicted that 'they would be eclipsed by "our own correspondent."' †

'Lord Raglan saw and frankly acknowledged the advantage that in one point of view might result from the communications of *skilled* correspondents whose writings, he thought, would outshine all the letters from wrong-headed officers.' ‡

But at the time at which Lord Raglan wrote, the presence with an army of representatives of the press was an entirely new departure. They might be skilled writers, they could not from want of experience be skilled war correspondents in the present meaning of the term, and in the acceptance of the word 'skilled' lies, we think, much of their *raison d'être*. They were not skilled, at any rate in the lessons of war; they could not be so; they were not soldiers, and they had had no opportunities, even as civilian spectators, of studying the conduct of campaigns. 'By ——, sir!' exclaimed General Pennefather to the 'Times' correspondent at Alma, 'I'd as soon see the devil! What on earth do you 'know of this kind of work, and what will you do when we 'get into action?' Few of our commanders in the Crimea appear to have known much 'of this kind of work' either, and a little later on many great people at home, as well as

* Wellington's Dispatches, vi. 429.
† Kinglake, vi. 231. ‡ Ibid. p. 233.

at the 'seat of war,' would, we feel sure, much rather have seen the devil than Mr. W. H. Russell of the 'Times.'

'What on earth do you know of this kind of work?' probably reflected the feeling of every soldier in the Crimea. 'You have come to write about us, to write about the army, 'you who know absolutely nothing about what you are 'writing;' and then came the terrible charges against these newspaper men of giving information to the enemy by their careless letters home.

'I know something,' writes Lord Raglan, 'of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him, and I can safely say, that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention.'*

The letter in question had been written from his own Headquarters Camp, from the army which he commanded, where he was all powerful, and where the evident future remedy was in his own hands. It may be safely said that no commander of the present day worth his salt would tolerate such a state of affairs for five minutes.

We have known a breach of confidence on the part of a 'correspondent' meet with instant dismissal from the force to which he had been attached; and though the newspaper he represented certainly at once did its best to write down the high-handed commander it signally failed.

In the Crimea, however, the accusation was not of a breach of confidence, but of furnishing information to the enemy which might jeopardise the army and the lives of many men. And yet beyond official complaints sent home, and empty promises of reform on the part of editors, nothing was done, and the sources of information in the Crimea remained in the same condition.

There is much to wonder at in the conduct of that Crimean campaign, brilliant gallantry, endless suffering and sacrifice of British lives, marvellous and incomprehensible incapacity. And the treatment, or rather the non-treatment, of the newspaper correspondents in the Chersonese would appear on a par with much else we read of there.

On the one hand, the army commanded by leaders trained to a great extent in the Peninsula, imbued with that strong dislike for the press they had inherited from their great chief, full of professional, perhaps rather narrow professional,

* Kinglake, vi. 243.

pride; on the other hand, this 'new departure,' these 'war 'correspondents,' ignorant civilians who had come to criticise; and no master mind to perceive and weld together the common interests of soldier and penman.

Surely a broader view of things at headquarters, a more liberal appreciation of this new factor in the daily life of the army, might have done much, even in the absence of definite regulations, to assist its objects and control its irregularities. But, says Mr. Russell, 'the notion of giving correspon- 'dents the smallest official recognition . . . . would at that 'time have been rejected by any one in authority.'

The 'war correspondent' in the Crimea was in a difficult position. His calling sanctioned by his government at home, allowed to accompany the army, allowed to draw his rations, but cold-shouldered everywhere, hunted from pillar to post, he relied for information on his own untutored eyes, or upon mere camp gossip. Years of peace had passed since the victories of the Peninsula, the army and the nation it served appeared to have forgotten the lessons of the past, and he, surrounded by an incapacity and a want of organisation which any sensible civilian might have perceived, wrote home from the darkness of the middle ages before the Renaissance. He wrote surrounded by unjustifiable suffering and misery, he wrote bitterly and to the point, and his editor at home did not tone down his story. 'It is for the editor on 'the spot,' says Mr. Russell, 'to decide what ought to be 'made public, and what ought to be suppressed, in my 'correspondence.' A dangerous maxim, certainly not one we should care to see sanctioned as sufficient guard for the safety of an army—a maxim which might appear to go perilously near an admission not only of the right to make public or 'suppress,' but also to colour!

Much that was written home returned, mainly by telegraph wire, to Sebastopol. Nothing could be worse. Nevertheless we are convinced that no want of patriotism can be attributed to the newspaper chroniclers of the Crimean campaign. They erred through ignorance, through impressions wrought on them by terrible horrors, through excess of zeal to tell the truth to the public, through want of direction and control. The very weakness of the military rule which tolerated them justified their action. They spoke up for the recognition of the requirements every army has a right to expect from the nation it serves—if such demands had been committed to official channels alone, when would they have been answered? They broke through old-world prejudices. They

appealed to the nation which responded with a will, and there can be no doubt that their civilian criticism did much to save the army.

At that time the telegraphic system was only in its infancy. It was not till May 1855 that a wire was laid between the Chersonese and Varna.* The newspaper letters of which Lord Raglan complained were sent by post, no doubt under the belief that before they could be returned to the Crimea as public property so much time would have elapsed that the information they contained would at any rate be useless to Russia. The telegraphic communication, however, between London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and the Russian commanders, and the slow march of history in the Crimea falsified such a short-sighted trust.

Since the terrible winter of 1854 the world has marched apace. The developement of electric telegraphy, increased speed in travelling, better means of communication everywhere, the perfecting of all systems for the transmission and distribution of news, have not only changed the old order of things, but would appear to have brought with increased facilities an increased thirst for information of all sorts, with something of almost an hysterical craving for sensation, for news with a little more spice in it than mere matter-of-fact details can afford.

'Surely if science has annihilated distance, and a general 'action can hardly be fought beyond the ken of the same 'day's evening papers, we have a right to expect something 'with a little more colour in it than an official despatch.' So say, we imagine, the newspaper-reading public. And accordingly, from the seat of war, news the more sensational the better is flashed in eloquent periods over the wire, the mischief that may accrue from it a hundredfold increased since Crimean days by its instantly realisable value should an enemy obtain it.

The 'war correspondent' of the present day would appear to be one of the necessary results of expectations to which the scientific advances of the age have given rise. His calling has become a profession. Requiring energy, ability, and courage, and offering some chance of distinction, some chance of witnessing and even sharing indirectly in momentous events, it has attracted to its ranks many able and adventurous spirits. Its followers, too, have been highly paid.

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* Kinglake, vii. 213.

The American War of Secession, the Seven Weeks war of 1866, the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns—'Our Own Correspondent' has seen and written of them all. He has been officially accepted with all armies in the field upon certain rules and conditions. And in each succeeding campaign his indiscretions (to use a mild word) in the transmission of news vitally affecting the interests of belligerents have pointed more strongly to the necessity of better defining his position and more strictly controlling his pen and person. Yet it does not seem entirely to have dawned on 'the profession' that the interests of a newspaper must be subservient to the interests of an army.

The evil influence of the American press in the War of Secession is a matter of history; in later years the betrayal by a newspaper of the nature of the defences of Kars and of Rustchuk is well known; while in the Franco-Prussian war the fact of MacMahon's having left his camp near Reims for the north was first made known to the Germans by a telegram from London repeating a paragraph which had appeared in 'Le Temps.' We quote at haphazard the first cases that occur to us.

It seems strange that men living with an army in the field, drawing its rations, sharing to a great extent its dangers, friends with its officers, should not think twice before doing it a deadly harm. Yet so it has happened on several occasions, as many can bear witness. The public may ascribe such work to careless writing or to what they will. From the point of view of the army it is treachery and nothing else.

Soldiers have, of course, seen and acknowledged the danger, and to meet it various regulations were framed both in the Franco-Prussian * and Russo-Turkish wars, consisting of a mild censorship, and 'correspondents' badges,' establishing the identity and calling of the wearers. Nevertheless, the indiscretions in recent years to which we have referred all occurred under regulations specially intended to guard against them.

Consequently we cannot wonder that, with the experience of former campaigns to guide it, our own War Office during the Afghan campaign of 1879 issued rules for the guidance of newspaper correspondents with an army in the field, and distinctly defined their position. Early in the campaign

* They were very slight in the Franco-Prussian war.

the flagrant disregard and evasion of regulations framed on the spot had rendered such action absolutely necessary. This was, we believe, the first attempt made to draw up a precise code of rules for their control. It raised a storm of criticism in the Indian press, whilst at home Mr. Forbes took up the cudgels on behalf of his comrades.

Before the Egyptian campaign of 1882 another set of rules was issued, which we believe may be taken as giving generally the conditions upon which correspondents would now accompany a British army in a great war.

We give the rules in full.

Rules for Newspaper Correspondents at the Seat of War.*

1. 'All newspaper correspondents accompanying the army in the field must be furnished with a license † granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home. In this license the paper or papers for which the correspondent is agent will be stated.

2. 'A correspondent may not write for papers other than those mentioned in his license. If he desires to do so he must get leave, and the permission must be duly registered on his license.

3. 'Licenses will not be granted to those whom it is considered undesirable to have as correspondents in the field. Retired officers will be preferred.

4. 'All correspondents in the field will be under the Mutiny Act during their stay with the army.

5. 'Correspondents will not be allowed to go to the outposts without special permission, to be granted in writing each time a correspondent may wish to visit them.

6. 'The use of any cypher is forbidden to correspondents. French and German are the only foreign languages permitted.

7. 'A Staff Officer will be named to act as press censor. He will register licenses granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, and will grant licenses to local correspondents *not accompanying* the army in the field. These licenses will be issued under similar conditions to those granted to correspondents accompanying the army. He will also grant passes when necessary to all correspondents at the seat of war. He will be the channel of communication between the General Officer Commanding in the field and the correspondents. Each newspaper having a correspondent in the field, or at the seat of war, will send him a copy of every issue of their papers, so that he may, by examining their contents, be assured that the press rules in the field are strictly adhered to.

8. 'This Press Censor will have the power of insisting that all communications from correspondents to their newspapers must be sent

* 'The Soldier's Pocket Book,' p. 178.

† The license sanctions the presence of the correspondent with the army, and gives authority to draw rations and forage.

through him; and he may detain or alter the communication should he deem it injurious to the interests of the army.

9. 'The General Officer Commanding will, through this Staff Officer, give as much information as he may consider advisable and consistent with his duty, to correspondents. The Press Censor will fix an hour when correspondents may call upon him daily for information, and he will be authorised to tell them everything that can be published with safety to the army.

10. 'The military authorities will facilitate, so far as they can, the despatch of the messages of correspondents.

11. 'Should the means of communication at the disposal of the General Officer Commanding in the field not be sufficient to convey the messages of correspondents, the latter may, under his sanction, arrange for special means of transmitting their messages. It is, however, to be clearly understood that such arrangements are to be entirely under the control of the Press Censor.

12. 'The General Officer Commanding in the field has power to revoke, at any time, any license granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, or under his own authority, should he consider it advisable in the interests of the army to do so.

13. 'Editors of newspapers desirous of sending agents to the theatre of war, and the correspondents whom they propose for that purpose, will be required to sign the following declaration:

have read the rules for the guidance of editors of newspapers, and of correspondents with an army in the field, and hereby agree to abide by the same.

Signed Editor of the ————

Signed Proposed correspondent to the ———— to accompany the army.'

The rules are of course framed with the intention of preserving an army from the dangerous effects of communications to the public which might be beneficial to an enemy, or which by ill-judged criticism might weaken the authority of a commander or undermine the *moral* of his troops.

Their most important provisions are the placing of correspondents under the Mutiny Act,* and the power given to the Press Censor to forbid the organisation of special means of communication, or the despatch of messages beyond the zone of military jurisdiction.†

They appear to us to reach as far as any military authority can hope to reach, and the experience of the past thoroughly justifies them. But though the justice of such

* Army Act.

† These conditions were more clearly defined in the rules of 1879, but those of 1882, though not so explicit, evidently contain the same powers.

stringency may be admitted, the causes which have led to the necessity for it may not appear so clearly.

We think Mr. Forbes's pages supply the explanation, for nothing strikes us more in his 'Memories' than the frequent evidence of the enormous sums of money newspapers are prepared to pay for their news, and the intense rivalry amongst 'war correspondents' to supply their employers with the 'latest intelligence.'

During the Turkish war Mr. Forbes sent from Bucharest 'several messages of more than 8,000 words each,' and 'the scale was about eighteenpence a word,' so that he sent telegrams the cost of which was about 600*l.* apiece. 'But 'there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not 'cost too much that was well done.' Again: 'Each of us 'had a wagon and a pair of draught-horses, several saddle-'horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion.'

The prices to be paid for 'latest intelligence' were evidently lavish, and the contrivances of one correspondent to beat another were no less striking. The best results seem to have been obtained by the despatch of telegrams from offices in neutral countries, or from points outside the sphere of military authority, and therefore beyond the power of any censor. In this direction Mr. Forbes's greatest triumphs were his ride to Landmann's Drift after the battle of Ulundi, and his clever organisation of his pony express between Bucharest and Kronstadt during the Russo-Turkish War.

Lord Chelmsford had for some unaccountable reason resolved to send no courier with the news of his victory till next morning, and Mr. Forbes decided to ride through the night to the nearest telegraph station at Landmann's Drift, a distance of about one hundred miles. If recollection serves us aright, some fortunate instinct directed Mr. Forbes to the horses laid out for Lord Chelmsford's staff officer with the morrow's despatches. At any rate, he had reason to be proud that his story of our success was the first news that reached England.

On the second occasion to which we have alluded Mr. Forbes was with the Russian army in Bulgaria, and his base of operations for the despatch of telegrams to the 'Daily News' office in London was properly Bucharest, where a Russian press censor had been officially established, and as to whose strictness of supervision correspondents seem to have been somewhat apprehensive.

Mr. Forbes, of course, like a good soldier, endeavoured

by all the means in his power to secure his base. Presents of cigars and opera tickets were freely distributed to officials and telegraph operators, and the goodwill of the wives of Roumanian cabinet ministers was specially sought after. But, in case of accidents, an alternative base was established at Kronstadt in Transylvania, connecting with Bucharest by pony express over the Carpathians. Admirable strategy! Yet if newspapers find it worth their while to sanction such expenditure and such organisation, the uncharitable may well wonder whether the means of obtaining and transmitting information will always be above suspicion!

What was the object of Mr. Forbes's pony express? It was by good organisation to circumvent the authority of an official appointed by the Russian authorities to supervise Mr. Forbes's letters, he having been accredited to the Russian army with the knowledge that telegrams sent from Bucharest would be so supervised. The fact that the Russian authorities approved a particular telegram in no way affects the case. It was in order to despatch telegrams they would not approve that the Transylvanian connexion was established, and it is in order to guard against strategy of this kind that the regulations for 'war correspondents' have been drawn up. We cannot conceive that in these days of rapid transmission the commander of any army could be content to trust the despatch of reports affecting its well-being to the unsupervised judgment of any newspaper correspondent, however experienced.

Mr. Forbes has on various occasions admitted the risk that belligerents incur from the injudicious disclosures of 'correspondents.' But in his chapter on 'War Correspondence as a Fine Art,' he bitterly laments that 'his craft' is in future to be 'controlled by precise and restraining limita-'tions,' and that it must therefore cease to be 'the fine art into 'which zeal, energy, and contrivance elevated it for a brief 'time,' and then he goes on, we think, to let the cat out of the bag entirely: 'I am far from objecting to the changed 'conditions in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which 'may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news.'

Well, we should hope so! Does Mr. Forbes mean his readers to infer that the smuggling of illicit news may hitherto have hampered the gaining of victories?

We have quoted Mr. Forbes freely as the distinguished representative of this modern profession which he has done so much to create, and it is with real regret we notice that he alludes to himself as 'laudator temporis acti.' For he

has earned not only a world-wide reputation as a writer, but as the possessor of an instinctive grasp of the many varying phases of war. Yet we confess that a perusal of his pages only confirms our own experience, that the correspondent's unqualified allegiance to his newspaper, for the sake of triumphs of early publications and increased sale, has become a danger to military operations which could not be ignored.

Our readers may perhaps hardly credit the lengths to which such allegiance has been carried. We can vouch for the following. The day before a large force was to advance for the attack of a position, a 'war correspondent' entered a small telegraph station at the point from which the troops were to move, and handed a message to the operator. It was to the effect that 'troops had advanced, 'severe fighting, and retreat on ——.' The clerk handed the message to an officer in the building, to whom the correspondent admitted that the telegram was entirely untrue from beginning to end, but that if sent it would greatly increase the sale of his paper, and that he would contradict it by telegram next day. We need hardly say no great time elapsed before he left the force concerned; but once outside the sphere of active operations he again tried to forward the same telegram, and was only prevented doing so by orders from the front.

There is, however, a power with which no military rules can ever deal, the editor at home, who in his office will receive the now carefully revised reports of his emissaries at the seat of war. In his honesty and highmindedness must rest much of the success of any regulations.

It would be interesting to know what latitude the editorial code of honour sanctions with regard to the amplification or otherwise of telegrams received. For our own part, we are entirely unacquainted with the mysteries of the editor's sanctum. We have, however, watched his emissaries at work, and they have occasionally appeared to us to be furnished with home-made spectacles which they find it difficult to remove. The political bias of an ably represented newspaper is worth studying. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Forbes, 'it is 'no exaggeration to aver that for better or worse MacGahan 'was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish war.'

We are well aware that MacGahan always claimed to be the author of that war, a terrible responsibility for any man to wish for—more terrible still to admit that a claim for such power could with any show of reason be put forward by the foreign correspondent of an English newspaper. As

a matter of fact, however, he was not the author of the war, though he did by sensational writing to a certain extent beguile Europe, and cover the objects of the advance of Russia, the fitting sequel to which were the kidnapping of Prince Alexander and the Kaulbars mission. Wittingly or not, he was the one-sided newspaper supporter of an ambitious war, waged under cover of Christianity and justified by atrocities since proved to have been grossly exaggerated.

But MacGahan is dead, and we have no wish to throw doubt on the personal intentions of a brave and able man. We would only say that these powerful 'pen pictures' of accomplished writers, drawn beyond the sphere of any control but directly connected with possible difficulties and possible campaigns in which our own country may be involved, may, if carelessly exhibited to our sensation-loving public, weaken our judgement and cripple our powers of action.

If we mistake not, the great commanders of the future will not undervalue the possible manipulation of the power to which we have referred. If the misled sentiment of a nation may render popular a campaign, news falsely coined may help to win its battles. False impressions, false rumours of movements, concentrations, successes, or defeats, flashed from the seat of war through every capital in Europe, may puzzle hostile armies in the field. And, as we write, the recollections of a hot day in August 1882 come back to us—ships in Alexandria harbour dressed for the Bairam festival, bands playing, men-of-warsmen cheering, a magnificent flotilla crowded with British troops under way for Aboukir Bay, and a little steamer bearing the well-informed representatives of the press to see the attack on Aboukir Forts!*

Such appear to us to be some of the larger consequences that follow the rise of this modern profession. But the lesser influences it wields, the connexion it bears to the social existence, if we may so describe it, of an army in the field, cannot be ignored. The presence in camp of an unofficial power that may even faintly claim to 'make or mar' appears to us a disagreeable presence, though we set little value on

* Orders were posted in the companion-ways for the troops to land at Aboukir. The ships entered the bay, but, instead of attacking the forts, left again soon after dark, and next morning were off Port Said. The Canal was in Lord Wolseley's hands, and not till then was the well-kept secret known.

the claim. For no war correspondent's pen will ever transform a bad soldier into a good one, or permanently ruin the reputation of the latter. A little evanescent fame it has it in its power to bestow: the mention of a name for some small deed of simple duty is enough. The correspondent may not wish to make or mar, but he wants to send a vivid description to his newspaper, and to individualise his 'pen-'picture' some name is quoted to the world. His power is felt, and to it some will pander, and those not the best, for from the suspicion of such assistance finer natures will recoil.

We have endeavoured to trace the profession of War Correspondent from the unbridled license of its early Crimean days, through its period of *brassards* and weak censorship, down to the sterner regulations of recent years by which it will in future be guided, and have pointed out what appear to us, from the experience of more than one campaign, to be its possible influences on the conduct of war. And evil as those influences have in some cases been, and might still be if misdirected, we are far from saying that the presence with an army in the field of the representatives of the press must of necessity be injurious. We bargain only for the control of those representatives in respect to the well-being of the army they accompany.

In dealing with the question we have only alluded to those civilian writers who have adopted the 'war correspondent's' craft as a profession, and not to the many soldiers who have at various times accompanied foreign armies as military correspondents of a newspaper, with the main object of studying a campaign under advantages and with opportunities which they could not otherwise hope to obtain. But beyond this a tendency on the part of the military authorities would appear of late years to have arisen in the direction of sanctioning, if not encouraging, the presence with our own forces in the field of officers on the active list in the capacity of newspaper correspondents: a custom which, though it may obviate to some extent the recurrence of abuses to which we have referred, and must certainly contribute to the peace of mind of a general in command, we should be sorry to see generally recognised. We are old-fashioned enough to dislike the admission amongst 'brother 'officers' of one of themselves in unofficial but direct communication with the public, and the same objection holds good, though in a lesser degree, to retired officers. Moreover, we do not believe the army need suffer from the

independent views of civilian opinion, and are inclined to think that the close atmosphere of any society of experts is likely to be the better for a little outer air.

Neither need the profession suffer from that removal from the category of fine arts which Mr. Forbes so much laments. Any popularity which by the supervision of sensational 'pen 'pictures' it may lose it should more than regain by increased reliability. There is no reason why the profession should not rise to an even higher standard than it has hitherto attained, and its future success will lie in the justice of the claims its civilian followers can put forward to be recognised by the public as those 'skilled correspondents' for whom Lord Raglan sighed.

ART. VII.—1. *La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine.* Par ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE. Paris: 1895.

2. *The Present State of the Fine Arts in France.* By the late P. G. HAMERTON. London: 1892.

3. *Considerations on Painting: Lectures given in the Year* 1893 *at the Metropolitan Museum of New York.* By JOHN LA FARGE. New York and London: 1895.

4. *La Peinture Anglaise.* Par ERNEST CHESNEAU. Paris: 1882.

'IL y a une peinture anglaise,' commences M. de la Sizeranne, in words which, simple as they seem, are not exactly translatable. For he by no means intends to imply that there is an English school of painting. On the contrary, that is exactly what he denies. The characteristic of English painting, according to our French critics, is that it has no fixed characteristics at all. The individual artists all differ from each other in style, method, and aims; and the combined sum of their work differs from that of any other country. In lands other than England, says our author, the French visitor finds himself before paintings which in some degree remind him of what he is accustomed to. But the English painters seem not to be aware that there is a continent. 'S'ils l'ont appris, ils n'y ont rien pris;' they are still waiting for the Channel tunnel. This is not merely M. de la Sizeranne's personal view. M. Chesneau, writing some thirteen years earlier, is in the same tale. He observes, speaking of our artists, 'Il semble que leurs ateliers soient 'fermés par un pan du grand mur de la Chine;' by a system of exclusion they have made an art 'vraiment national.' The French school, he observes, up to a dozen years ago (he is writing in 1882), had painted absolutely nothing by which their own time could be handed down. They suppressed all incident in view of an harmonious unity, aiming at a perfect balance. The English art was the antipodes of all this; the painters of the two countries had nothing in common except the tools—canvas, pigments, and brushes. Whether the contrast is in every respect so marked at the present moment is a point we shall have to consider later on. In the meantime it is instructive to see ourselves as others see us, and to learn that by French critics our art is regarded as entirely destitute of any central aim or principle; as interesting mainly on account of the individuality and intensity of purpose evinced by special artists.

But this kind of interest, according to M. de la Sizeranne, dates mainly if not entirely from the rise of the now almost forgotten pre-Raphaelite movement. One special quality of English painting, however, he notes as easily recognisable among the generation of artists who immediately preceded that epoch. This is what he defines as 'l'intellectualité du 'sujet;' in other words, the feeling that *what* is painted is more important than *how* it is painted, and he refers to the numerous paintings of scenes in literature and history which formed the staple of our figure-subjects in the days when Wilkie, Redgrave, Frith, Leslie (the elder) were among the prominent names in our art; in this group he might certainly have included Maclise and Egg. Among the works of this period, he observes, we see plainly affirmed the idea, which had been previously quite evident in the works of Hogarth, that the pencil was an instrument 'pour écrire, 'pour raconter, pour instruire, non simplement pour montrer.' There is, as we shall see, something to be said on the other side in regard to this criticism, which is a shrewd one nevertheless. Another characteristic of English art of the last generation which M. de la Sizeranne notes is the endeavour after intensity of expression, but only in animal painting, in which respect he cites Landseer, but has probably been misled into regarding Landseer, who was in his day a quite exceptional animal painter, as typical of a class. In regard to any other branch of painting he considers that intensity of expression was entirely wanting among English painters of the period referred to; they painted commonplace subjects in a commonplace manner; and, although here also there are some exceptions to be made, it cannot be denied that the verdict is painfully true in the main.

From this worship of banalities the artistic and even to some extent the public mind was aroused by the pre-Raphaelite rebellion, the real and efficient originator of which is considered by our French critic to have been Ford Madox Brown; and, though as a matter of fact Brown declined formally to enrol himself with the 'P.R.B.,' apparently from a wholesome dislike to 'deal in watch-words 'overmuch,' it is probably true that he was the first to practise if not to preach the new gospel. His leading idea, says our author, was that the art of painting was going to ruin through a systematic generalisation of forms, and could only be saved by the contrary process of minute research into individual facts. Sketching graphically and with a good deal of detail the rise and developement of the movement, M.

de la Sizeranne invites us to regard it as the originating cause of whatever is valuable in English painting at the present moment, and he then proceeds to consider successively the works of the following seven artists, as the representative great English painters of the present day: Mr. Watts, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Tadema, Sir John Millais, Mr. Herkomer, and Sir E. Burne-Jones. Some consideration of the works of Madox Brown and Rossetti, no longer living, is comprised in the general chapter on the 'Définition et Résultats de Pré-Raphaélisme.'

How far is this estimate of the permanent results of the pre-Raphaelite movement really true? The avowed object of the 'P.R.B.' was to get at the reality of things; to paint nature as they saw it, not according to any artistic convention; to express intensity of action and emotion in the human figure, instead of mere conventional attitudes. As far as landscape was concerned their success was not great to begin with, and their influence at present has almost evaporated. It can be traced in a general way only so far as this, that it probably gave birth to the increased importance attached in modern English landscape-painting to truth of local colour, and to the careful study of actual *effect* in nature; not actual *incident*, which is quite another matter. If we compare the productions of some of the most prominent English landscape-painters of the earlier part of the century—Callcott, for example—with those of the most prominent landscape-painters of the present day,* we see that Callcott, fine in sentiment as he often is in his own way, painted a conventional landscape in a conventional scheme of colour; he conveyed the composition, the sentiment of a scene often very finely, but the effect was that of the studio, not of open-air nature; while in the landscapes of Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and the sea-pieces of the late Henry Moore, though there is no attempt at bald realism of detail, there is an evidently most earnest attempt to represent the colour and the effects of nature as the painter saw them, with no subordination to any studio scheme of colour or composition. This intensity of study of natural effect is, indirectly at least, a legacy of the pre-Raphaelites; it arose out of the protest they made in favour of nature as against convention. But the pre-Raphaelites, as far as

* We are speaking here only of England, for the works and the theories of the 'P.R.B.' had absolutely no effect out of England; the whole movement was purely insular.

landscape was concerned, made the initial mistake of aiming not merely at truth of effect but at truth of incident in the realistic sense; as M. Chesneau says, in an earlier work,* 'they paint nature through a telescope, which changes its 'focus as you get to the distance, so as to set everything in 'the same plane, and ignore aërial perspective.' The most curious point about the pre-Raphaelites as landscape-painters was their making a special idol of Turner, and claiming artistic relationship with him—Turner, of all men, who composed imaginary landscapes, and altered the real ones to suit his own purposes! As Mr. Chesneau remarks, after the passage in which he speaks of the telescopic landscapes, 'they must have been very much in want of a name to back 'them, when they chose Turner as a patron.'

When we turn to figure subjects—and it is with these almost solely that our French critic concerns himself—the case is rather different. The rude shake, as it were, given to both popular and artistic intellectual indolence by the style of illustrative painting of the pre-Raphaelites, compelled at all events a new departure, the effects of which have been felt ever since. It had been the habit previously, as M. de la Sizeranne observes, for both painters and public in England to think principally about subject in painting, but in a loose slipshod manner; so long as the arrangement of the picture satisfied a conventional standard of composition, the question of its relation to actual or probable fact troubled no one very much; it was accepted as representing what it professed to represent. The pre-Raphaelite demand was that the artist should say to himself, not 'how will this 'scene compose best,' but, 'how did this really happen?' and should spare no pains to realise it as it did or might have happened, abandoning conventional gesture and seeking to represent intensity of individual expression. No two pictures could be more typical in this sense than Sir J. Millais's early painting of the scene from Keats's 'Isabella,' and Mr. Hunt's painting of 'Valentine rescuing Silvia.' Both paintings want that blending element which we recognise as 'style;' both are what French critics call *criarde* in colour, Mr. Hunt's in particular; but there was in each work the palpable effort to *realise* the scene, to impart intensity of expression to the figures, more especially exemplified in the well-known figure of the elder brother, in Sir J. Millais' painting, setting his teeth with anger as he cracks

* Les Artistes Modernes en France et en Angleterre. Paris: 1862.

his nut, and in the 'Julia' of Mr. Hunt's picture, whose uneasy embarrassment in her male attire, as she foresees immediate discovery, is conveyed not only in her face but in every limb, with a delicacy and truth which render this one of the most expressive figures in modern illustrative painting. The production of such works marked a revolution in our ideas as to the scope and aims of subject-painting.

The French critic notes a point in technical procedure as characteristic of the pre-Raphaelite painters; viz. that they painted on a white canvas without the preliminary process of laying a dark ground; that Mr. Watts is technically in relation with them through his practice of obtaining a certain desired effect of colour, not by mixing pigments, but by separate touches of colours which blend, to the eye, into the desired colour; and that Delacroix thought this so characteristic a feature of their practice that he defined the pre-Raphaelites as 'l'école sèche.' And thereafter M. de la Sizeranne thus sums up the characteristics of the pre-Raphaelite school:—

'Vu dans son ensemble, de Madox Brown à Millais et de Watts à Rossetti, depuis les cartons de Westminster jusqu'à l'*Adieu à Angleterre*, et du *Festin d'Isabelle* au *Huguenot*, comme de l'*Annonciation* au *Rêve de Dante*, le mouvement de 1850 fut ceci: des hommes nouveaux, voulant un art nouveau, substituant le geste curieux, inédit, individuel, au geste banal et généralisateur et la couleur franche, à sec, sans dessous, brillante par ses juxtapositions, à la couleur fondue, renforcée par des superpositions, en un mot la ligne expressive au lieu de la ligne décorative et le ton vif au lieu du ton chaud. Voilà, en toute simplicité, ce que fut le pré-Raphaélisme. Le reste n'est que logomachie.'

Not quite. The definition is good as far as it goes; but it rather suggests than defines the æsthetic position, and it omits what was certainly an element in the creed of the 'P.R.B.,' as well as of their champion, Ruskin, viz. the idea that a picture should have a moral element and aim. It is impossible to ignore this fact, which is, at all events, fully recognised by M. Chesneau, who concludes his remarks on this point with the words: 'Noble erreur en somme, et qui mérite 'tout notre respect!' Taking these as the essential characteristics of pre-Raphaelitism in its original form, how many of M. de la Sizeranne's selected eminent English painters of the day can fairly be connected with it? Mr. Holman Hunt is perhaps the only one who may be said to have remained throughout his artistic life faithful to the original creed. Madox Brown, so far as he was an adherent *de facto*, retained

throughout his life the same principles with which he commenced, searching always for the essential truth of the subject he painted, aiming always at intensity and individualism of expression, and for the most part showing indications at least of a strong predisposition towards emphasising the moral element in painting. Rossetti was a pure 'P.R.B.' in his unfinished picture of the countryman finding his former sweetheart as a harlot on the London streets; a separate study which he made for the face of the girl is one of the most pathetic things in modern art, and is a worthy pendant to 'Jenny;' but only in this and perhaps in his 'Annuncia-'tion' was he a true pre-Raphaelite. In the majority of his subsequent works he seemed rather to eschew a moral aim; he did not study his figures properly; he painted, without models, such figures of women as fortunately do not exist in real life; and in spite of his being in a certain sense an inspired colourist, it may be said that Providence really intended him for a poet, though he never gave his mind to the literary workmanship of poetry sufficiently, and was, in fact, essentially an amateur poet and an amateur painter. Mr. Watts is certainly connected with pre-Raphaelitism by his insatiable desire to use painting for moral ends, and to some extent, but only in a limited sense, by his *facture*, and also, we may say, by his earnest desire to realise as strongly as possible the expression which should be characteristic of the personage he is illustrating; witness his 'Jonah' in the last Academy exhibition; an ugly picture, but perhaps the first attempt that has ever been made in painting to realise the probable personality and manner of a man who could go about a city shouting incessantly 'Yet forty days, and 'Nineveh shall be overthrown.' Sir E. Burne-Jones may be regarded in some degree as a follower of Rossetti (whose work, as just observed, was only to a limited extent representative of 'P.R.B.' principles); but he is connected with the school by the decidedly moral element in his painting, and by his untiring aim after perfection of execution, as well as by a certain *naïveté* of conception which, though ignored by our French critic, was certainly an element in the 'P.R.B.' school. Sir J. Millais practically renounced his adherence at a very early period, being a much too powerful personality to remain bound up in any form of artistic dogmatism: and if we take him as he is at present, it would be difficult to trace the slightest affinity between his work and the 'P.R.B.' school, save perhaps in the patient and conscientious elaboration of foreground detail in some of his landscapes, such as 'Over

'the Hills.' As to Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Tadema, and Professor Herkomer, they may, no doubt, unconsciously inherit some of the effects which arose out of the 'P.R.B.' rebellion, but in any other sense it is impossible to trace any connexion, and we are disposed to think that all three of them would have painted much as they do now had no pre-Raphaelite movement ever existed. For some time after the knowledge of that movement had penetrated to the ears of the groundlings, it was the custom for the average exhibition lounger to dub as 'pre-Raphaelite' every picture of which the subject was beyond his comprehension, or which showed more than usual power of conception or execution.* Recent critics seem rather too much inclined to apply the same system of classification, only the other way about.

Before considering more broadly the present tendencies of English painting, we may notice briefly our French critic's chapters on the painters whom he has selected as foremost among English living artists, interposing here and there our own opinions, not offered from the technical point of view, but from that of the outside spectator, who has a right to an opinion; for it is certain that artists paint for the world and not for themselves or for each other (however it may please them sometimes to affirm the contrary); and the educated spectator is justified in putting the question, what has this furnished to my intellectual enjoyment? how am I the better for it? The theory which we have heard solemnly enunciated by artists, that the sole business of those who do not paint themselves is to accept respectfully what the painter offers them, and be thankful that they have it, we can only characterise as empty and illogical vanity, the sole possible excuse for which is the unquestionable fact that the technical operation of painting a picture is one of the most difficult and exacting of human accomplishments. That we freely grant; but the business of the spectator is not with the technical difficulties but with the intellectual result; and when an artist undertakes to illustrate a great subject and adds nothing whatever to our conception of it, or when he spends a great amount of technical ability on a trumpery or vulgar subject, it is beside the purpose to demand that we should admire the technical ability dis-

* We remember to have heard Sir F. Leighton's 'Summer Moon' referred to as 'Pre-Raphaelite' the year it was exhibited at the Academy.

played in the work; the natural reply is, 'So much the more 'lamentable waste of human energy and ingenuity.'

Of Mr. Watts the French critic says truly (and we imagine the painter would quite accept the view) that he is pre-eminently a painter of moral ideas expressed through art. 'Nous mettrions volontiers des scènes de genre dans nos 'églises; lui, il voudrait mettre des scènes de la Bible dans 'les gares des chemins de fer.' 'On trouverait difficilement 'un tableau de lui qui ne fût un sermon.' To Mr. Watts's grand and unique position, as a painter totally independent of and indifferent to artistic or other fashions, to worldly success or honours, he does full justice; but he seems to regard Mr. Watts rather with awe than with sympathy. 'Il 'n'a rien peint qui nous récrée. Il a été le bourreau de 'tous nos rêves de joie, le bourreau de toutes nos illusions, le 'bourreau de toutes les formes fraîches, graciles, de toutes 'les nuances délicates, de tous les plaisirs.' These be very bitter words, and go rather too far. There is a melancholy about all Mr. Watts's work certainly, but we should say rather of his art, in the words of Wordsworth's 'Protesilaus'—

'Calm pleasures there abide; majestic pains.'

The French critic does not seem to be acquainted with Mr. Watts's noble and beautiful 'Daphne,' Greek in perfection of form, mediæval in sentiment and in warmth of colour, or he would perhaps have modified his remarks. As to the colouring and treatment of the nude figure, M. de la Sizeranne's criticisms are not without reason. There is no doubt that Mr. Watts has studiously abstained from painting 'the 'nude' in the ordinary sense. He uses the figure as an engine for the expression of thought, but he is under no care to paint it in a realistic manner; there is something abstract and sculpturesque about his treatment of it, and this treatment is not unsuitable to the intellectual plane, so to speak, of his painting. But it leads to danger, and the criticism is not without point which objects to his bronze flesh-tones, and says of his figures, 'les personnages ressem-'blent à de grands arbres que le vent jette dans les chimé-'riques embrassements.' An unfortunate example was that colossal figure in a recent Academy exhibition, labelled in the catalogue 'She shall be called Woman;' a statement surely met by a direct negative from every spectator who looked from the catalogue to the picture. And there can be no doubt that Mr. Watts, in his recent works espe-

cially, has not infrequently stepped dangerously near the line which separates painting from literature; that is to say, he has come to painting pictures which are valuable much more for the thought they convey than for their beauty as painting; and that is a heresy which, if carried far, would soon wreck the art of painting altogether. His great successes, to our thinking, in addition to some of his noble and intellectually treated portraits, are the 'Daphne' before mentioned, 'Love and Death,' one of the finest allegory pictures ever painted, and 'Hope,' which is a beautiful conception pictorially, besides conveying a really original thought. 'Love and Life' is a failure, in comparison with its companion picture, because, though the thought is quite as fine as in 'Love and Death,' the latter impresses us as a grand work in a pictorial sense, and 'Love and Life' does not, at least to anything like the same extent. There are other works, however, in which the conflict between the pictorial and moral element has been carried much further, and which are likely to be regarded with more curiosity than admiration by a future generation of critics, who will probably hesitate to give their author the supreme position among the painters of to-day which many persons have been led to accord to him, from a natural and laudable sympathy with his noble aim in his art.

Mr. Holman Hunt, says M. de la Sizeranne, 'est la con-'science faite peintre,' and the remark is not overcharged. The strong determination to study the surroundings of the life of Christ so as to paint scenes from it with the greater verisimilitude, which led to his exiling himself for years, is characteristic of the painter's whole artistic life. His patience and perseverance in giving years of toil to a single picture, in the endeavour to realise his ideal, can evoke nothing but admiration, even reverence; and it is with nothing short of reverence that he is regarded by many of his admirers; nor do we decline, so far, to sympathise with them. But we must confess that we regard Mr. Hunt as a great and devoted artist who has lost himself by getting on a wrong track, and that in more ways than one. His studies of details, buildings, and landscape in Palestine undoubtedly enabled him to give a greater interest and a new suggestiveness to the accessories of his pictures; it may be doubted whether such studies take any one far on the path towards the most striking portrayal of the history of Christ. In other words, it is Christ we want, not the accessories. The figure in the 'Shadow of the Cross' may be studied from a Nazarene

peasant; does it on that account realise our ideal of Christ? On the contrary, this realistic study only opposes a stumbling-block; although Christ may, in the phrase from Isaiah which has been applied to Him, have had 'no form or 'comeliness,' there must have been something in his appearance and look to indicate his extraordinary character; was this to be attained by taking a Nazarene peasant for a model? And then, when it comes to endeavouring to get everything correct, there are limits of possibility. As M. de Chesneau remarks in reference to the 'Finding of Christ 'in the Temple,' 'il est difficile de contenter tout le monde 'et son valet;' and he relates an anecdote of a Jewish lady who said she liked the picture very much, but the artist was not acquainted with the tribal characteristics; he had given the doctors the flat foot of the tribe of Reuben, whereas those of Judah had 'le cou-de-pied fortement cambré.' To such criticisms is the painter exposed who takes his stand on accuracy. 'The Finding in the Temple' will probably always remain Mr. Hunt's greatest work, not on account of accuracy of detail and national personality studied on the spot, but for the dramatic force and intensity with which the incident is depicted, and the careful study given to the attitudes and anatomical balance of the centre group. The picture is more a *whole*, too, than any other of his large works. For Mr. Hunt's paintings afford an illustration of the fact that it is not to be accepted that if you take care of the details the whole will take care of itself. His pictures want the comprehending element of style; the effect is obscured and confused by the unsubordinated detail. The point of the 'Awakened Conscience,' which is a good one, is half lost amidst the jumble of details of upholstery, clothing, carpet, mirror reflections, and the necessary cat (for the cat and canary point a moral), all painted with exaggerated finish, and flaunted in our eyes, so that there is not a chance of repose for them. The figure of Christ in the 'Shadow of the Cross,' as M. de la Sizeranne rightly points out, is almost repulsive from the over-accentuation of every detail of the anatomy; the scene is a litter of detail, all, down to the shavings on the floor, painted with the same hard insistence; the figure of the kneeling woman is beautiful in its lines, but that of the Christ is, we must fairly say, one of the ugliest things to be found on canvas. But the most serious matter in connexion with Mr. Holman Hunt's religious paintings is one in which the public (or a portion of them) are to blame equally with him, since they are content to walk back-

ward in his track; that is, the utterly puerile character of their intellectual conception. We are totally unable to understand the attitude of mind which can lead educated persons in the present day to talk solemnly of 'The Light of the World' as a great religious painting. It is a very clever painting in a technical sense, and it would have been an admirable kind of teaching-picture for people in the Middle Ages who could not read, but who could understand the symbolism of the closed door and the weeds grown up round the door-sill, and the lantern, and so on; but such an illustration is below the necessities of a Board-school child in these days. So also with the foolish symbolism of the 'Shadow of the Cross'—the shadows of the hands contrived to fall on the instruments of the Passion, represented by nails and cords hanging on the wall; and the device of the magic bubbles, or whatever they are, which roll about in the picture of the 'Innocents,' and show symbolical scenes enshrined in them. If this is 'religious art' *par excellence*, so much the worse for religion. One can only account for such things on the supposition that the painter intended to carry into literal interpretation the sentence of Christ, 'Except ye . . . become as little 'children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' We have little doubt that in the true sense of the words Mr. Hunt is one of the most Christlike men among us; but surely the warning was intended to refer to our moral, not to our intellectual attitude.

There is something to be said in the same direction as to the art of Sir E. Burne-Jones. This remarkable painter is a splendid, we might say an inspired colourist, with a completely matured and balanced style, and a severity of line which renders his works in the truest sense decorative; they look most in their place in combination with an architectural setting. There could hardly be a more beautiful application of painting to the decoration of a wall surface than his 'Tree of Life' designed for the American church in Rome, where the figure of Christ hangs not on a cross, but in front of a great decorative tree whose stiffly waving branches fill the background; the wood of the cross expanded into the Tree of Life; the hands of the Christ turned *upwards* as if in welcome; the typical figures of men and women filling in the angles of the space in a manner at once expressive and decorative. But when we regard Sir E. Burne-Jones's art as a whole and from the intellectual point of view we must be conscious of very serious shortcomings in it. The artist is, in the first place, a confirmed manner-

ist. He is so far from following the pre-Raphaelite principle of seeking individuality of character and expression in the figure, that he has 'generalised' it down to a single type of face which is common to both sexes. The attitudes of his figures are for the most part entirely conventional, and his men lamentably deficient in manliness and vigour. The 'Fairy 'Prince' who enters the bower of the Sleeping Beauty is half asleep himself, and is the very last kind of person to awake a sleeping palace. The lovers in 'Love among the 'Ruins' have the same sleepy appearance, although the very point of Browning's poem, which the picture is supposed to illustrate, lies in the contrast between the old ruins, and their vanished life, and the ardent full-blooded passion of the two young people. He often ignores the real proportion of the figure and draws it ten heads high, and he not infrequently ignores perspective; as M. de la Sizeranne points out, for example, in the 'Golden Stair,' the figures at the top of the stair, which, according to the composition, *must* recede from the spectator, are as nearly as possible the same height as those in the foreground. This remark perhaps suggests the excuse for, or explanation of, the general characteristics of his painting; it is a conventional style suitable mainly for treatment in flat planes on a wall or in stained glass. The whole assemblage of his pictured personages belongs to a dream-country which takes its type perhaps from the early Renaissance; as the French critic says, 'Ses Grecs parlent comme Chaucer et ses héros bretons 'se promènent dans un décor du Décameron.' The one exception perhaps is the 'Circe,' which has more of antique feeling about it, and is in every respect one of the most interesting of his works. As with Mr. Hunt, so with Sir E. Burne-Jones, we find too often an air of childish *naïveté* in the conception of a picture which it is impossible to regard without something of contempt; the 'Days of Creation,' for instance, is a charming piece of decorative painting, but, as a pictorial symbol of the supposed successive phases of creation, this row of angels holding transparent globes in which the scenes of creation are depicted in little, down to the little Adam and Eve in the last globe, seems, intellectually regarded, a sort of conception more suited for a child's Sunday picture-book than for persons of grown-up intellects. In spite of all this, however, Sir E. Burne-Jones is a great painter, for he has achieved the creation of a style, and one which is always harmonious and consistent with itself. In this respect we may usefully compare his work with the far

more vigorous and masculine paintings by Mr. Abbey, from the Morte d'Arthur legend, which were the occasion of such delight and surprise to those who had the opportunity of seeing them at the Conduit Street Galleries twelve months ago. Mr. Abbey has the making of a great decorative painter in him, but he has not yet achieved a consistent style; he is apt to become 'anecdotal,' and his Sir Galahad walking into the hall to take his seat in the 'Siege Perilous' somewhat suggests a Broad Church curate of the muscular variety masquerading as Galahad. Such a relapse at least can never be charged against Sir E. Burne-Jones; he is king in his own realm, and has complete mastery over it. We agree with M. de la Sizeranne in regarding the 'Chant 'd'Amour' as his most successful and typical work. It is a poem in colour and composition, and such a one as is seldom seen in these degenerate days.

With the French critic's estimate of Sir F. Leighton we are mostly quite in agreement. He considers the President of the Academy to be the most widely cultured, the least insular, of all our painters, though girding at his treatment of drapery, which he professes to regard as representing a distinctly English trait in the preference for multitudinous folds; 'nues, les femmes des tableaux de M. Leighton sont Françaises; drapées, elles sont Anglaises;' in other words, all that is good in them is of French extraction, all that is weak is English. In the matter of the draperies the opinion expressed strikes us as merely a French prejudice, which, let us boldly say, is just as rampant in its way as insular prejudice. It is to the credit of M. de la Sizeranne, however, that he can recognise Sir F. Leighton's real elevation of style, which the French critics generally, at the time of the 1889 exhibition, entirely failed to recognise, feeling no sympathy with a method in painting so entirely opposite to the fuller and broader execution of their own leading painters of the classic school. No doubt the hard texture of his paintings, and the general lack of human interest in his figures, are serious drawbacks; and if we were asked to point to the most perfect of Sir F. Leighton's works, we should be inclined to select, not any of the great canvases, but that little gem of a picture entitled 'Weaving the Wreath;' * a complete inspiration in composition, colour, and texture, such as one comes across not often in a lifetime. It must be admitted

* This, and Mr. Watts's 'Daphne,' before mentioned, are in private collections, but they have been several times publicly exhibited.

that his pictures illustrate rather too pointedly that tendency of the classic school of painters to ignore the characteristics of landscape, which Hamerton referred to and illustrated by the example of Ingres's 'La Source,' with the conventional rocks behind the figure. In the 'Daphne-'phoria' the background is a stage background, and the trees (notwithstanding the famous 'Study of a Lemon-tree') are property trees, and the skies in his pictures are stage skies. But the artist may reply that these were but accessories; and conversely it must be remembered that Turner inserted very bad figures in his foregrounds, and was defended by Ruskin for doing so on the ground that they were not to distract the attention from the real subject of the picture, the landscape.

On M. de la Sizeranne's judgements in regard to Mr. Tadema and Professor Herkomer we need not dwell; he appreciates both artists, laying perhaps a little too much stress on the portraits of the latter and too little on his subject pictures—and this artist has seldom diverged into subject-painting without making a notable success; never more so than with his large picture in the last Academy of the 'Burgomaster and Town Council of Landsberg,' a group of portraits, certainly, but remarkable for the powerful and broad pictorial treatment of the whole, in every detail. One remarkable point in Mr. Tadema's pictures he passes over —the fine and thoroughly learned treatment of ancient architecture;* and one salient defect he passes over, the want of personal and characteristic interest for the most part in the figures. They are figures in classic costume, but that is all; they seldom interest us in a human sense. But to Sir J. Millais the French critic is absolutely unjust. He does not even realise the greatness of the portraits, those of eminent men especially, such as Mr. Gladstone (the old portrait of the statesman standing with hands clasped), John Bright, Lord Shaftesbury, in which latter the whole genius of the Evangelical party seems to be summed up in one figure. He almost sneers at the painter's variety of successes, as if this were not the natural result of the versa-

* More remarkable even than this, perhaps, was the painter's revival of the Roman triremes in his small picture of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' hung in the Grosvenor Gallery a good many years ago. Such a real and convincing reconstruction of a great ancient engine of war has, perhaps, never been seen in modern painting; one almost felt as if one had seen the real thing.

tility of his talent. No doubt, there is a limitation in Sir John Millais's genius, an apparent want of feeling, or want of the power of expressing feeling. In his wonderfully clever picture in the last Academy, 'Speak!' a picture which grew upon one as it was studied, one felt somehow, rather provokingly, that it just stopped short of exciting emotion. But in the power of painting equally well everything that he undertakes to paint, it appears to us that Sir J. Millais stands alone among English painters of the day. In the series of collective exhibitions of one artist's work, which were held for several successive years at the Grosvenor Gallery, it may be confidently affirmed that Sir J. Millais stood that drastic test of the collection of a large number of his works in one place better than any one else; there was more variety both of subjects and of power to treat them. Certainly one looked with a sigh at the poetic feeling of some of the early works —that delicate fancy, for instance, of Ferdinand listening to the invisible music in the island, his hands hollowed against his ears the better to catch the faint sounds; we could have wished to have more of that early promise fulfilled. But when all is said, on the simple principle that 'the best 'painter is he who can paint best,' we believe Sir J. Millais is the great representative English painter of his day, and that posterity will recognise him as such.

It is quite in accordance with our French critic's contempt for mere 'subject' that he should have omitted from his list of representative English painters of the day so remarkable an artist as Mr. Orchardson, only according him a back seat in a supplementary appendix. Not only has Mr. Orchardson, in such works as 'Voltaire,' 'Napoleon on the '"Bellerophon,"' and 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' thrown a real and vivifying light on characters and events of past history, but his principal pictures of modern life, such as 'Mariage 'de Convenance,' 'After!' 'The First Cloud,' &c., are not only striking works in a pictorial sense, in their unity of style, finish of detail, and originality of colour, but they are really what Matthew Arnold said poetry was or should be—'a criticism of life.' It is difficult to understand why Mr. Watts should be praised for painting moral lessons in the shape of allegory, while Mr. Orchardson is to be sneered at for painting them in the (perhaps more difficult) shape of pictures of modern life. But this idea that it is beyond the scope of true art to illustrate characters, real or in fiction, is one of the most foolish pieces of cant of the new school of critics. A speaker at a recent Academy dinner quoted a remark of a critic

of this school, in answer to an objection to a portrait as having no resemblance to the original—'Think away the head and 'face, and you have a residuum of pure colour.' In accordance with this principle we have had the late Albert Moore placed, by writers both in England and America, as the greatest English artist of the day, because he sought purely for decorative line and colour. Then human expression and character are to go for nothing in painting? The fact is that, beautiful as Albert Moore's compositions are to the sense of line and colour, it is possible to tire of them even in this sense, and it is impossible to give a high intellectual position among painters to a man who treated the human figure simply as a doll to hang draperies on, or at most as an assemblage of contours; who gave us a succession of women all with the same vacant, sensuous face, in which the soul seemed to have gone out. And as to subject-painting, it seems to be entirely forgotten by this school of critics that one use of painting, and a very important one, is to assist our imagination in realising events and personages in history, drama, or fiction; to enable us to see them as we cannot see them in our mind's eye; and that to do this well involves an intellectual effort a good deal beyond the painting of decorative draperies and accessories. Mr. F. D. Millet bestows immense care on the painting of rooms of the Georgian era, but the figures in them are of no interest, they merely fill up the composition. Our painters of such scenes seem to regard the furniture and decoration as the main object. Mr. Dendy Sadler has studied effectively the costume and general character of the Georgian period, but with no attempt to revive special characters. What might be done with Jane Austen has been indicated in Mr. Hugh Thomson's admirable illustrations to a recent edition of 'Pride and Prejudice;' but who ever sees a picture from 'Jane Austen'? And what about Thackeray's great gallery of figures? Not an attempt at them on the part of English artists, except an occasional scene from 'Esmond,' which seems (possibly for the sake of the old costumes) to have some attraction for artists which they do not find in such a far greater work as 'Vanity Fair.' We have already observed that there are exceptions to the charge of commonplace brought by our French critic against the subject-painters of the earlier part of the century. The Winter Loan Exhibitions at Burlington House have served sometimes to remind one of this. We recall at one of them a picture by Newton, 'The Return of Olivia

'to her Home,' which for delicacy of insight in the realisation of Goldsmith's characters it would have been difficult to surpass; the painting was weak as a matter of style, but the people were the real people, one knew them at once. So also with a painting of the elder Leslie's at another loan exhibition, of the party at Farmer Flamborough's; one did not need the catalogue; Mr. Burchell, Moses, the Miss Flamboroughs, &c., were fully characterised and were recognisable at a glance. Both works may have been comparatively weak in a mere pictorial sense, but the artist in both cases had given his mind to what, in such a picture, was the main point—understanding and realising the characters he professed to be illustrating. How do we go about it now? A few years ago a prominent artist (now knighted and president of an art society) exhibited a small collection of paintings under the title 'Scott and Scotland' or 'The Country of Scott'—we forget the precise words. One of the first things we saw there was a painting of a tall fair-haired man in what we presume was a Scottish uniform of the early part of the century, with the title 'Colonel Guy Mannering.' Scott particularly says that Mannering never wore uniform, having entirely severed his connexion with the army; and he is incidentally referred to (in a conversation in the novel) as a dark-featured man. Near this was a half-length of a pretty Scotch girl with red hair, 'tip-tilted' nose, and high cheek-bones: 'Julia Mannering.' Miss Mannering is specially described by Scott as having a dark complexion and a profusion of jet-black hair; and one of the points in the story is that the Mannerings were so intensely English that Julia rather grumbled at first at having a Scotch friend put upon her in the person of Lucy Bertram. So that the artist had never even *read* the work he pretended to be illustrating. That is what we have come to now; study the costume of a period carefully, get an harmonious combination of stuffs, put any head you like on it, and call it by any name that suits the costume. Is it any wonder that literary men sometimes speak contemptuously of the amount of intellect that goes to make a successful painter? *

* In connexion with this we may remark on the blunders frequently made by painters through not knowing things they ought to have known before they undertook the subject at all. One typical instance may be mentioned here. A young painter exhibited at the New Gallery two or three years ago a cleverly painted scene called 'Earth-rise: from the Moon.' This gentleman, we presume, must often have looked at the

It is still worse when painters will lay hold of great poetic figures or legends and vulgarise them by association with paintings which have hardly perhaps even been initially designed to illustrate them. How often do we see pictures which are merely 'conscientious nudes,' carefully finished life studies, labelled for exhibition as 'Eve,' 'Andromeda,' 'Venus,' 'Godiva,' and what not! Surely some higher ideal should go to a representation of Eve than a mere life study. We see a modern girl in a dressing-gown, wading, in some distress, into a bright sunlit sea; a very pretty picture; but this is 'Ariadne'—a *genre* Ariadne! And who is this scraggy naked lad, capering among a collection of wild animals? Could you have thought it? No other than 'Orpheus'! Think of the associations with the name, not only in Greek but in English literature—

> 'What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
> The muse herself for her enchanting son,
> Whom universal nature did lament,
> When by the rout that made the hideous roar
> His gory visage down the stream was sent,
> Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?'

Which gives us the higher association in connexion with the name—Milton or Mr. Swan? The classic or the *genre* Orpheus? An exceptionally clever animal painter wishes to paint the nude in combination with animals, and nothing less than Orpheus will serve his turn. Why could not he have called it 'Boy and Tigers'? There is no pretence of poetic sentiment in the picture. 'Circe' serves to give a name to the curious spectacle of a modern lady sitting naked under one of the trees in her park; or a painter wants to show his skill in foreshortening a number of recumbent nudes in different attitudes, and dubs it 'The Sleep of the 'Gods;' and so on *ad nauseam*. If painters have no imagination, no elevation of feeling, no poetic fancy to bring to the treatment of a great poetic legend, let them at least keep their hands off it.

While it seems necessary, however, to make some protest against the contempt for 'subject,' the exaggeration of the

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moon, and seen that she always showed the same side to the earth, yet he had not geometric perception enough to realise that in that case the apparent position of the earth in regard to the moon's horizon would always be the same from any one point on the moon's surface, and that the phenomenon of 'earth-rise' was an impossible one; and not a single art-critic, we believe, detected the blunder!

doctrine of 'art for art's sake,' which characterises the new criticism, we are by no means denying that it is the treatment of the subject rather than the subject itself that gives artistic quality to a picture, or that the inability to recognise this fact is the besetting weakness of the English public. The idea that painting is to show you something you know of, and that it is good or bad in proportion as it reminds you of the real thing, is absolutely rooted in the popular mind, and the most one can hope is that the minority who can rise above this may gradually become a rather larger one, as among the best-educated class it is becoming. But to any one who notes the comments among the sightseers at the Academy, which is an essentially popular exhibition, the case seems hopeless, and it is difficult to imagine what the majority of them come to a picture exhibition for. We remember standing twice for some time before Mr. Arthur Hughes's beautiful triptych picture, 'Viola d'amore,' portraying symbolically three periods in a girl's life—unconscious maidenhood, love, and marriage—without hearing a single word from the people who kept filing past which betrayed the slightest possibility of comprehending the meaning of the picture: 'Viola d'amore; h'm; queer thing,' or 'What does it mean?' were, in Cuddie Headrigg's phrase, 'the best words in their wame.' It would have been possible, however, to explain at least the meaning intended to be conveyed in such a picture, though the audience might not have appreciated the delicacy of poetic sentiment with which it was treated; but there are pictures, and they are among the best, which defy explanation. We remember few pictures on the walls of the Academy which left on the mind such an impression of artistic thought and completeness as one by Madame Henriette Browne, which was hung in Gallery IV. some twelve or fifteen years ago; we forget the title, which was of no consequence—a mere motto for identification; it represented the cloaked figure of an old man seated and examining a coin which he held up before him; artists who saw it will remember it. That was a work of exceptional power, yet in what possible way could one 'explain' to any ordinary English exhibition-goer *what* was the quality that one admired in such a work? It is a matter of perception, it eludes verbal definition altogether. The kind of picture, among the better class of works, which the English public understand and care for, is such a one as Mr. Fildes's 'The Doctor,' which we by no means wish to depreciate; the principal figure is a fine

summary of the best side of the medical character—'Gideon 'Gray' translated into painting; but the point with the public is that it represents with a good deal of feeling a situation which they can all appreciate; and that is pretty much all that popular interest in the art of painting comes to in this country.

'The nude' is still a tremendous stumbling-block to the English mind, as was evident in the famous scare of the 'British Matron,' whose letter, however, we have always suspected to have been concocted in the 'Times' office in order to raise a controversy, in which it certainly succeeded, though the memorable letter signed 'M.' does not seem to have left any lasting effect behind it. Owing to the increased attention given by some of our artists to subjects of an ideal and poetic type, the public are more familiarised now with nude subjects at our exhibitions,* but the feeling still of the majority of our exhibition-goers is 'look and pass,' unless where it comes to 'don't 'look and pass.' It must be said that painters, or some of them, have not entirely helped the public to understand the philosophy of the nude, because they have not always used it with discrimination. For while it is certain that the nude figure is the highest object of painting, the grandest medium of poetic expression in art, yet on that very account it is, like matrimony, 'a thing not by any to be enterprised 'nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly:' there is no need to continue the quotation for English art, though we do not know that it is entirely uncalled for in regard to French art. There are two reasons for painting the nude figure—one for the pure display of its beauty, and a good reason enough in itself; indeed, as Mr. Poynter remarks in one of his lectures, the fact that we do not see the nude human body now in everyday life is exactly one reason for painting it, not with absolute realism (which no painter ever does), but to show its possible beauty in its highest and most healthful standard. But the higher reason is that the nude figure is the noblest medium for the expres-

* It is a curious indication of the progress of public feeling in this respect that Sir E. Burne-Jones's fine and passionate work, 'Dic mihi quid feci,' was removed from the walls of the Water-colour Society when first exhibited there some twenty or more years ago, in deference to an absurd clamour about its supposed 'impropriety;' but it was exhibited at the New Gallery not long since without exciting the slightest comment of the kind.

sion of abstract poetic ideals in painting. M. de la Sizeranne quotes Mr. Watts as saying, in regard to the figure of the youth trampled under foot in his 'Mammon'—'Why 'did I paint the youth naked? Because he is a type of 'humanity; if he had been clothed, and therefore particu-'larised, he would have ceased to be a type;' an argument which ought to be intelligible even to Mrs. Grundy. When M. Gervex chose to paint a naked woman with a velvet mask on her face, a slipper on one foot and one knee on a cushioned chair in an ordinary boudoir, and her habiliments scattered about, he did what was vulgar and unseemly. On the other hand, his large picture from 'Rolla,'* with the young girl asleep, and her selfish seducer standing by the balcony, was a truly pathetic work which fully justified itself; but superficial observers would not distinguish between the one use of the nude and the other, and certainly it would be useless to exhibit the 'Rolla' picture in London, for the majority would not know what it meant, and most of those who did would call it 'immoral,' as certainly as they would call De Musset's poem immoral. When, again, an English academician chose to give an absurd misreading of the story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and to represent her as kneeling naked before a committee of monks, he did a stupid thing, dragging in an utterly improbable incident for the mere sake of showing ability in the nude. What a contrast to Mr. Watts's treatment, in a little-known picture, of the subject of 'Lady Godiva,' generally supposed to be fair game for a 'nude study,' while Mr. Watts represented her as helped from her horse by her maidens who throw a drapery over her, and nearly fainting from the stress on her feelings; not (as we have just noticed) that Mr. Watts has the slightest prudery about the nude figure when there is a good reason for it, but that he felt that the subject was worth a higher treatment, and that to gloat over the nudity of Lady Godiva during her unwilling ride, even in a picture, is a piece of vulgarity worthy of 'Peeping Tom.' It is this kind of vulgarity in the treatment of the nude, sometimes really verging on indecency, which goes far to confirm the prudish part of the public in their prejudices. Let them see that the nude figure is introduced where it has an intellectual meaning and object, and they will at least have a better chance of getting hold of the right view

* The two pictures hung close to each other in the splendid collection of 'Ten Years of French Art' in the 1889 Exhibition at Paris.

of the subject. Our artists have not shown very strongly lately even in legitimate nude subjects. Mr. Hacker's 'Daphne,' in the last Academy, was a weakly designed figure, and was one of the class which give the impression of having been painted as studies merely, and given a classic name afterwards. Mr. Collier has produced some admirable nude figures; but they are fine nude studies simply, devoid of sentiment. Sir F. Leighton's works of this class are always finely designed, and always in an elevated classic style. His great figure of 'Phryne,' of heroic scale, a good many years ago, deserves not to be forgotten; but his figures also seem to us deficient in sentiment; their beauty is that of form only. The French, in a general way, are far beyond us in the poetic use of the nude. No one who ever saw it could forget M. Lefebvre's lovely and spiritual figure of 'Psyche,' and we recall in recent Salons such works as M. Raphael Collin's 'Éveil,' and in a broader and richer style, in the same Salon (1894), M. Gervais's 'Jugement de Paris,' a remarkable work both in colour and design. It is the fashion to scoff at M. Henner now, because he has repeated his type so much, and exaggerated his mannerisms; but for all that M. Henner at his best understood the poetic element of the nude figure in a composition as few modern painters have done.* It is true that the French also have a habit of rushing at nudity, sometimes, in a most illogical manner, as when M. Gervais shows us the 'Three Maries' (Christian saints) getting out of a boat, without a rag among them (the mere excuse being that they have been shipwrecked), and M. Aublet illustrates 'L'Été' by the figures of two or three modern ladies seated in undress by a lake; but then M. Aublet keeps the whole tone of his work so completely decorative and conventional that there is hardly any sense of incongruity; it is a dream picture rather than one of real life. Nor was any excuse needed for M. Roll's fine and vigorous realistic painting of a naked young woman leading a black bull; he simply wanted to show the two creatures in their grand contrast of life and colour, and he had the sense to call it honestly 'Femme et Taureau,' instead of spoiling it by dubbing it 'Europa,' or some such legendary name. In M. Loewe-Marchand's 'Myrrha,' again,

* Sir E. Burne-Jones must surely have been under the influence of M. Henner when he painted his charming little picture of 'Pan and 'Psyche,' one of the best of his minor works.

in the Salon of 1892, a subject from Dante *—it was no mere 'nude study' that we saw—the powerful evil-looking solitary woman, crouched among the rocks, half hiding her face, was the very embodiment of Dante's vision. In short, the French bring to the treatment of the nude figure not only a greater artistic mastery, but a far more intellectual sense of its value in art than we are accustomed to meet with in English exhibitions.

Among recent special tendencies in English painting we may perhaps define three. There has been of late an increased attention to, or perhaps we may say return to, subjects of classic and romantic legend, the former especially, with an endeavour (in spite of the *genre* classicalities we have referred to) to put more study, and to put new artistic life, new thoroughness, into them. If we remember what Etty's versions of Greek legend used to be, we can better appreciate the far fuller comprehension of the antique spirit shown in such paintings as Mr. Waterhouse's 'Ulysses and the Sirens' and the 'Hamadryad.' Mr. Solomon, who paints much bigger pictures and gets much louder trumpets blown for him, is, intellectually, pretty much where Etty was in the treatment of classic subjects; but elsewhere we recognise an aim, in the treatment of such subjects, to penetrate more thoughtfully into the essential element of antique feeling; and possibly the great impulse given to archæological study of late has not been without its influence on art. The second point to note is the impulse which has been lately given to the study of life and character among the humbler classes, owing in great measure to the example of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, whose 'Health of the Bride' was one of the most able and careful studies of personal character that have been seen among us for some time.† Allied with this is painting of the operations of handiwork, in which Mr. Forbes has also led the way, in such pictures as 'The Forge' and 'The Smithy.' In this direction there is promise of new material for the subject-painters; and we had even a promise of a new painter of the pathos of humble life, hardly inferior

* 'Quell' è l' anima antica
Di Mirra scellerata, che divenne
Al padre, fuor del dritto amore, amica.'

† We say nothing about the so-called 'Newlyn School,' because there is no such thing. There are some painters who live at Newlyn; that is all.

to Mr. Forbes, when a young artist, Mr. Bacon, exhibited, the year before last, his picture called 'The Announcement,' a most remarkable combination of power and truth in details with pathetic expression in the figures. Unfortunately, in his last year's picture he did not carry out the promise of this, but he may yet do so. A third tendency, which is more specially an artistic one, in the full sense, is the painting of figures or scenes, not for their facts, but mainly for their light and colour effect, combined with a certain indefinable sentiment which may be evolved from a figure picture of this class (as in the case of Henriette Browne's work before mentioned), and which belongs neither to history nor to *genre*, but simply to *art*. Such were Mr. Swan's little pictures of the 'Goat-herd,' and the 'Piping Fisher-boy,' and Mrs. Corbet's 'Goat-girl' in the 1893 Academy. Mr. Greiffenhagen is an experimenter in the same way in the treatment of the figure under special conditions of colour and light. A similar principle is at the bottom of such pictures as Mr. Melton Fisher's interior of a draper's shop ('Vanity Fair') in the last Academy. As mere realism it would be a commonplace subject, but it is not realism; it is an endeavour to catch the salient effects of light and colour in the scene, and as such it merits the title of a 'picture.' As to attempts to attract attention by sheer blank realism—painting a row of ordinary people inside an omnibus, for instance—that has no relation to art at all, and such things should be debarred from exhibition under the Academy's regulation prohibiting 'any mere transcripts of 'the objects of natural history.'

The influence of 'impressionism' in England has been of very little account. The 'New English Art Club,' which has entered a protest something like an inversion of pre-Raphaelitism—all effect and no detail—has hardly been able to keep itself together, and its best member, Mr. Furse, who began by being an impressionist portrait-painter, is rapidly degenerating or regenerating into a portrait-painter of sober and reasonable aims, only with more than ordinary originality of style and colour. The Glasgow group of painters, some of whom seem to have aimed, like American painters who betake themselves to Paris, at being more French than the French themselves, have at least produced important work, though their foremost representative, Mr. Lavery, whose reputation has long ceased to be local, seems to have lost some of his breadth of style, and has not lately produced anything equal to his 'Ariadne' and 'Equestrienne.'

M. Chesneau, as we saw, drew a contrast between French art, with its severe subordination, at the time he wrote, to the demands of school and style, and the unchartered liberty and individualism of English art. But all this has changed. Writing in 1892, Hamerton remarked that formerly French artists were allowed very little liberty, they were confined to the school colouring; but that now, owing to the influence of democracy, and partly to the rebellion of various strong and original spirits, they have the same liberty and variety as in England—a point which M. de la Sizeranne apparently does not see.* Hamerton adds: 'The 'French have reached that stage in the differentiation of 'the art of painting when it has no connexion with the 'decorative arts, except when it is intentionally subordi-'nated to decoration. Even in mural painting they have 'great difficulty in restricting themselves to the exigencies of 'architecture.' If this was true three years ago, it is more emphatically so now. The grand opportunities which the French painters enjoy from living under a government which freely gives commissions for decorative painting for public buildings are half lost through their misuse of their opportunities. M. Lhermitte's picture of 'Les Halles' in the 'New Salon' of last year, painted for the Paris Hôtel de Ville, is simply an enormous *genre* picture, without a pretence of decorative effect. M. Roll, in the same exhibition, produced an equally large 'decorative' painting, 'Les Joies 'de la Vie,' in the shape of a grey-toned wooded landscape with nude figures lying about in the foreground, and a group of men in modern dress playing violins and violoncellos behind them; and other similar absurdities might be cited. All sense of elevation and consistency of style is lost in such work; and one can hardly be surprised at this kind of lapse in individual pictures, when we find the Panthéon in process of decoration by a number of painters of totally different styles and artistic convictions, each of whom is allowed to do as he will with his portion of the walls, without the slightest regard to the total effect! There was a time when one would have thought such a treatment of the interior of one of their great monumental buildings a blunder impossible to French artists or the French Government. The fact that

* It must be admitted that the charge of departing from school principles seems rather a secular one in the history of French painting. It would surprise many people to learn that Delacroix was considered in his day a dangerous revolutionary in art; but such was the case.

mural paintings in France are not now painted on the walls but on canvas, which is afterwards affixed to the wall—'*marouflée*'—affords, no doubt, a temptation to treat the work as a great easel picture and make a hit with it on the vast wall-spaces which the Paris Exhibition buildings afford. In 1888, M. Benjamin-Constant produced a really fine decorative work for the Sorbonne, the 'Salle de Conseil 'Académique,' but he has since abandoned this gravity of treatment for a more sensational style. M. Puvis de Chavannes almost alone abides by the pure principles of decorative art. He has been called 'the French Burne-'Jones'—one can understand why, though the association of names seems an odd one: he is no colourist, indeed he seems to ostentatiously evade colour; but he is emphatically a 'mural painter' in the true sense; his designs harmonise completely with an architectural setting; he is free from mannerism except in regard to tone; his figures have neither conventional attitudes nor conventional proportions and anatomy; and he is a much more intellectual thinker in art than his English compeer; he appeals to the matured modern mind, and to sympathise with the intellectual ideal in his pictures it is not necessary to go back to our pinafore days.

The division in the French artistic camp, which led five years ago to the institution of two annual Salons instead of one, has been, on the whole, an artistic misfortune. Although there is some resemblance between the relative position of the old and new Salon and that of our Academy and New Gallery—subject pictures being more prevalent in the one and æsthetic pictures in the other—the secession was not made upon any such ground, as indeed was evident from the fact that Meissonier, a subject-painter *par excellence*, was the first president of the New Salon. By a kind of spontaneous tendency, however, it came to pass that the New, or Champ de Mars, Salon became the resort of the painters in whom the artistic ideal was predominant, or who aimed at the study of special effects; M. Carolus-Duran, the fabricator of fashionable portraits in glory of satins, appearing among them like Saul among the prophets; though his nude half-length, under the title 'Lelia,' in 1890, showed that when he chose he could paint flesh as splendidly as satin. The main result, however, was that an element was withdrawn from the Old Salon which it could ill spare, and that both were under the necessity of lowering their standard of merit in order to keep their walls

filled. It would be far better for contemporary French art for the two Salons to make up their differences and combine to produce an annual exhibition in which the general average of work should be kept at a higher level.

It is in the New Salon that we meet with the most typical examples of the new school in French painting, the characteristics of which are the research after sunlight effects in landscape (a kind of reaction against the old brown-toned and sunless 'school' landscape), and the treatment of figure-subjects in an entirely unrealistic and symbolical manner, as in M. La Touche's 'Four Seasons' in last year's exhibition, and M. Friant's 'Les Jours Heureux,' a decorative triptych for the Hôtel de Ville at Nancy, consisting of a landscape with figures characterised at once by a luminous effect and a flat conventional treatment which is completely suited to decorative painting. Here also we may recognise the fact that there are French painters of to-day who can paint small and delicate landscapes having a close affinity with some of the best qualities of English landscape-painting, but such as would be utterly killed amid the coarser and more violent standard of effect which prevails in the Old Salon. In the New Salon also the pedestal is erected for Mr. Whistler, whose portrait of the 'Comte de Montesquiou-'Fézensac,' the year before last, excited extravagant laudation among the new school of critics, though more sober-minded persons, we imagine, would only see in it an eccentric portrait of a gentleman of apparently preternatural height and lankiness of figure. The recent apotheosis of Mr. Whistler by the French is one of the curious examples of their tendency, while in general decrying and contemning English art, to set up an over-acted enthusiasm for some one particular English artist, and fall down and worship him. How utterly apart are these sudden likings from any principle in criticism may be gathered from the fact that a simultaneous French enthusiasm for Sir Thomas Lawrence is now running its course. That the same people should be making artistic idols of Lawrence and of Mr. Whistler, at the same time, is a curious instance of the utter captiousness of French criticism in regard to English art.

But the direction of the main current of French art at the moment is better estimated from the vast and far more popularly frequented collections of the Old Salon. And here there is no sort of question that subject-painting is the order of the day, nor can one say much for some of the subjects. In the last Salon one of the most prominent

works, 'purchased by the State,' was M. Gervais's 'Maria 'de Padilla,' which contains certainly one of the very finest nude figures we ever saw on canvas, but of which one can only say that both the story and the treatment of it are nasty and sensual to a degree; and when one saw near this another large painting representing the cruelty of some princess of Hungary, whose pleasure was to have women thrown into the snow, stripped and tied hand and foot, and see them frozen to death, one could only think of Milton's vigorous parenthesis—'Lust hard by Hate.' This too frequent predilection for cruel and barbarous subjects is a most unpleasant feature in modern French art, especially when one finds a paternal Republican Government purchasing such works for the benefit and instruction of the people. Fortunately, there is no want of subject-pictures of a healthier tendency. Here we see a great picture of the building operations on a mediæval château; there one of a modern engineer corps at work on an extemporised bridge. At every turn we recognise the desire to paint the life of the day in a vigorous and more or less realistic manner. For two or three years there was rather a run upon hospital and medical subjects, and some of the very best of modern *genre* pictures have been the result of this endeavour to find a new class of subject; nor have these scenes, as far as we have observed, ever been treated but with dignity and an entire absence of repulsive detail. The interest in subjects of artisan craft, to which Mr. Stanhope Forbes has given an impulse in this country, finds its counterpart at the Salon in such pictures as M. Bourdes' 'Le Laminoir,' the welding of a steel coil, and M. Cormon's 'Une Forge.' The life of the humbler class is largely illustrated, and some of the religious and educational institutions of the country find illustration in such typical pictures as M. Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Bretonnes 'au Pardon,' and M. Geoffroy's 'La Leçon du Dessin à 'l'École Primaire,' the latter a commission from the Department of Fine Arts. Too often, however, the immense spaces available at the Palais de l'Industrie tempt artists into painting *genre* pictures on a scale quite out of proportion to their requirements. Occasionally, no doubt, mere scale produces its effect. We recall one painting of a boat lowered from the side of an ocean steamer, where the towering hull of the steamer, painted the size of reality, actually gave an impressiveness such as the same work on a smaller scale could not have had. But to see a prettily composed 'plein-air' painting of 'Les Bains du Dinard,'

a stretch of sand and some girls in bathing-dresses in the foreground, painted the size of the whole side of a drawing-room, does give one a sense of wasted effort—or canvas. With all this *genre* painting is mingled not a little of more poetic aspiration. To the idealistic treatment of the nude by some of the best French painters of the day we have already referred. Historical painting is often splendidly represented, as witness such works as M. Laurens's 'Voûte d'Acier;' M. Henri Martin's 'Chacun sa Chimère,' in the 1891 Salon, painted in the singular technique which he has made his own, was an example of imaginative allegory not to be readily forgotten; M. Detaille is the greatest military painter of the day; every Salon contains several memorable examples of portrait-painting; and what is called 'still-life' painting assumes a richness of effect, a breadth of treatment, sometimes almost a grandeur of style, to which we are strangers in England. Making all allowance for the amount of commonplace and even vulgar work which is to be found there, the annual Salon is an extraordinary spectacle of vitality and energy in painting, and of intense and varied interest in life; and we have small sympathy with the *précieux* type of critics who affect to scorn it all because it does not accord with a special and rather narrow ideal of their own. Only we do say that the tables are turned on such criticism of us as M. Chesneau gave utterance to a few years ago, and that French art is at present as much characterised by individualism and subject-painting as English art ever was.

Except as regards landscape-painting. In English landscape-painting individualism is as marked as it is in subject-painting; in France it is not. In France there is still a school of landscape-painting, as there has been ever since the French school was built upon the basis of Constable's art; but the characteristics of that school have a good deal altered in the last few years. Since the days of Troyon, Dupré, and Rousseau, it has shown a slow developement in the direction of greater realism of detail, and finally of greater realism of lighting. In the earlier days the predominant characteristics of French landscape were great breadth of treatment, sombre colouring, with no attempt at realism; the picture was not so much nature as the painter's translation of nature into his own medium of expression. Such a picture as Dupré's 'Mare aux Oies,' exhibited a good many years ago in London, remained on the memory ever after as a work of immense power; a desolate bare field, a vast

expanse of sky, with the cloud-lights loaded on as if the paint had been put on in handfuls; one felt almost overawed by it; but it was not nature, it was Dupré. Lately we have seen something very different; but we have still, until quite recently, found French landscapes lamentably deficient in sunlight and real open-air effect. M. Pelouse's 'Bords de Seine,' for instance, in the 1890 Salon, was a powerful work, but with a gloom over it as if there were no sun in the sky; M. Quignon's 'Sainfoins' and 'Blés en 'Fleurs,' in two succeeding Salons, were typical French landscapes, admirably and learnedly painted, and with a purpose in them, but undeniably dull. Some of the contributors to the New Salon first seemed to awake to the perception that there was such a thing as sunlight, and an occasional scene on the Mediterranean coast showed even an intense effect of heat and light; but these were mostly rather slight works. During the last year or two, however, the sun has come out on the larger and more highly elaborated landscapes which, in the Old Salon, represent the central efforts of French landscape painting; and in such works as M. Didier-Pouget's 'Bruyères en Fleurs' and M. Bourgeois' 'Bords de la Creuse,' in the last year's Salon, the effect of broad and strong sunlight was given with such power that one or two beautiful English landscapes, which had seemed bright enough at the Academy, were quite dulled by comparison. And this sunlight effect was produced by no trick, no leaving out of detail to give an *ad captandum* effect of light; the whole thing was solidly worked out in every part. We may cordially hail this arising of the sun on French landscape, while remarking that it has been a long time in coming. But while admitting that the French have a school of landscape, and we have not—that each landscape-painter with us does what is good in his own eyes, and has his own independent ends and methods—we must also assert that there are individual (or individualist) merits in our landscape-painting to which our French critics seem either wilfully or ignorantly blind. Of Turner even, who may be said to have been a school in himself, they seem to know next to nothing. And when M. de la Sizeranne asserts 'On n'y trouvera non plus 'les paysagistes, parce qu'il n'y a pas, ou plus exactement 'qu'il n'y a plus, de paysage anglais,' it may be suggested that he does not know what he is talking about. There may not be a school, but there is as much a 'paysage anglais' as there is, by his own admission, a 'peinture anglaise.'

How much he knows about contemporary English landscape we may gather from the fact that he apparently does not even know the name of Mr. Alfred Hunt (an ignorance which, it must be admitted, the Royal Academy seems to share with him). M. Charles Yriarte, in his article in the 'Nineteenth Century' for December, glancing at the fact that the French landscape school was of English origin, asserts that 'la revanche était complète, en ce sens 'qu'inspirés jadis par les fondateurs de l'École de Paysage 'Moderne en Angleterre, les artistes français devenaient à 'leur tour des maîtres originaux, et exerçaient leur influence 'sur les paysagistes anglais.' Who among our best-known landscape-painters obviously owes much to French influence? Mr. Mark Fisher, no doubt, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, and, to some extent, Mr. David Murray, though he has lately shown symptoms of developing a much greater variety and native originality than he at first evinced. Are there any others? Not Mr. Alfred Hunt certainly, who has gone straight to nature all his life, and who possesses almost alone among living English landscape-painters that absolute freedom from mannerism which made his oil paintings, when a number of them were collected some years ago in Bond Street, appear almost like a collection of landscapes by so many different painters. The French critic might say that was want of style; we should reply that it is the result of trying to get at the heart of every scene direct from nature, and not according to a recipe. We all know of prominent and successful landscape-painters who have made one powerful effect, and repeat it with so little variation that when you have seen one picture you have seen all, and the matter becomes rather a trade than an art. How far the individuality of the landscape-artist should modify his treatment of the scene—in other words, what is the true end of landscape-painting, to show nature herself, or the mind and feeling of the painter as acted upon by nature—is, of course, a very large question, and would require an article to itself; the former view is the more characteristically English in the present day, the latter the more characteristically French. But so far from the French having a right to deride English landscape-painting, it appears to us—and it will be admitted that we have not shown in the preceding pages any bigoted national prejudice in favour of English art—that the works of some of our best landscape-painters have very decided beauties which French art of the same class has not, and to

which French critics seem to be perversely and preposterously blind.

And what about sea-painting? Is that supposed to be included under the general term 'landscape,' or are we rather to consider that our French critics prudently avoid a subject in which they can hardly hope to have the best of it? As Englishmen proverbially love the sea, so Frenchmen proverbially dislike it, and the two national qualities seem curiously illustrated in the art of the two nations. The French paint the sea as if they had never seen it, and painted only from books and description. Who ever saw such a sea as in M. M.-Auguste Flameng's large painting of a ship in a gale in the 1892 Salon, or a ship stuck on the water in such a manner? Among the Salons of the last few years we cannot recall a single good bit of sea except by one or two American-born artists who have betaken themselves to Paris. Such paintings as Henry Moore's 'Clearing after 'Rain' and Mr. Brett's 'Skomer and Skokham' are alone worth all the French *marines* we ever came across; and when we add the names of Mr. Hook, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Wyllie, and Mr. Somerscales, we may well feel that in this branch of paintings at least our supremacy is unassailable; and in the case of the four latter we may add also the power of painting shipping, no unimportant element in sea-painting. Mr. Hook can do a satisfactory boat, but does not often trouble himself with it; Mr. Brett avoids shipping on a large scale; and Henry Moore could not paint ships, and probably did not try. But we still enjoy—on canvas at all events—the command of the sea.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Duties of the General Staff.* By General BRONSART VON SCHELLENDORF. Third edition. Corrected and revised by Colonel Meckel, of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Translated from the German for the Intelligence Division, War Office, by W. A. H. HARE, Lieut.-Colonel R.E. 1895.

2. *The Brain of an Army: a Popular Account of the General German Staff.* By SPENSER WILKINSON. Second edition. With letters from Count Moltke and Lord Roberts. Westminster: 1895.

3. *The Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments, &c., &c.* London: 1890.

4. *The Letters of 'Vetus' on the administration of the War Office.* Reprinted by permission from the 'Times.' London, Paris, and Melbourne: 1893.

THE most salient facts in the history of the past forty years are the defeat of Austria in 1866 and the overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire in 1870. The Prussian army has played a part in politics which is without a modern parallel. The grenadiers of Frederick won as much glory, but wrought fewer changes on the face of Europe. The hosts of Napoleon won more brilliant victories, but the fruits of these victories were unsubstantial. Nor did such solid results as the consolidation of an empire, the acquisition of fair provinces, the isolation of the hereditary foe, follow the campaigns of 1854 or 1877–78.

The military power of England, expressed in the campaigns of Nelson and Wellington, in the building up of her colonial empire, and in the ruin of her most dreaded enemy, is the only historical rival of the strong right arm of Germany. And England, in the great war with France, was not without allies. In the final phases of the struggle all Europe was on her side. Prussia, in 1866, had neither aid nor sympathy. In 1870 she was assisted by no considerable Power. With her own good sword she fought her way to the highest place amongst the States of Europe; and the hands of her own people, neither more numerous nor more warlike than other nations, placed on the brows of her sovereign the imperial crown. As to the cause of her extraordinary success, little diversity of opinion exists. It was evident from the very first, in 1866 as in 1870,

that in every single respect she was far superior to her adversaries. The veteran generals of Austria and France, men of wide experience in European warfare, were utterly outmanœuvred by a man who previous to Königgrätz had never seen a shot fired except in an obscure skirmish in Asia Minor. The soldiers of Solferino and of Algeria, the splendid Hussars of Hungary, the Imperial Guard of France, the Zouave and the Turco, were driven in rout by the conscripts whom they had been taught to despise as a mere militia. 'Scars were more common in the French army 'than freckles,' and yet officers who had seen more fights than they had seen field-days found more than their match in captains and subalterns whose hardest service had been the autumn manœuvres. Nor did the administrative arrangements of Prussia fall short of the general standard of efficiency. Never was an army better fed or better cared for, and the mobilisation of her million soldiers was far more rapid than that of three hundred thousand Frenchmen, whose chief had boasted that 'to the last gaiter-'button' everything was ready for instant action.

Even her adversaries, when the smoke of the conflict had cleared away and men had time for reflection, were fain to admit that such careful preparation for war was an absolutely novel phenomenon in the history of nations, and it was at once acknowledged that her marvellous success was above all a triumph of sound administration. Selection of the best men, forethought, economy, definite responsibilities —such were the watchwords of every branch of the service, and their rigid application was the strong foundation of her military pre-eminence.

It is little wonder, then, that during the five-and-twenty years which have elapsed since the army of Imperial France crossed the Rhine as captives every State in Europe has been busily engaged in applying to its own needs an imitation, more or less close, of the German system.

'Out of the ruins of 1870, France, in twenty years, with steady, silent determination, strangely inconsistent with the supposed character of the race, has built up a new system, deriving its powers from a new form of government. . . . Italy has created a great army, well prepared and trained for war. Austria, in spite of the difficulties arising from her dual nationality, can now place a large force of excellent troops in the field at short notice. Russia, if less advanced in preparation, has huge masses of men at command, and carries out annual manœuvres on a grand scale. The militia army of Switzerland is exactly suited to the national requirements—cheap, admirably equipped, and well trained. Roumania can rapidly mobilise two hun-

dred thousand men out of her population of five millions. All those Powers have succeeded in creating effective armies ready for war under national conditions varying as widely as those of Germany and Italy, and under forms of government as absolutely diverse as those of Russia and Switzerland.*

Nor has England stood still. In some respects her army has been more radically reformed than even that of France. But have those reforms been effective? Is our army abreast of those of other Powers? Is it ready for any task which our national requirements may impose upon it? Let 'Vetus' answer.

'In the years which have elapsed since the tremendous lesson taught by the overthrow of France, the progress attained in England has been relatively trivial. . . . In all that relates to organisation and the preparation for war, we are as far behind Switzerland to-day as France was behind Germany in 1870.'

No stronger indictment could be framed. But that it is at least within measurable distance of the truth there is ample evidence to prove. More significant than aught else has been the growing uneasiness of the nation:—

'It is necessary,' as we wrote in April 1889, 'to take account of the distrust of War Office administration which has grown up in our midst. . . . Failure to give the country an organisation which is satisfactory at any one point, in capacity for transacting ordinary business with reasonable despatch, inability to procure the armaments which distant colonies acquire with ease, the perpetration of blunders occasionally bordering upon the ludicrous, some scandals—all these things are, rightly or wrongly, charged against the administration of the army, and, when coupled with demands for more and yet more money, have produced a revolt only too natural. . . . Neither the House of Commons nor the country has ever grudged military expenditure upon objects which have been properly explained to them; but both feel growing reluctance to entrust ever-increasing funds to a department whose administrative failure has become a by-word.' †

This uneasiness has by no means disappeared. Besides the suspicion—or something more—that the administration of the army is wasteful, and the training of the troops superficial, there exists an instinctive feeling that the organisation of our field forces is altogether incommensurate with the needs of the Empire. It is true that those needs have never been clearly defined, that no government has dared to

* The Letters of 'Vetus.'

† Edinburgh Review, vol. clxix. p. 589.

declare that the British army is maintained for any other purpose than the defence of our own shores, of our colonies and dependencies. It has been argued that 'it is the pos-'sible needs of India which should determine the strength 'and organisation of the British army.' India, it seems, is to be the only battlefield on which the full strength of the Empire is to be put forth, and in case of a war in which India is not threatened the attitude of the army is to be passively defensive.

In face of the enormous armaments of Europe, no doubt this idea is one which may be entertained with some show of reason, and it is certainly inconceivable that England alone should venture to invade the territory of a great military State. But, at the same time, it is as well to remember that history repeats itself; and whenever in the past we have been committed to a conflict the army has invariably been called upon to complete the victory which, with all its strength, the navy has only been able to prepare. We may be permitted the opinion that the belated awakening to the necessity of a strong navy has had the effect of obscuring the necessity of the navy and army working hand in hand. It would seem that a proud confidence in the power of the fleet has led men to forget that inside the five-fathom line the most magnificent battleship is of far less use than a company of marines. It is very generally supposed that the appearance of the Mediterranean squadron, and the threat of a bombardment, are in themselves sufficient to force a foreign potentate to his knees.

England, it has been said, should her policy find expression in armed interference, must rely on her fleet alone. No doctrine is more dangerous. We will do no more than allude to the invasion of Egypt in 1882, where more than 30,000 men were required to maintain our free passage to the East. Such complications, it may be argued, are not likely to recur. But we will recall the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, where, because the fleet was unable to land a sufficient force, the city was gutted by the mob, five millions worth of property was lost, and thousands of lives were sacrificed. It is well to remember that our dealings with the Dey of Algiers were an altogether exceptional case. Unless the fleet is supported by the army, the massacres of Alexandria may be repeated on a larger scale; and there are few cities, on whatever seaboard they may be placed, where British interests do not form a fair target for revenge. Protection or compensation can only be secured by British bayonets.

The late Secretary for War is probably the most influential advocate of a purely defensive army. 'In this country,' he says, 'there is in truth no room for "general military policy" 'in the larger and more ambitious sense of the phrase. We 'have no designs against our European neighbours. Indian '"military policy" will be settled in India itself.' *

It is probable that to this idea is due the reduction of the field force which England is prepared to send out on any foreign expedition. For many years that force figured on paper as 70,000 men, or two army corps and a cavalry division. Under the late government it fell to 20,000 men, or two infantry divisions and a cavalry brigade. But such force, in our opinion, is ludicrously inadequate to the needs of the Empire. It is certainly ludicrously small when compared with the number of men that are paid in peace. On the Home establishment we maintain, including the reserve, 220,000 soldiers; and we are most firmly convinced that an efficient administration would give us, at the same price, a much larger expeditionary force, and also that the general sense of the country is in favour of such a force being ready to march at short warning. Not only would it form a strong backbone to our system of defence on any part of our frontier, but it would be prepared to render effective support to the operations of the fleet, and might play an important *rôle* in any European conflict. It is conceivable that some serious disturbance of the balance of power in either Western or Eastern Europe might render it imperative that England should interfere. Often, in the past, such disturbances have called her to quick action. The instinct of self-preservation may once more assert itself with like effect. A highly trained contingent, well equipped, maintained at full strength by our powerful reserve, and susceptible of increase, would neither render her assistance less acceptable nor her interference of less avail. A British army which never exceeded 35,000 men on the main theatre of war brought about the downfall of Napoleon. The English contingent which served under Marlborough was even smaller; and in the war of 1877–8 the aid lent by 35,000 Roumanians practically rescued from defeat a Power whose armed force included two millions of soldiers.

We are perfectly aware that we may not always be able to count on allies. Without having 'any designs against our

* Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, 'Report of the Hartington Commission,' p. xxix.

'neighbours,' we may be forced into war, with or without allies. To ourselves alone we may have to trust. But in any case it is a vicious strategy that puts aside all idea of the counterstroke. And that counterstroke, by which alone the exhaustion of the enemy can be effected, the navy is incapable of delivering. Like the artillery in a land battle, it can prepare the attack, but it cannot deliver the decisive blow. Nelson defeated Napoleon on the sea, closed the harbours of France, and destroyed her navy; but it was Wellington who completed the victory. So long as England monopolises the carrying trade of the world, so long as the sea is her own domain, on which the enemy has no footing nor any vulnerable points, the navy will be powerless to do more than Nelson. Great as were his achievements, he could never have brought the war to an end without the help of the Peninsular army. We are by no means advocating the idea that after the destruction of the enemy's fleet our army should march unaided on the enemy's capital. Such was never our policy, even when our strength on land was less disproportionate to that of our neighbours than it is to-day. But colonies and dependencies lie open to the attack of the Power which holds command of the sea. No great nation could contemplate with equanimity the loss of its foreign possessions to the Power it had wantonly attacked. It is thus that our counterstroke would be dealt, that we should find compensation for our losses, new markets in exchange for those that had been closed to us, and that we should follow out the traditional policy of the nation.

'What,' asks Captain Mahan,' 'were the military enterprises and achievements of the justly famed Seven Years' War? They were enterprises of exactly the same character as those undertaken in the French Revolutionary War, and as those which, it may be added, are so constant a feature of English history . . . that it may reasonably be suspected that there is, in the conditions of the British Empire, some constant cause for their recurrence. . . . They are mixed military and naval expeditions, based upon the fleet and the control of the sea.' Again, speaking of 1795, he says: 'The military effort of Great Britain was at once concentrated on the proper object of ruling the sea, and securing positions that contributed to naval control and commercial developement.' *

It is because attack on the enemy's colonies is our traditional policy, because history is an open book, because it

* Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire, ii. 387, 393.

is instinctively realised that a passive defence is the weakest form of war, that the good sense of the nation is discontented with an administrative system which makes so small provision for an energetic counterstroke. That good sense is hardly in accord with the optimism of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who believes that because we have no design against our neighbours they will consistently respect our pacific attitude. Such a creed, if carried to its logical conclusion, would inevitably lead to the reduction of the navy and the disbanding of the militia and volunteers. Recent events, moreover, by no means justify the inclusion of the late Secretary for War among the prophets.

Furthermore, however peaceful may be the disposition of the British people, we much doubt if they would submit to a war which should be purely defensive. The sight of a few captured traders or riddled battleships, towed in triumph up Portsmouth harbour, would hardly be held a sufficient compensation for increased expenditure and commercial injury. Nor can we conceive that the war would be permitted to drag on without a strong effort being made to finish it, or that the army would be allowed to grow fat in garrison whilst the navy spent its weary watches off the enemy's ports.

We have no intention of trespassing on the domain of the strategist. To determine the strength and organisation of the force that should be prepared to embark on such errands as we have indicated, would necessitate a very close examination of every possible objective. We will only say, in general terms, that our field army should be of such size as to form an efficient defence for our frontiers, in all quarters of the globe, to render useful aid to our probable allies, to maintain our prestige should we be called upon to join in the armed occupation of disturbed territory, and to take part with the navy in such measures as may be thought advisable against the vulnerable points of any prospective enemy.

It can hardly be gainsaid that, since continuity in our foreign policy has been accepted by both parties as a principle of government, a great cause of public uneasiness has been removed. The same continuity in our military policy would have the same result.

As we have already suggested, the distrust of our military administration has undoubtedly been due, in great part, to the absence of all definite idea as to the purpose for which the army exists, as to the duties it is expected to perform, the strength at which it should be maintained, and the

measure of preparation which is necessary for effective action. It is to be hoped that this distrust may be speedily removed.

But the fluid nature of our military policy, and the constant chopping and changing to which our establishments have been subjected, have not been the sole cause of uneasiness. We may quote 'Vetus.'

'To our home military administration, since the Crimean war, stability has been unknown. During thirty-six years changes have been incessant, and the army has suffered from successive shocks felt throughout its whole structure, and engendering a universal sense of uncertainty and distrust. The operation of certain forces can be clearly traced in these changes; but of any attempt to go back to broad principles, or to imitate forms of administration proved to be efficient, such as those of the Admiralty and of India, or of Germany, there is no sign.

'I have given examples of the results which that administration (of the War Office) produces. Such examples were mere haphazard selections from a galaxy of blunders, palpable to the veriest tyro in military matters. Excessive expenditure, unwarrantable waste, dire inefficiency, and unreadiness for war, are the charges. . . . I assert that connexion between cause and effect is indisputable, and that the present disastrous condition of the army, which is guessed at by all civilians, and known to all executive officers, can be distinctly traced to a system radically faulty.'

Nearly four years later, he writes: 'The letters contain-'ing these charges have drawn comments of every descrip-'tion. . . . Of refutation on the one hand, or reasoned 'criticism on the other, there has been none.'

Further comment is superfluous. The system has been condemned, and, although no statement has yet been made as to our military policy, we are now making a vigorous endeavour to recast the administration of our army on which will lines render it capable of fulfilling the national requirements.

As we have already said, Germany has supplied a universal model. It would be absolutely impossible, however, to apply an exact imitation of the German system to the British army. But the German system has stood the test of two great wars; the principles which control it have been applied with success elsewhere; and, in our judgement, the best touchstone of the new methods of administration which have been devised by Lord Salisbury's Cabinet is the extent with which they are imbued with the German spirit.

But the questions at once arise: What is this spirit? Where is the German system described? What is its inner

working? How are the principles already referred to—forethought, the selection of the best men, definite responsibilities—so attractive in theory, applied in practice?

A satisfactory reply is by no means easy. Certain features of the system are familiar to every educated soldier. But of the working of the great machine as a whole we have but to turn to the report of the Hartington Commission, to find that it is but imperfectly understood.

Nor is it easy to discover how the component parts of the machine fit in, how it is they work with such exceeding smoothness, or from whence comes the motive power which has produced such remarkable results. The Germans themselves are by no means silent on military subjects. With full knowledge that it is altogether useless, when every foreign nation has a large and active Intelligence Department, to attempt concealment, the military authorities have never attempted to withhold from the army or the nation any single item of information that may tend either to instruct or to reassure.

Nevertheless, with all their apparent frankness, the German military authorities remind us of the conjuror who at the close of his performance explains to his audience the secret of his tricks, knowing perfectly well that the knowledge of how they are done will not teach his hearers how to do them. No one can study the official account of 1870 without feeling convinced that the full experience which the victors gained in 1870 is not to be learned from its many volumes. Nor can we rise from the perusal of General von Schellendorf's third edition with the assurance that we now understand the work done by the General Staff in preparing the troops for war. Admirable as it is as a staff officer's handbook, the volume so ably edited by Colonel Meckel is far less useful, as a revelation of the extraordinary influence exerted by the German General Staff, than 'The Brain of an 'Army' by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

To these two works we shall have occasion to refer hereafter. At present we shall confine ourselves to describing, as shortly as possible, the structure of the German system of military administration. At the head stands the Emperor, the Commander-in-Chief, with a personal staff of four generals and four field-officers. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Emperor, as a thoroughly well-educated soldier, holds a position entirely different from that of the Secretary for War in England. There is but one analogy between them, and that is that they are each

supreme head of their respective armies. Such being the case, we will ask our readers to note carefully the manner in which the supreme head, in either case, is connected with the military machine. To the Emperor of Germany no less than twenty-four officers are directly responsible: the Minister of War, for the supply of food and *matériel*, military finance, and certain technical establishments; the Chief of the General Staff, for the training and efficiency of the staff corps, for the preparation of plans of campaign, for the ordnance survey, for military railways, for the collection of intelligence, and for the execution of the larger manœuvres; and in addition to these two high officers, but in no way subject to them, the commanders of army corps, and the five Inspector-Generals of field artillery, engineers, fortress artillery and fortification, of military education, and of the Jäger battalions. To the English Secretary of State, on the other hand, but two officials, under the late system of administration, were in any way responsible, the Commander-in-Chief and the Financial Secretary. We will now consider the position of the German Emperor as Commander-in-Chief, and compare the manner in which he exercises control with the method which has hitherto obtained in England. To the German Emperor twenty-four officers report direct; and it will be admitted that unless his subordinates had the power of settling all but the most weighty questions for themselves, his task would be of an exceedingly formidable nature. No man of business would face with a light heart the charge of twenty-four departments. Responsibility entails supervision, and supervision with large numbers must necessarily be imperfect. In England, however, we find that a far greater task than this was forced upon the Commander-in-Chief. In theory, only ten officers were responsible to his Royal Highness. In practice, that number was very largely exceeded. Through the adjutant-general, every officer commanding a district, a colonial garrison, a fortress, or an island, was also directly responsible to the Commander-in-Chief. Twenty-nine of these commands appear in the 'Army List.' Moreover, the powers delegated to these officers have been much more circumscribed than is the case in Germany. The fact that we have to maintain a foreign as well as a home army, as well as the peculiar conditions of our recruiting system, are to a certain degree answerable; but it is not to be disguised, first, that the weight of responsibility devolving on the Commander-in-Chief has been far too great for any single brain to bear, and, secondly, that centralisation

is far more excessive in England than in Germany. What this means may be soon learned.

'In matters great and small,' writes 'Vetus,' 'an intolerable centralisation works evil throughout the British army, destroying the initiative of the officers, rendering incompetence undiscoverable in posts high and low, strangling progress, denying scope to the mechanical genius of the nation, and entailing waste and inefficiency. . . . In a single sentence, Bacon has gone to the root of all sound administration. "Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief, than to be busy in all."'

Herein, adds 'Vetus,' 'lies the secret of ruling an army.' It is most certainly the secret which has brought the German army to its present standard. There is another aspect of centralisation to which the same writer has alluded. To his description of the functions of the late Commander-in-Chief he adds the following: 'It is inconceivable 'that any one could consent to serve as Atlas to the War 'Office except with the full understanding that no real 'responsibility could be brought home to him if the burden 'fell.' The responsibility of the military head of the army has been, therefore, merely nominal, and nominal responsibility, under any circumstances whatsoever, is fatal to efficiency.

Another source of the spirit which gives such robust life to the German army is the Chief of the Great General Staff. The functions of that officer are twofold—he is the adviser of the Commander-in-Chief on all questions of strategy and tactics; he selects the officers of the staff, conducts their training, recommends them for promotion, places them where they will do the best work, and is responsible for their efficiency. He has no executive functions; he has no concern with the drill and discipline of the troops; he has no authority over the officers commanding army corps or the inspector-generals; but at the same time he may initiate reforms in organisation, mobilisation, and administration, although on such questions he has to consult with the War Minister.

It would seem that in England much misconception exists as to the functions and status of the Chief of the Staff. It is understood that he is the adviser of the Commander-in-Chief, that he is the head of the Intelligence Department; but it was not understood by Lord Hartington's Commission that he is also the head of the General Staff, and that, although he has no executive duties, he is responsible for

the efficiency of the staff officers and, through them, for the tactical training of the whole army.

The extent of his influence is difficult to measure in words. It is hardly too much to say that in every single question connected with the fighting value of the army the Chief of the Staff is paramount. To put the matter shortly, he communicates to the army, through the Commander-in-Chief, the principles on which its training should be conducted, and, by means of the officers of the General Staff, educated by himself and able to explain his ideas, he not only makes those principles clear, but satisfies himself that they are strictly followed.

The Chief of the Staff is thus much more than a mere adviser. He has other duties than those of an intelligence officer. He is not concerned merely with abstract questions, but is a living force—than which none is more powerful—in the training and administration of the German army.

In England, as in France before 1870, there has been no permanent Chief of the Staff. The Commander-in-Chief, in theory, has been the sole adviser of the Secretary of State. In practice, it would seem, whenever warlike operations were in prospect, the officer with the best reputation for practical knowledge has been consulted by the Cabinet. This officer has usually been the Adjutant-General. But neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant-General has been entrusted with the duty of strategical preparation in time of peace, of framing plans of offence and defence, of studying the theatres of possible campaigns. Neither has been concerned with the tactics, organisation, and relative efficiency of foreign armies, and it is abundantly evident that so multifarious have been their responsibilities, so engrossing their routine duties, that it would be impossible for either to have given to those questions which deal with preparation for war, or to those which deal with training and administration, the same undivided attention as Moltke or his successors. Moreover, there is no English equivalent to the Greater General Staff in Berlin, that body of highly trained officers who act as the immediate assistants of the Chief of the Staff.

'In May, 1887,' says Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, 'a Select Committee was appointed to examine into the Army and Navy estimates. On July 8, Major-General (now Lieut.-General, and Military Member of Council in India) Brackenbury, in the course of examination by the Committee, made a series of comparisons between the English and German systems of army management. He referred particularly to the great general staff of the German army, which he described as "the

keystone of the whole system of German military organisation . . . the cause of the great efficiency of the German army . . . acting as the powerful brain of the military body, to the designs of which brain the whole body is made to work." "I cannot but feel," he said, "that to the want of any such great central thinking department is due that want of economy and efficiency which to a certain extent exists in our army." ' (*The Brain of an Army*, p. 39.)

The Intelligence Department is not called upon to work out in peace plans of campaign or the details of expeditions which may be necessary over seas. The duty of that department is the collection of information. It has little to do with strategy. It is merely called upon, when an expedition is imminent, to lay before the officer selected to command a mass of statistics on which he may base his plans. Furthermore, neither Commander-in-Chief nor Adjutant-General has hitherto in any way been directly responsible for the training of the staff. This has been committed to the charge of the Commandant of the Staff College; and, except through confidential reports, the officers of the staff, as well as those preparing for it, have not, as a rule, been personally known to the authorities at headquarters. Nor has the staff, as in Germany, had any special head responsible for the efficiency of his officers, aware of their relative capacity, and with power to allot them to the position which they are best qualified to fill.

We have been unable to do more than indicate the most striking differences between the German system and our own. Other differences, to those who have acquaintance with the army, will suggest themselves on a study of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's excellent little volume. But, to sum up, we may point out that the decentralisation and definite responsibilities of the German system have hitherto found no counterpart in England; that the supreme head of the German army has a confidential adviser, who has leisure to give his every thought to the ever-recurring problems of strategy, tactics, and administration; and that the German General Staff is trained, educated, and supervised by the most able officer in the service of the Emperor.

We may now consider whether the Order in Council promulgated on November 21 is likely to abolish the evils under which the British army has long groaned, and to produce at the same time the efficiency, the economy, and the high state of preparation which characterise the armies of other European Powers. The framers of the Order can have had no difficult task. In the reports of successive

Royal Commissions, in the mass of evidence tendered both by soldiers and civilians, and in the letters of 'Vetus,' they have been furnished with every possible assistance. They have been enabled to compare the systems of other Powers; they have had laid before them a complete exposition of the working of the Board of Admiralty; their attention has been directed to the working of our great railways; one scheme of reorganisation has been proposed by the Hartington Commission; another, based on the same principles, but far more practical, has been submitted, under the signature of 'Vetus,' in the columns of the 'Times;' while Sir Charles Dilke, collaborating with Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, has written much and ably on Imperial Defence. In discussing the Order, the first point to be noted is that the suggestions of the Hartington Commission have been to a great extent ignored. The suggestions of the Commission were the fruit of long deliberation. Those responsible for their utterance are men of proved ability, of wide administrative experience, and impelled by but one motive—the public good. That their proposals have been universally approved it is impossible to say; but they betray so earnest an endeavour to assimilate the spirit of the German system that the wisdom of the present Cabinet in rejecting them is certain to be questioned.

The Commission recognised the chief defects of the old system, the excessive centralisation, the absence of direct responsibility, and the want of a Chief of the Staff. These defects, however, it proposed to remedy by an organisation which commended itself to few. The office of Commander-in-Chief was to be abolished. All the high officials at the Horse Guards were to meet in council on an absolute equality, and each was to be responsible for the conduct of his department to the Secretary of State. A Chief of the Staff was to be appointed; but as this officer had no staff under him, except the dozen officers in the Intelligence Department, his title was a misnomer; his only means of influencing the army was through the Secretary of State; and he had no connexion whatever with the troops. All tactical training, together with the selection and efficiency of the staff, was to devolve upon the Adjutant-General; and a new appointment, that of General Commanding Troops in Great Britain, was to relieve that officer from the most onerous of his executive duties; whilst, to assure proper combination between the army and navy, a Council of National Defence was to be established.

It will be admitted that the reforms here advocated are

sufficiently sweeping. But they are far more subversive than would appear at a first glance. To put the matter in a nutshell, the practical outcome, had they been adopted, would have been to make the Secretary of State directly responsible for the administration of the army; that is, in place of the German Emperor—an educated soldier, holding permanent authority and gaining experience every year—to put a series of civilian officials, succeeding each other at short intervals, without the slightest tincture of technical knowledge, and without the possibility of acquiring it. We have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that the majority of the Commission 'attached'—to paraphrase Mr. Spenser Wilkinson—'more importance to the rigorous 'assertion of Cabinet supremacy than to preparations for 'war.' In attempting to place the Secretary of State on the same footing as the German Emperor they attempted an impossibility. So close an imitation of the German system as that which they propounded is altogether unsuited to the peculiar conditions of English military administration. It may be an unpleasant reflection to those who are uncompromising upholders of constitutional law that the Secretary of State, in very many matters, must needs be 'an adminis-'trative puppet' in the hands of his chief military adviser, whether he be called Chief of the Staff or Commander-in-Chief. But where a great technical department is in question, whose various branches incessantly overlap, we cannot conceive that the final decision on any disputed question can rest elsewhere than in the hands of an expert. Moreover—and this is a most important consideration—how is that element of stability, the absence of which has wrought so much injury, to be provided except by giving the army a permanent head? It should not be forgotten that, before the war with France broke out, Moltke had been Chief of the Staff for thirteen years. The reforms initiated by the Order in Council are of a far less radical character than those suggested by the Hartington Commission. A Commander-in-Chief with ample powers is still retained as the keystone of the administrative structure, and the whole of the departments of the War Office remain under his supervision. But, at the same time, the heads of the more important departments have—on paper—definite responsibilities assigned to them. They are brought into close contact with the Secretary of State; they may be called upon by him for advice, and it is distinctly recognised that they have powers of initiative which have hitherto been denied them.

That a close examination of the Order in Council does not reveal many inconsistencies it is impossible to gainsay. But, in our opinion, the time has not yet come for exhaustive criticism. The new system will be judged by its fruit, and we shall confine our comments to a few points only. We are hardly satisfied, in the first place, that the spirit of the German system has been always kept in view. The framers of the Order do not appear to have been impressed by the force of the contention which was urged with so much insistence by the Hartington Commission and by 'Vetus.' Both of these laid the utmost stress on the appointment of a confidential adviser to the Secretary of State, who, free from executive duties and general supervision, should have ample leisure to give to those great questions which, in the German army, are dealt with by the Chief of the Staff. The Order does indeed lay down that the Commander-in-Chief should deal with such questions, and it might be argued that the task of exercising a general supervision over five departments, each of which is responsible to the Secretary of State, should not be of so onerous a nature as to prevent him devoting sufficient time to his own special functions. Unfortunately, the quasi-official defence, entitled 'Notes on Reforms,' of the Order in Council dispels this idea. In this document it is stated that 'in an enormous 'business like that conducted by the War Office, professional 'and technical questions of a minor character constantly 'arise which require immediate settlement;' and the Commander-in-Chief is to be called upon to decide 'all minor 'and technical questions arising in the ordinary conduct of 'business.'* As these minor questions 'constantly arise,' and as to the Commander-in-Chief have to be referred, in addition, 'all important questions before submission to the 'Secretary of State,' it may well be asked where the 'prin-'cipal military adviser of the Secretary of State' is to find time to devote to 'the preparation and maintenance of 'detailed plans for mobilisation, and of schemes for offen-'sive and defensive operations.' Probably, in the opinion of the writer of this communication, these schemes necessitate so little consideration that they can be left till war threatens, or can be settled as the Commander-in-Chief rides down to the Horse Guards. This is certainly not Lord Wolseley's conception of the amount of care which a

* Times, November 22, 1895.

Commander-in-Chief should expend upon his more important functions.

'No man,' he says, 'can ever be a great general or organiser of armies who is content to prepare his army to meet the tactics of any previous war. The wise general peers far ahead, well into the distance, so that he may be able to picture mentally what war will be in the future. He studies not only the inventions and most recent discoveries in applied science, and improvements in mechanical implements of the day, but he catches eagerly at those which he sees looming in the distance. He questions himself how all these can be most usefully enlisted, and promptly and efficaciously adopted in his army. He is eager to adopt new ideas. . . . To excel, the general must be ahead of his adversary in tactical knowledge, and in the application of modern inventions to tactics; and those he commands . . . must be well trained in the new system of tactics he has thus elaborated to meet this new condition of things.' *

How is Lord Wolseley, with 'a mass of minor and technical 'questions' to deal with, to work out his own theories of strategy, and, as he said of Von Moltke, 'to educate men 'to be the leaders capable of carrying it out successfully'? In short, this optimistic defence of the Order in Council appears to us to regard the Commander-in-Chief as a mere War Office official whose chief functions are to see that routine business is despatched without friction, and who has very little to do with preparation for war.

It has not, we believe, been generally noticed that Lord Wolseley has spoken decisively on the organisation of the War Office. We may recall his evidence before the House of Commons Commission of 1888.

'"I do not see why . . . the officer in charge of the manufacture and repair of warlike stores . . . and the inspector-general of fortifications should not act directly under the order of the Secretary of State." Again, before the Commission of 1887, "I do not think they (director-general of artillery and stores and inspector of fortifications) ought to go to the Commander-in-Chief. I think the artillery and stores department is a great manufacturing department, and I do not think that the Commander-in-Chief should be over that."' (Report of the Hartington Commission, p. 66.)

These suggestions do not appear to have found favour in the eyes of those responsible for the Order in Council. Their adoption, however, involves so radical a change in the whole machinery of the War Office, that it may possibly have been merely postponed to a more convenient season. But at

* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine,' October, 1891.

present, whether wittingly or unwittingly, the Cabinet have placed too heavy a load on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief.

We now come to an equally important principle, the direct responsibility of the departmental chiefs, and we will take one department as an example. The Order in Council makes the Adjutant-General directly responsible to the Secretary of State for discipline and training. In the first place, it is idle to urge, as do the 'Notes on Reforms,' that such questions of discipline as come before the War Office are of a neutral or routine character. The standard of discipline maintained throughout the army is directly dependent on the action of the higher military authorities, and we need only refer to the general orders issued by the late Commander-in-Chief as to the exercise of their powers by courts-martial to prove our contention. 'With regard to 'discipline,' say the 'Notes,' 'no latitude is possible.' This we absolutely deny. It is notorious that in some commands leniency is the rule, in others punishment is swift and severe; and excess in either case can only be checked by the direct intervention of the Horse Guards. Again, the proper training of both the staff and the troops is a matter on which diversity of opinion is certain to exist. It is sufficiently well known that the ideas of Von Moltke and Von Steinmetz, the leader of the First Army in 1870, as regards the best means of beating the French, were diametrically opposed, and it is not impossible that the Commander-in-Chief of the British army might hold altogether different opinions on training and tactics, as well as on the standard of discipline to be maintained, from those held by the Adjutant-General. But under the Order in Council, the latter is to be directly responsible to the Secretary of State for both discipline and training.

The truth is, whatever may appear on paper, that the Order in Council does away altogether with the direct responsibility of the Adjutant-General, as well as of the heads of other departments. An Adjutant-General whose ideas on discipline and training were not in accord with those of the Commander-in-Chief, but who would have nevertheless to submit all important questions to that officer, and practically to take his orders, might complain that he was held responsible for matters in which he had no initiative whatever. And his complaint would be perfectly just. If the Commander-in-Chief issues orders as to methods of discipline and training, the responsibility for these orders, both as

regards effect and execution, must rest on his shoulders. If—to suppose an extreme case—both discipline and training, when put to the test of war, should break down, the Commander-in-Chief would have to bear the blame. The Adjutant-General would plead that he had received certain orders; that he had done his best to carry them out; but that, as he had had no hand in framing them, he could not be held responsible for their failure. Even if it could be proved that he had not carried out the orders to the best of his ability, the Commander-in-Chief would not be exonerated. The man who issues the orders is directly responsible that they are obeyed both in letter and in spirit.

The new system may be characterised as the system of indefinite responsibilities. That the War Office may be administered under such a system may be the opinion of officials trained under the old *régime*. It is certainly not the opinion of practical soldiers. A battalion in which the company commanders were directly responsible for the discipline and efficiency of their men to the general officer commanding, and yet at the same time were tied down by the orders of their colonel, would hardly be a happy family or an efficient war machine. Yet these are the principles that are applied by the Order in Council to the whole working of the War Office. We by no means anticipate that these contradictory provisions will inevitably produce friction. Much will depend on the good sense of those on whose shoulders rests the burden of their adjustment. But we are most decidedly convinced that under circumstances easily conceivable they might prove a grave embarrassment, and that the whole question of responsibility, if the confidence of the public and the army is to be secured for the new system, should be reconsidered.

The quasi-official defender of the Government—the author of the 'Notes on Reforms'—with a sense of foreboding that does credit to his personal good sense, anticipates that their scheme will by no means satisfy the critics. But he consoles himself with the reflection that the general public will trouble themselves but little with the organisation of the War Office so long as it is effectively administered. We are of opinion that he will be disappointed. It is true that the nation has full confidence in Lord Wolseley. The choice of the Government has been unanimously approved. But it is not the continuance in office of the Duke of Cambridge which has been the sole cause of popular discontent. The general public is hardly likely to believe that the substitution of one man

for another will make an effete system of administration permanently sound. A change of doctors does not benefit the dyspeptic who consistently breaks the ordinary rules of wholesome living. It is possible that the British public, as the writer asserts, is imbued with 'a distrust of paper constitutions.' It is perfectly certain that the same public has a profound admiration for sound systems of administration, for the management of our great industrial corporations, of our railways, of our great schools, of our shipping companies, and of our navy; and also that it has a well-grounded faith in businesslike methods. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and the taunt is true, though in a different sense from that which the speaker intended. Our national aims are neither narrow nor sordid, but the great bulk of the British people are perfectly conversant with the principles on which all successful organisations are administered. 'Quite 'recently,' says a writer in a military magazine, 'when it was 'proposed to make certain changes in the arrangements of the 'War Office, appeal was made to the general experience in 'such matters of the great organised bodies of the country.' The result of that appeal was the report of the Hartington Commission. The suggestions in that report have been rejected almost *in toto* by the framers of the Order in Council, and there is certainly much reason to fear lest the recent schemes should add to the complication, and make the working of the machine even more dependent than before on the personal characteristics of its attendants.

The writer of 'Notes on Reforms' appears to be of opinion that these personal characteristics are of more importance than the perfection of the machine; and under the galaxy of brilliant soldiers who now control the War Office there is no fear that the army, despite the system of administration, will not reach a far higher standard of efficiency than it has hitherto attained. The Commander-in-Chief's capacity for hard work is not one of the least of his recommendations in the eyes of the nation. The man who, in the quiet intervals of an exceedingly active life, could find time to produce a work like 'Marlborough,' will probably find time to deal with each one of the innumerable questions that must come before him. His long sojourn at the War Office, his profound knowledge of war, his wide experience of service in many lands, and his habit of constant study, have provided him with a fund of knowledge which cannot but lighten his labours. But Lord Wolseley is not immortal. Sooner or later he must lay down the reins of office, and it would be

rash in the extreme to anticipate that his successor will possess his exceptional qualifications. 'I strongly hold,' says 'Vetus,' 'that if a system of administration is to be efficient 'its lines must be definitely laid down; that it is not safe to 'trust implicitly to human nature; and that for the swift, 'intelligent, and economical transaction of an enormous 'mass of public business a perfected machine is essential.' * This, we are of opinion, will be the verdict of the public.

If we cannot congratulate the Government on their first attempt to reform our army organisation, we may find consolation in the thought that their scheme is not necessarily final. Modifications may readily be introduced. A distribution of functions is inevitable. Means may yet be found to relieve the Commander-in-Chief of duties which interfere with his position as 'Chief of the Staff.' So long as the best men are selected for the higher appointments, and an earnest endeavour is made, not only to introduce sound principles into the existing system, but to construct such a system as will stand all changes of *personnel*, we need hardly fear that the upas-tree of centralisation will again strike root. We do not scruple to confess that our hope that order will be evolved from chaos is based on the knowledge and ability of the Commander-in-Chief.

The fear has been expressed, in a quarter which cannot be ignored, that the very extensive powers given to the Commander-in-Chief over all the military departments may result in a centralisation more excessive even than that which has hitherto obtained. It is perfectly conceivable that a man ignorant of the first principles of command might succeed in monopolising the entire control of the several departments, and that this should be possible is a distinct blot on the new system.

But that the present Commander-in-Chief will show the least tendency to absorb in his own person the whole government of the army we are not in the very slightest degree apprehensive. No one has inveighed more bitterly against the evils of centralisation. No one has shown more clearly, as the records of the campaigns where he has held command testify, that he grasps the full meaning of a sound system of command. No one is less inclined to discourage initiative, to discard counsel, or to let supervision degenerate into interference. Four years ago he wrote as follows:—

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* Letters of 'Vetus' to the 'Times,' November 29, 1895.

'The most remarkable point about Moltke's strategy, especially in 1870–71, is the self-restraint he imposed upon himself in leaving his subordinate commanders such full scope, each within his own immediate sphere of action. He could not, he dared not have adopted this policy in the field with the ordinary run of even German generals, had he not previously trained them and their staff officers to the responsibilities the new condition of things would necessarily impose upon them. . . . He had taught his generals self-reliance, and to work as it were in a team, each not only playing his own hand, but always looking out for how, when, and where he could help his brothers in command.' *

We can hardly imagine that a mind so deeply imbued with the principles which rule the working of the German military machine, not only in the field, but in peace, will fail to apply those principles to the administration of the British War Office.

We have now the more congenial task of indicating the reforms which will meet with universal commendation. As regards the Chief of the Staff, although no such office is named in the Order in Council, there is no essential difference between the system now established and that which obtains in Germany. The Commander-in-Chief of the British army is the Chief of the General Staff. His functions, as now defined, are in great degree exactly similar to those exercised by Von Moltke. 'He shall be the principal 'adviser of the Secretary of State on all questions. . . . He 'shall be charged with . . . the preparation and maintenance of schemes of offensive and defensive operations, and 'with collecting and compiling military information; with 'proposing fit and proper persons for staff . . . appointments,' as appears from the 'details of procedure,' for the making of all staff appointments up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Directly under the Commander-in-Chief are the head of the Intelligence Department and the officer in charge of mobilisation services.

This arrangement, we venture to think, is admirably adapted to the peculiar constitution of the War Office. In Germany the influence of the Chief of the Staff reaches the army through the Emperor. All tactical instructions require the sign-manual of the Commander-in-Chief to render them authoritative. According to the scheme proposed by 'Vetus,' the Chief of the Staff could only have reached the

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* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine,' October, 1891.

army through the Secretary of State for War, and we can well imagine that a drill-book, for instance, issued under the signature of a civilian minister, would have met with no cordial reception from the troops. In Germany the case is different. The supreme head of the army, as we have already stated, is a practical and well-trained soldier, and his decision, in matters of training as in all else, is accepted by the troops as final. In the Report of the Hartington Commission the duties to be assigned the Chief of the Staff were so far-reaching that, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman very wisely pointed out, a new office would have been created, 'which, while lacking some of the advantages, would soon 'display most of the disadvantages of the office (Com-'mander-in-Chief) to be abolished.' 'Vetus' proposed to reduce these duties. Only as regards organisation, plans of campaign, mobilisation, and military education, was the Chief of the Staff to be the responsible adviser of the Secretary of State. The tactical training of the troops, and their distribution, he leaves to his general commanding-in-chief. With all due respect for the exceptional ability of the writer, we are unable to convince ourselves that training and education can be divorced, or that the officer responsible for the system of mobilisation and defence should have no word to say to the distribution of the troops. It may be argued that any difference in opinion would be settled by the Army Board, the permanent council of the high officials, meeting under the presidency of the Secretary of State; but we cannot forget that in disputed cases the ultimate decision would rest with the latter, 'who is necessarily a 'civilian without professional or technical knowledge.'

In yet another respect we find that the new system is far more comprehensive than that advocated by the Hartington Commission. The latter laid no stress whatever on the status and training of the General Staff; in fact, it ignored altogether the mainstay of German efficiency. The Order in Council, on the other hand, although it nowhere mentions the staff as a body, virtually makes the Commander-in-Chief the immediate head of the corps of staff officers, responsible, like the German Chief of the Staff, for their training and distribution. The importance of this reform can hardly be over-estimated.

'The carefully thorough and successful system,' says Lord Wolseley, 'under which Moltke educated the German General Staff to its present high state of efficiency is most remarkable. He taught his officers to feel, as it were, what he wanted and aimed at without

any elaborate demonstrations of the problem before them. He had educated them to fully understand his short and concise orders, and his army was thus ready at all moments to give effect to his plans, or to change from one object to the other on the field of battle as he might think desirable. . . . Eminently practical and businesslike in all he did, the training of these generals and staff officers had been for years his special aim. . . .'

And then, summarising Moltke's methods of war, he continues :—

'This strategy would have been disastrous, if not impossible, unless there were trained leaders and a practical staff to manœuvre and move large bodies of troops in presence of the enemy to the best possible advantage. . . . Such was the theory of his strategy, and for years he had educated men to be the leaders capable of carrying it out successfully.'*

No words can express more clearly Moltke's methods, and it is not too much to say that such methods are the only means of establishing the admirable uniformity of tactical action and the constant regard for the grand principle of mutual support which characterises the German army. From the moment Moltke had selected the officers to be trained at the Kriegs-Akademie he supervised their training. Of that training the three years' course at the Akademie was only the foundation. After a short interval of regimental duty those officers who showed most promise were brought back to Berlin and attached to the Great General Staff. It was written as long ago as 1867 that

'the time that these officers spend at headquarters (a year or a year and a half) exercises an important influence over their future career. They are then at a higher special staff school, of which General Moltke himself is the head. He, while teaching, learns to know and appreciate them ; he carefully familiarises them with the duties of each of the subdivisions of the Great General Staff. He lectures to them, gives them memoirs to draw up on subjects selected by himself, and reads and criticises their productions.'

By this means the Chief of the Staff not only learned to know his subordinates personally, and was thus able to place them in the position which they were best fitted to fill, but he inspired the whole army with the spirit of his teaching ; he made certain that any tactical instructions which might be issued were understood by all, as in every brigade there would be a staff officer capable of explaining them ; he maintained close touch between head-

* United Service Magazine, September, 1891.

quarters and the troops, and he made the same principles of action common throughout the whole army. That this is far from being the case in England it is impossible to conceal. To take a single instance:—In 1892 a new Drill Book was issued to the infantry, in which tactical principles novel to the army were introduced. But it is a notorious fact that some of the main principles laid down in the Drill Book are but seldom followed, for the one reason that they are imperfectly understood. It will doubtless be difficult to apply Moltke's system in England. To attach a number of officers to the Intelligence Department is a measure which would be contested by the Treasury. The department, nevertheless, is so small that the author of the German official handbook, referring to the British War Office, permits himself to indulge in a warning:—

'It is very difficult to conceive how so few officers can properly carry on the work and duties of what corresponds to the "Great General Staff," especially as to being informed on, and keeping pace with, the arrangements of foreign armies, seeing that the reports of the military attachés furnish but a very small portion indeed of the necessary information.' *

When it is considered that our Intelligence Department has to take cognisance not only of civilised nations but of every tribe that stands upon our frontiers, this strikes the unprejudiced mind as fair criticism. Moreover, if a portion of the staff were to be trained at headquarters, one or more assistants to the Commander-in-Chief would be required, and more expenditure would be entailed. However, knowing as we do Lord Wolseley's high opinion of Moltke's system, we do not despair of seeing that system applied at the Horse Guards.

We now turn to a feature of the new system which has not been generally noticed, but which, in our opinion, is of paramount importance not only to the army, but to the Empire. Lord Wolseley's appointment has been exceedingly popular. Immediately the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge was made public the choice of the Queen and of the nation was made. But the full significance of this choice has not been everywhere appreciated. It is possible that men have not spoken out for fear of wounding the feelings of Lord Wolseley's predecessor. We cannot think that such reluctance is well founded. It is undoubtedly true that Parliament, with a generous acknowledgement of work well

* Duties of the Great General Staff, p. 100.

done, forbore to press the reforms advised by Lord Hartington's Commission until his Royal Highness thought fit to resign his office; but because, while he remained in office, the system could not be altered, it would be unjust in the extreme to suggest that his Royal Highness was never fitted for the position he so long occupied. That after long years of honourable service he did not altogether appreciate the advantages of reform is hardly to his discredit. A man of weaker character would have given way without remonstrance; a man of less ability would have obstinately resisted every innovation. To be *laudator temporis acti* is no uncommon failing. It is certainly no proof of incompetence. It is to be remembered, too, that the Duke was not the creator of the system which he administered. That system was evolved by Parliament, and of Parliament his Royal Highness was ever a most loyal servant. It was not his fault that the conscientious performance of his far too onerous duties left him but little leisure to observe the progress of other armies. The marvel is that those duties were so efficiently fulfilled.

The significant change to which we have alluded is intimately connected with the changes inaugurated by Prussia. Before 1866 preparation for war was hardly known. Since that era the increased speed at which military events move may be realised by comparing the speed of an express train with that of a stage-coach. There is no time, when hostilities threaten, for the Government to cast about and seek an adviser. That adviser must be at their elbow, and, if the enemy is to be met on equal terms, the plan of campaign must have been already drawn up, the army equipped, the reserves made ready for service, and the commissariat organised. Nor is it sufficient to choose as an adviser the first experienced soldier who may offer. So deeply has strategy been studied, so wide-spread is the knowledge of the science of war, so highly trained are the staffs, that it is absolutely necessary that the military adviser of the Cabinet should be the ablest soldier in the army. He must be a profound strategist, a student of war after the fashion of Napoleon and of Wellington, of Lee and Moltke. He must have the confidence of the army, of the ministry, of the people, and he must have trained his generals and his staff to give effective expression to his ideas.

As defined by the Order in Council, the more important of the Commander-in-Chief's functions are no longer connected with discipline and administration. As chief adviser

of the Secretary of State, as military member of the Council of Defence, the Commander-in-Chief will be responsible for the conduct of military operations—that is, for the strategy to be pursued—so far as the Army is concerned, either in defending the Empire or in extending our frontiers. Strategy, it is to be regretted, is an art which is held in small estimation by English soldiers. It is studied by few. The rules, indeed, are simple. They may be taught by familiar illustrations or a dozen diagrams. Common-sense seems all that is needed to detect the enemy's weak point, to place an army in the right position, and to guide it without mishap to the appointed goal. On their common-sense alone, when strategy is in question, English soldiers are accustomed to rely. But Napoleon himself has assured us that there is only one means of mastering strategy, and that is incessant study and exhaustive thought. We have now, fortunately for the Empire, for almost the first time in our history, a student of thi type, as is abundantly proved both by his writings and his campaigns, as the adviser of the Cabinet. The importance of the change can hardly be overrated.

In the Napoleonic wars the armies of France overran Europe. Why? Not because her soldiers were braver, more patriotic, better trained, better disciplined, or more experienced than those of other nations, but because the armies of Austria, Prussia, Spain, Russia, were directed by Aulic councils, by the reigning sovereigns, by Cortes, or by Cabinet, while those of France were directed by a great strategist. In 1866 two great armies went down before the might of Prussia without inflicting the slightest check on her victorious progress; but at the right hand of the King of Prussia stood the best soldier in his army, while the Austrian operations were directed by a brave soldier who confessed that he was no strategist. To aid the Emperor of the French in 1870 an officer had been selected to whom the manœuvring of armies was manifestly an unknown art. A still more striking instance may be drawn from the American war. In the spring and summer of 1862 the star of the Confederacy was at its brightest. 200,000 Federals were driven from Virginia by 80,000 Southerners, and the war was carried into Northern territory. During that period Lee acted as confidential adviser of the Confederate President, while Lincoln and his War Secretary contented themselves with the counsels of a few unknown officers. Later in the year Jefferson Davis himself, with an honest mediocrity as Adjutant-General, assumed the control of military opera-

tions, and Lee was relegated to the command of one of the several armies. The results were not in favour of unaided common-sense. England, too, has suffered in the past from the want of a Moltke. In no important campaign throughout her history, except when Marlborough was in command, has her best soldier been the chief military adviser of the government. Many of her worst disasters, of her lost opportunities, are directly attributable to this one fact. The worst enemies with whom Wellington had to contend in the Peninsula were the Home Government and its military advisers. Had it not been that Sir Arthur Wellesley happened to be on leave in London at the time the Cabinet had resolved on sending troops to fight the French, it is doubtful if the Peninsular War would have taken place. Had it not been that his brother was a member, during a critical period, of the Cabinet, it is certain that the troops would have been withdrawn. The fatal and useless expeditions to Walcheren, Buenos Ayres, and Egypt, the waste of men and money where no good could be effected, the neglect to reinforce the army in Portugal, were due, simply and solely, to feeble military advice. The conflict of opinion, before Waterloo, between the Commander-in-Chief in England and the Commander-in-Chief in Belgium, was by no means creditable either to the Duke of York or to our military system; and the Crimean campaign was hardly less remarkable as an exhibition of the incompetency of the Horse Guards. Other instances might be cited, but it is unnecessary to enlarge on the number of British soldiers who have been sent to a useless death because 'the brain of the army' was far feebler than the limbs. It is useful to remember, moreover, that a sailor, and that sailor a great strategist, was First Lord of the Admiralty at the brightest period of our naval warfare. Lord St. Vincent's services were hardly less eminent than those of Nelson. We have good reason to be thankful that we have at last placed our nearest approach to Moltke at the right hand of the Secretary of State, and that the principle is now firmly established, once and for all, that the professional heads of our armed forces shall be the ablest men whom the army and navy can produce.

Lord Wolseley has before him no easy task. He has not merely to direct the system evolved by the Cabinet into the destined grooves, but he has—practically—to construct a new one. It is fortunate that he finds in office colleagues who understand his methods, and who may be confidently

expected to render him the most cordial aid. Nor can we imagine that the Government will decline either to accept such modifications as may be suggested or, in the words of 'Vetus,' to decide for what purpose the 'British 'army is maintained, and to what ends its organisation 'should be directed.' And if the Commander-in-Chief should desire to disembarrass himself of the fortification and ordnance departments, he will not be thwarted. Should he find it necessary to increase the Intelligence staff, so that the department may approximate in efficiency to that remarkable organisation which has wrought so much for Germany, financial considerations cannot be allowed to stand in the way. The initial cost of giving the 'brain of the army' free play would probably be less than the price of a big gun or a concrete fort; and the prospective economy of blood, treasure, and prestige will more than justify the expenditure. But, despite the support he may count upon receiving from the Government, his colleagues, and the country, it will be years before Lord Wolseley's work is done. The new system will not be constructed without much thought and toil, nor brought into working order without conflict. The evils which have characterised the administration of the War Office are rampant throughout the army. Over-centralisation, disregard of the chain of responsibility, the crushing of all initiative, the apotheosis of 'red tape,' are matters of complaint and scorn in every mess-room in the service. These evils must be swept away with a strong hand, for the opposition will be powerful. Reform will be resisted—silently, perhaps, but none the less obstinately—'by men who have been trained in the worst traditions, who 'are honestly incapable of imagining any other, whose 'interests are bound up with the existing chaos, and to 'whom a system which is a matter of course on the Conti-'nent and in every big undertaking at home seems to spel 'revolution and ruin.' For instance, men who are pro-found believers in the claims of seniority are not likely to approve of the doctrine advocated in the following paragraph:—'Moltke was selected for the highest position in 'the Prussian army because the king believed him to b 'the ablest and best man for the place, and the Englis 'officer may rest assured that the day is not far distan 'when every high position in our army will be filled upon 'similar principle.'* Moreover, not only does the old orde

* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B 'United Service Magazine,' September, 1891, p. 445.

give place to new, but it is Lord Wolseley's duty to establish the new order on a firm basis, and to impress the principles of sound administration so deeply on every branch of the service that the recrudescence of the former evils shall be impossible. But if his task is heavy, his opportunity is great. Three famous armies have upheld the honour of England—the army of Cromwell, the army of Marlborough, and the army of Wellington. Each one of these armies was acknowledged by friend and foe as the finest in Europe. But the native vigour of each was suffered to decay. The army of Fontenoy was not the army of Blenheim and Oudenarde, nor the army of the Crimea, save only in the stubborn valour of the soldiers, the army of the Peninsula. Can Lord Wolseley give us an army 'fit to 'go anywhere and to do anything'? Can he give us an army like the Ironsides, which, 'from the time it was 'remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, never 'found, either in the British islands or on the Continent, an 'army who could stand its onset . . . which came to regard 'the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and 'marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe 'with disdainful confidence'? Can he give us an army of permanent efficiency, capable of fulfilling all our needs, and held by other nations in the same respect as they hold the British navy? If he can do this, although it may never be his lot to lead his troops on a European battle-field, no name will stand higher on the roll of English soldiers than that of the great administrator.

We cannot conclude our review without a word of warning. Lord Wolseley's efforts will want something more than sympathy, they will need active support, and that support may best be rendered by the press. A strange lethargy is the normal attitude of Parliament towards the administration of the army. Over-centralisation is possibly an evil which is not confined to the War Office alone. Be this as it may, a glance at the history of the past fifty years reveals, as regards the navy as well as the army, a strange condition of affairs—long periods of careless security broken at intervals by seasons of wild panic, years of cheese-paring parsimony chequered by weeks of the grossest extravagance. The administration of the navy is admirably adapted to our national requirements. But the judicious constitution of the Board of Admiralty has placed not the slightest check on the vagaries of Parliament.

'In the early part of the century, at the close of the great war, England was in a strong position; but in 1830 a party came in

which set to work cutting down everything. In 1832 the navy estimates were cut down from 15,000,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.* In 1840 we were nearly involved in war; there was a great fright, and it was reported that there were a number of ships with only half their crews. Fortunately the peace was not broken, and the Government proceeded to increase the navy. This was satisfactory till 1860, when it was found that another nation was building an ironclad fleet, while we were still constructing wooden ships. The Government took no notice of this, but at last the country stirred them into action, and they then built thirty ironclads in two years. In 1869 there was another outcry against expenditure on the navy, the estimates were reduced by 2,000,000*l.*, officers were retired wholesale, and the navy declined so much that it has taken years to bring it up again to anything like a proper state of efficiency.' *

And it may be added that the recent resurrection of our naval strength was due in no way to the initiative either of the Houses of Parliament or of the Board of Admiralty.

It is not conceivable, the Naval Lords of the Admiralty being carefully selected, that they should have either advised or approved the sweeping reductions which have proved such false economy. We may be certain that they protested. But their protests have never got further than the Cabinet, and Parliament has never had the opportunity, when the strength of the navy has been in question, of ascertaining the opinions of its professional advisers. It may be argued that the Naval Lords, if they find their judgement overruled, can always, as they threatened when Sir Vernon Harcourt was compelled to make his remarkable *volte-face*, appeal to the country by resigning. In the first place, however, such violent methods, in the interests of discipline, can only be resorted to in extreme cases; and in the second place, they can hardly be expected from men who are dependent on their position for their livelihood. As regards the army, matters have been no better. Like the sister service, it has suffered much from the consistent refusal of the successive governments to define the objects for which it is maintained, and from the fact that the official opinions of the military authorities have never been laid before the House of Commons. But from the indifference of Parliament it has suffered more. Early in 1890 the report of the Hartington Commission declared that the existing condition of affairs as regards national defence was

* Captain Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., Meeting of the Navy League, November 22, 1895.

'unsatisfactory and dangerous,' and whilst approving, in the main, the administration of the navy, it utterly condemned that of the army. Yet, despite this report, Parliament not only suppressed the whole of the evidence on which this condemnation was founded, but made no attempt whatever, until more than five years after the issue of the report, to deal with the crying evils which had been revealed. Nor, we are firmly convinced, would the attempt have been made then had it not been for the series of letters which we have so freely quoted in this article. It is not only that 'Vetus' is the exponent of the discontent with the old system which many zealous soldiers have imbibed; not only that an intimate acquaintance with the shortcomings of that system is betrayed on every page; not only for the terse eloquence of the diction, and the wide experience which prompts it, that his letters are remarkable; but for their far-reaching influence over public sentiment. A powerful pen has been seldom wielded to better effect; and it is by no means impossible that it may again find employment. The press has done much to pull down the old edifice. It must aid Lord Wolseley to construct a new one.

Art. IX.—*Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les XVIe et XVIIe Siècles.* Par M. le Duc d'Aumale. Tome VII. et Index. Paris: 1896.

The last volume of this most interesting work* ended with almost sensational abruptness just as the story was becoming specially important to English readers, and about to usher in the incident which Macaulay has painted in a manner too flattering to our insular prejudices to be easily forgotten. It was impossible not to feel some curiosity as to the manner in which a more accurate writer, approaching the subject from a different point, might describe this brilliant passage in our military history. The volume now before us resumes the story, and opening with a lively and detailed account of the siege of Dunkirk and the battle of the Dunes, to which Macaulay merely refers, it tells of the action of the 'Ironsides,' not, it may be, in such glowing terms as Macaulay's, but with a precision that, to the careful reader, is more satisfactory.

On May 29,† 1658, Turenne, in obedience to positive orders from Mazarin, had laid siege to Dunkirk. The task had been considered difficult; its accomplishment had been extolled as a masterpiece of genius when the Prince de Condé, then Duc d'Enghien, had taken it in 1646. During the troubles of the Fronde, and assisted, unintentionally but decisively, by Blake's seizure of the French relieving ships, the Spaniards had recaptured it in 1652. Since then the Spanish governor had devoted both industry and ingenuity to strengthening its defences, and, holding Gravelines, Bergues, and Furnes, rendered the approach to it extremely difficult. From a military point of view too the place was not, at the moment, of particular importance; and Turenne, supported by the adverse opinion of Clerville, the most celebrated engineer of the day, had represented to Mazarin the unadvisability of the step. But in spite of military and strategical objections political reasons compelled Mazarin to persist. His treaty with Cromwell left him no option; he was unaware of the extent or the futility of the negotiations which Cromwell had previously carried on with Spain, and was convinced that any backwardness on his part to fulfil the treaty obligations to capture Dunkirk would throw the English into the

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' October, 1892.

† The dates are given throughout in New Style, according to the French calendar.

arms of Spain, and risk the loss of Calais. He could conceive that to win back Calais, a place hallowed to the English by the proud memory of two hundred years' occupation, of whose loss, even after the expiration of a hundred years, they still felt the bitterness, Cromwell would be ready to venture much; and though the establishment of the English in a position so commanding as Dunkirk was most distasteful, the blow which its loss would be to Spain would be a more than compensating advantage. It might probably even put an end to the war.

Although it was against his judgement that Turenne undertook the task, when once it was resolved on he brought to it the full strength of his mighty genius and his minute attention to details. In these he had the liberal support of Mazarin and the Government. Money was to Mazarin as his heart's blood; but even money might be lavished if Dunkirk could be taken. The transport service was organised on a scale and with a care previously unknown. The army was reinforced till it numbered thirty thousand of the most splendid soldiers of the day.

'Amongst them were six thousand English, conspicuous by their red coats; fine, stout men, without experience in siege works, and intemperate in their appetite for green fruit, but inured to war, proud, confident in their strength, having the obstinate and indomitable courage of their race. Reynolds, who was to have led them, had been drowned in the passage from England, and Major-General Morgan took his place; but the chief command was vested in the ambassador accredited to the French Court, Lockhart, one of an old Scottish family and formerly an officer in the royal army, but who had afterwards joined the party of the Parliament, or rather of the Protector, whose niece he married.'

With Turenne were associated Clerville; Castelnau, distinguished for his valour no less than for his prompt decision, his ingenuity, his experience, and his unstained honour, not always in the seventeenth century a concomitant of the more purely military virtues; Créqui, at this time only thirty-four, comparatively little known, but destined to win, within ten years, the bâton of a marshal and a reputation as one of the greatest captains of the age; and Ligniville, the faithful follower of the Duke of Lorraine, who had refused the rank of marshal in the French army, and was now serving under Turenne rather as the enemy of Spain than as the servant of France. On the Spanish side, on the other hand, with every advantage of position, with an army which, but a few years before, had been the terror of Europe, and which,

notwithstanding its losses, had still a grand prestige, everything was spoiled by the ineptitude and obstinacy of the Viceroy, who assumed the functions of commander-in-chief.

Don Juan, a legitimatised son of the King of Spain, and at this time in his thirtieth year, is described as handsome, though too stout; clever, but shallow; excessively vain, ambitious, and fond of posing as a prince of the blood. By his father's favour he had held high command, had won distinction by the capture of Naples and of Barcelona, and had displayed remarkable courage in a conflict with some Barbary corsairs who attacked his galley on the passage from Barcelona to Genoa. If we may judge from his conduct of the war in Flanders, his former reputation was built on a vicarious foundation. It was already acknowledged that he was subject to prolonged fits of indolence, and in October 1657 Condé wrote of him, 'Don Juan is indolent and 'negligent to the last degree, scarcely moving from his 'bed. . . . He plumes himself on having come to the army; 'but he does so little, and that at the wrong time and with 'so much irresolution, that it will cause the failure of every-'thing'—a judgement that might fairly be termed prophetic. The captain-general of the Spanish army, the Marquis de Caracena, a capable man, though deficient in energy, was unable to make amends for the fatuity of the viceroy, from whom he received neither support nor direction; and the one man who might have led on the Spaniards once again to victory, even as fifteen years before he had broken down their prestige at Rocroy, Condé, still feeble from an almost fatal fever, was unable to stimulate Don Juan to action or to lead him to an appreciation of the position. Wrapped in self-complacency, Don Juan considered himself a better judge of the conditions of the campaign, and looked on the warnings of Condé, his criticisms on the miserably inefficient state of the army, and his urgent advice not to risk an engagement, as reflecting on himself and on his country.

In vain Condé pointed out that the principal strength of his army was in cavalry, and that the ground towards which he was moving was one on which cavalry could not act; that the French had a preponderating force of infantry, for which the ground was especially suitable. Some petty successes had swelled the Viceroy's vanity; the defeat and capture of the Maréchal d'Aumont in an attempt to seize Ostend had led him to despise the French arms; and the treason of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, who delivered up the fortress of Hesdin, had led him to contemn the French

honour. 'The enemy,' he said, 'will not dare to stand up 'before the army of the Catholic King,' and he gave a ready belief to those who told him that on the sandhills of Dunkirk, as on the beach of Ostend, he would have nothing to do but pick up the prisoners; that Hocquincourt had more than one friend among Turenne's lieutenants, and that there were many French officers who were only waiting for an opportunity to betray him: the falsehood of all which was manifested on the first encounter. On June 12, as Don Juan advanced to take up a position at Zuydcoote, two leagues from Dunkirk, Condé with a small body of horse pushed on to reconnoitre the enemy's lines. He presently met a French patrol party, which he wished to avoid; but Hocquincourt, possessed, it would seem, by the same fiction which had seized on Don Juan, rode forward to meet it, waving his hat to the French officers, who replied with a volley of musketry, which put an end to his life and treasons. Still Don Juan was undeceived, and refused to listen to Condé's repeated advice to retire. On the following day, June 13, he advanced to within a league of Dunkirk, forming his men in order of battle in a line whose right rested on the sea and the left on the canal from Furnes to Dunkirk. By those who know the locality, or the very similar country which extends from Liverpool to Southport, past Blundell Sands and Formby, the Duc d'Aumale's description of the ground now occupied by Don Juan will be at once understood—

'a confused mass of sandhills, their sides steep and bare, separated by winding and irregular hollows. Vegetation takes refuge on the summits; tufts of harsh grass or brushwood cover the flat tops of the hillocks. On these the infantry could establish itself, each hillock becoming a redoubt, and each of these small fortresses needing an assault, unless taken by a flank attack, for no ground could be better adapted to surprises and ambuscades. On the line chosen by Don Juan the sands did not reach to the canal, but were separated from it by three or four hundred mètres of marshy meadows intersected by ditches.'

There was thus, as Condé had warned Don Juan, no ground suitable for the cavalry, which formed more than half of his army: the infantry alone was terribly outnumbered, and there was no artillery. On one point we think that the Duc d'Aumale has misjudged Don Juan. He says: 'Tempted by the height and shape of a large hil-'lock, on which he posted the old *tercios*, he was too far

'from the sea; so that his right was left unprotected, not 'being able to extend to the water line when the tide 'ebbed.' The Duc d'Aumale seems to have lost sight of a very powerful influence which warned Don Juan not to bring his right wing as near the shore as he might have wished. This was the presence of a squadron of English ships of war, under the command of Vice-Admiral Goodson, formerly a West Indian merchant, but a zealous Puritan and a stout sailor, who looked on war with Spain as a thing at once profitable and righteous. In a contemporary print of the battle these ships are shown in position and actually firing; and Napoleon has left on record his opinion that Turenne had a great advantage in the English ships which anchored along the coast, cannonaded the right flank of the Spaniards, and swept the strand with the more effect as Don Juan had no guns to keep the English boats at a distance. It may, however, be doubted whether the ships did actually fire; the threat of their presence was enough to produce the effect.

Meantime the French army remained immovable in its lines: whatever Turenne may have discussed with his colleagues, no rumour of his intentions had reached the subordinate officers and the soldiers. It appeared as though he meant to receive the attack which Don Juan might be expected to make on the morrow. It was not till after nightfall that a French prisoner, escaped from the Spanish camp, brought him assurance that Don Juan had no guns, and that it was supposed the Spanish attack would be delayed till they came up. Turenne's decision was immediately formed; and in the early hours of the morning, leaving a detachment to guard the trenches, the French marched out slowly and silently, taking a position approximately parallel to that of the enemy, but extending to the sea, and thus outflanking the Spaniards, who, secure in their contempt of the French, were sleeping in fancied security. It was only at dawn on the 14th that, on different sides, the Duke of York, then serving with the Spaniards, and Condé, visiting the guard, discovered the movement of the French. The Duke of York immediately went to seek Don Juan, as also did Condé, after sending orders for the men to get under arms. Once more he urged on the viceroy the necessity of retiring. The ground was in every way unsuitable for them; they were far outnumbered by the French, and they had no artillery. 'There is still time,' he

said. 'Mask the retreat by a screen of horsemen; let the 'infantry take advantage of the bridges over the canal, and 'get across it as quickly as possible; your cavalry can retire 'along the seashore, whilst mine covers the infantry.' Don Juan somewhat scornfully rejected the advice, and Condé rode off to take command of the left wing. On his way he met the young Duke of Gloucester, who was serving with his brother the Duke of York. 'You have never seen a 'battle fought?' he said to him; 'within two hours you 'will have learnt how one is lost.' The French guns broke the silence of the morning, but caused more noise than damage.

'And presently a loud shout was heard. It was the hurrahs of the "redcoats," cheering Castelnau—the gallant, loved, and admired Castelnau—as he passed before them. It fell to them to begin the action: Lockhart and Morgan led them on to the assault of the great sandhill. The soldiers of the *tercios* bravely received the shock; but they had to deal with "furious beasts." Repulsed at the point of the pike, the English returned to the charge; they fell down, they mounted again; again and again the pikes were crossed, and still the Castilians stood firm. It was impossible to say which would conquer, when the French cavalry took the *tercios* on the flank.'

The blunder of Don Juan and his staff, according to the Duc d'Aumale, but in reality the threat of Goodson's guns had left a clear passage between the sea and the Spanish right. Along this Castelnau led his squadrons of light cavalry, and took the Spanish cavalry which covered their right wing on the flank; it broke and fled, carrying with it the Walloon infantry posted in support of the *tercios* on the hill. These were thus assailed on the flank at the very moment in which the 'Ironsides' again charged in front. The blow was decisive. It was the last stand of the *tercios*; they died there, or, being surrounded, were taken prisoners. The centre of the Spanish army was as completely broken as the right wing.

On the left Condé with the greater part of the cavalry, on ground cut into a maze of broad wet ditches, which stayed the advance of infantry as much as it prevented the manœuvring of cavalry, succeeded in rallying the fugitives of the right wing, disentangling his own men from the labyrinth in which Don Juan had placed them, and passing them across the canal by a bridge which he had himself constructed the day before. Then with a strong body of cavalry he made one last desperate effort, not to retrieve the fortune of the day—that was lost beyond remedy—but to

cut his way through the enemy's lines into the beleaguered city. It was the brigade of the guards, under the immediate command of Créqui, which he charged; but Créqui, refusing the onset and withdrawing his men behind a sandhill, poured into the passing cavalry a deadly volley of musketry at very short range. Every shot told; those who were not killed turned and fled. Condé himself was swept away among the fugitives, and barely escaped. Nine days afterwards Dunkirk surrendered.

It has frequently been said that the fall of Dunkirk brought the war to a close; that it was the fatal blow which brought the Spaniards to their knees. Although he traces the course of the war for nearly a year longer, the Duc d'Aumale seems to accept this opinion; and, indeed, it is apparent that the loss of Dunkirk, the seaport which was to a great extent the base of their operations, must have been severely felt by the Spaniards. This and the following campaign represent the interest of Condé in the events which led to the suspension of arms in May 1659; and it is with the fortunes of Condé that the Duc d'Aumale is primarily concerned. But to those who inquire further into the causes which led to the result it will appear that remote events brought a greater stress on the resources of Spain than any loss sustained in the Netherlands. To the unthinking Frenchman of the seventeenth century the assistance of the English was limited to the action of those splendid battalions of 'Ironsides' which stormed the great sandhill, to the admiration of friends and foes; and for this it is even now insinuated the price paid in the cession of Mardick and Dunkirk was extravagant. But Mazarin and those who, with him, were more fully instructed in the sequence of events were well aware that the visible action of the English battalions was but a small part of the assistance which England was really giving to the cause of the alliance; that the loss of Jamaica, the sack of Rio Hacha and other settlements on the Spanish main, threatening to break down the Spanish monopoly in America, struck a sharper terror to the heart of the Spanish statesmen than ever did the demonstration against Brussels; that the capture of the plate fleet off Cadiz, the destruction of shipping at Santa Cruz, the blockade of the Spanish coast, the prostration of Spanish trade were material losses far greater than even the loss of Dunkirk. It was these that were the chief factor in the determination of Spain to make peace with France. Against England single-handed she may have believed herself

able to contend, whilst realising that, under the Commonwealth, peace with England was only to be bought by commercial cessions of greater value than the territory she was compelled to yield to France. And so the negotiations went on. The Duc d'Aumale traces in detail that part of them which specially affected the Prince, whose interests had to be provided for, and whose susceptibilities as a son of France had to be tenderly spared, although, as a traitor to his king and his country, justice might have dealt out sterner measures. The Duc d'Aumale neatly and tersely summarises the general result to France, omitting, it will be noticed, all mention of the matrimonial alliance and the peculiarly important complications which were so carefully prepared.

'The Treaty of the Pyrenees is a finished masterpiece, and one of the noblest monuments which French diplomacy has left us. Smaller indeed and more concentrated than the Treaty of Münster, it was also more precise. It completed the peace of Westphalia, confirmed and developed the establishment of France in Alsace, assured her the possession of Roussillon with Perpignan, and Cerdagne, on the other side of the mountains; of Arras, with nearly all Artois, and some positions in Hainault and maritime Flanders. Everything was stated precisely and regulated with good sense and propriety. Nor were her allies forgotten; Lorraine and Savoy, the more important of the adjoining States, were specially provided for, skilfully placed under the protection of France, though the terms granted to the former were somewhat hard. As a whole it was noble and grand.'

It is, however, on the articles relating to the Prince that he lays most stress. The articles themselves are long and numerous. The preliminary is almost amusing. In it the high-born rebel is made to say

'that he is profoundly grieved that his conduct during some years should have been disagreeable to his Majesty; that he could wish to pay with the best part of his blood for the several hostilities he has committed in and out of France; that it was his misfortune rather than any evil intention against his Majesty's service which was the reason of them; and if his Majesty should have the generosity to extend to him his royal goodness, and, forgetting all the past, to restore him to the honour of his good favour, he would strive while he had life to acknowledge the benefit by an inviolable fidelity, and to repair the past by a perfect obedience to all his commands; and to show how fervently he desires to return to his Majesty's favour he renounces all the pretensions he might have in regard to this peace, leaving them to the free-will and goodness of the King his master and sovereign lord.'

We can conceive readers so blind to the brilliance of Condé's military prowess as to think that this pretended

humility has a strong savour of insolence; nor can we agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his opinion that, on the one side, it was impossible to bow with more nobility and to make an honourable submission in more dignified terms, or that, on the other, the authority of the Crown was maintained, even though we admit the delicacy with which the honour of the repentant prince was spared. We find it, on the contrary, difficult to avoid asking what would have been the course of events in this particular relation if Richelieu had had the direction of the negotiation instead of Mazarin, though, indeed, it is still more difficult to suppose that under Richelieu the subject of this extraordinary negotiation could have arisen. As to the conclusion of it under Mazarin, the Duc d'Aumale now says—

'In the articles which follow, the arrangement was so skilful, the names of the two kings and of the Prince were brought together with so much art, the equivalent of each concession was so happily adjusted, that appearances were saved, and the Very Christian King never seemed to be treating directly with his subject, whilst in reality the character of the whole was nothing less than a contract between the two crowns relative to Condé.'

Within eight weeks Condé was to deliver to the King the three places which he held, to disband his troops, and give a written acceptance of the agreement between the plenipotentiaries of the two crowns. In return, the King was to replace him in the full and free possession and enjoyment of all his estates, honours, dignities, and privileges as the first prince of the blood royal of France; in consideration of which the Most Catholic King was to cede to the Very Christian King the fortress of Avesnes, which he had intended to confer on Condé, whilst, on the other hand, the Very Christian King was to confer on the Prince the government of Burgundy and Bresse, of the Castle of Dijon, and of St. Jean de Losne, and on his son, the Duc d'Enghien, the office of Grand Master of France, with reversion to the Prince himself. And thus, says the Duc d'Aumale,

'Louis de Bourbon recovered some of his appointments and all his property, honours, and dignities, not by virtue of an amnesty or a royal grant, but by a treaty of peace, a mutual contract and agreement between two sovereigns. For the property, more especially, this diplomatic instrument became a title-deed of the greatest possible authority, and prevented any future dispute or counter-claim.'

To which it may be added that the estates so conferred on Condé have descended in his family, and are at this present

time held by the Duc d'Aumale, by virtue of these articles in the Treaty of the Pyrenees. With a pretence of dignity that might almost be called theatrical, Condé remained at Brussels till the treaty was concluded, and left it on December 29, 1659, escorted by the Viceroy and the principal seigneurs of the Court, amid salvos of artillery and a general display of respect and affection. It was understood that Mazarin was sorely annoyed by this attitude. Condé had written to the Pope, announcing 'the end of his misfor-'tune, by a happy return of the favour of the King, whose 'generosity caused him most sensible joy and filled him 'with gratitude.' In Spain, at least, it was openly said that Mazarin thought

'that the Prince, in expressing his gratitude, should have spoken less of the King and more of the Cardinal; above all, he should have abstained from any allusion to the part he himself had taken in the great event just perfected. When he learned the terms in which the Prince had announced to the Pope "the change in his fortunes" and the end of the war, Mazarin did not conceal his keen annoyance. He would seem even to have wished that Condé, eager to show his gratitude, should have set all rule and form at defiance, and, without passport or suite, should have set out at the first news of the peace, and passing through France incognito, have come to Toulouse, not to cast himself at the knees of the King his master, but to throw himself at the feet of the Minister who was reopening to him the gates of his country.'

There seems little doubt that Mazarin had expressed himself in some such terms; and we know certainly that he wrote to Turenne, 'I shall regulate my manner by that of 'the Prince;' and to Lionne, 'I will yield precedence to 'him in my own house, but elsewhere I shall claim it.' On January 27, 1660, Condé arrived at Aix, where the Court then was. His interview with Mazarin passed off without offence; the 'Gazette de France' announced that 'the Prince 'presented his respects to their Majesties the King and 'the Queen Mother,' and the next day that 'the Prince had 'dined with his Eminence the Cardinal.' A few days later the Court left for Toulon, and Condé went to Paris, where he met Turenne in friendly conversation. Notwithstanding, however, his expressions of good-will, repeated, as they were no doubt meant to be repeated, to Mazarin, the Cardinal retained an unconquerable suspicion, which he communicated to the young King. It was natural, it was necessary that it should be so; Condé's conduct towards Mazarin and the Crown during the Fronde and since had not been such as to inspire a more open-hearted man than the Cardinal with

confidence. In all that he now said the Cardinal saw merely the foundation of an intrigue for his own advantage, and wrote in so many words to Colbert, then still his secretary.

'If the actions of the Prince are conformable with the words by which he is now trying to persuade France that he sincerely wishes for my friendship, it will give me great pleasure, and will be the better for himself; but if he is merely seeking to gain a standing that will enable him to ask favours, which I do not believe the King ought to grant, this good understanding will not last long; and since he has so earnestly begged you to give him your opinion on certain matters which may affect his position, and maintain the present concord between him and me, I should be glad if you would take the opportunity to ascertain his sentiments in respect of the Parliament, which will assuredly make the peace serve as an occasion for interfering in a way which will clash with the royal authority. . . . I have learned from persons who were present that he loudly applauded those harangues in which it was said that the peace was due to him, and that it was well known that it was he who had arranged the marriage.'

The doubt and suspicion remained after Mazarin's death. In the reorganisation of the public service, in the intrigues of the Court, in the fall of Fouquet the Prince had no part; and though in December 1661 the blue ribbon of the Order of the Saint-Esprit was conferred on him, and even with some particular marks of the royal favour, it was made sufficiently clear that these were given to the prince of the blood, not to the pardoned rebel. It was thus not to be wondered at that Condé began to listen more eagerly to the overtures from Poland, which had been repeatedly made to him since the battle of the Dunes; and for the next six years he was much occupied with the intrigues commonly attending the nomination of a new king to that chosen home of anarchy and rebellion. The Duc d'Aumale seems to suggest that the election of the Duc d'Enghien or of Condé himself might have restored peace and order to the kingdom already rushing to its ruin; and for some time Louis XIV. favoured and even—in name, at least—supported his candidature. But such salvation as Condé could have brought it was not for Poland, and in the summer of 1667 he withdrew from all active interference in its affairs.

This was at the desire of the King, who, on the eve of plunging into the War of Devolution, had resolved to avail himself of Condé's military genius, and to give him a command for which his civil employment as governor of Burgundy peculiarly fitted him. Although the law of devolution, on which the Very Christian King based his

claim to the duchy of Brabant, had nothing to do with Franche-Comté, it was clear to its people that, once engaged in a war with Spain, Louis would avail himself of the opportunity to seize on the province which he had openly coveted; while, on the other hand, Louis was, or pretended to be, alarmed by the possibility of its being used by the Spaniards as a base of operations for the invasion of Burgundy. The Comtois, with absolutely no enthusiasm for the cause of Spain, formed the idea of joining their country to Switzerland as a fourteenth canton, and opened negotiations accordingly, their agent being the abbot of Baume, one of the oldest and most influential congregations of Benedictines of Cluny. This abbot was of a character more familiar to readers of romance than of history.

Of a noble family of Berne, which, remaining Catholic, had fled from the Reformed religion and settled in Franche-Comté, Jean de Watteville was the son of a general of cavalry in the service of Spain, and brother of that other Watteville whose name, as ambassador of Spain at the time of the Fronde, has frequently occurred in former volumes of this work. Jean's life was one of adventures and crimes. Colonel in the army, after killing his man in a duel he entered a Carthusian monastery; but, wearying of the seclusion, stabbed the prior in order to escape from it; went into Spain, and in another duel killed the son of an 'exalted 'personage.' He then took refuge in a convent, where he seduced a nun, whom he carried off to Smyrna. There he got rid of her, changed his religion, became Pacha of the Morea, and distinguished himself by the customary zeal of renegades, till, in a sudden fit of repentance, he sold the castles of which he was the governor to Venice. The senate of Venice procured him—how we are not told—the absolution of the Pope (probably *in foro externo*) and the rich abbey of Baume. 'He aspired to the archbishopric of 'Besançon, but the Pope judged that the abbot's mitre and 'crozier were sufficient reward for a life so noble.' Philip IV. had appointed him dean of the chapter of Besançon and chief master of requests to the parliament of Dôle, which made him one of the most considerable men in the province. He was now especially keen in pointing out the danger which threatened its liberties if the iron yoke of Louis should be substituted for the paternal and distant rule of the Viceroy of the Netherlands, and was appointed to negotiate with the Swiss. Armed with satisfactory powers from the Viceroy, he went to Soleure, where, however,

nothing was determined on except the pronounced opposition between Watteville and the French representative of France. And after some little time the parliament of Dôle was led to believe that the questions at issue could be better settled by direct negotiation with Condé as governor of Burgundy.

The history of the War of Devolution, properly so called, the war for the seizure of Flanders, is independent of the history of Condé, except that the Duc d'Enghien accompanied the King, who repeatedly wrote to the boy's father congratulating him on his gallant bearing. It may perhaps be thought that the Duc d'Aumale somewhat exaggerates the prowess of the French arms in their successes in Flanders during July and August 1667; for, in fact, though the French army was organised and disciplined with unusual care, and was led by Turenne, the opposition to be overcome was extremely feeble. In September Condé was summoned to the Court at St. Germain, and after a week, during which he had several conferences with the King, he was, on the 30th, appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Germany, a return to active service which delighted him and his friends. Letters of congratulation flowed in on him from all sides. The exact nature of his command was as yet not made public.

'A thousand rumours were circulated as to the destination of the hero, now restored to active life; but the one most accredited—the one spread by the ministers, and even by the Prince himself—was this: that, according to trustworthy information, the Emperor would assist the Low Countries; it would be for the Prince's army to oppose the imperial troops and assemble in Champagne or on the frontier of Luxembourg.'

This must not be considered as implying that Condé was himself ignorant of the destination of his army, but merely that the matter was kept a profound secret. 'No document,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'has preserved any trace of what 'passed at the conferences with the King; but by the first 'letters after his return from Burgundy it appears that every-'thing had been settled before Condé left the Court in the 'beginning of December.' But even then nothing was made known. On January 6, 1668, Condé sent to the King a sheaf of papers which he had drawn up relative to the approaching campaign. Their titles run, 'Instructions for laying Siege 'to Besançon and Salins at the same Time;' 'Another 'Memoir on the Siege of Salins;' 'The Forces necessary for 'the Investment of Besançon;' 'Route for Besançon,' and

others. In these he explained in detail the several objects in view, but especially pointed out that

'he not only had to collect all that was wanted for the campaign, and to resolve on the different objectives, but had also to arrange everything beforehand, so that the several attacks should be sudden and simultaneous—beginning, proceeding, and ending together at the appointed time. The Comtois were not prepared; their character was sluggish; but they were tenaciously attached to their old customs; and if they were not, so to say, attacked on every side at once, their spirit of independence would be aroused and their resistance would become formidable.'

One remarkable omission the Duc d'Aumale makes: there is no mention of the secret Partition Treaty with the Emperor, concluded in January 1668, as though implying that it does not enter into the story of Condé's life. But, indeed, though as a Partition Treaty it never took effect—the postulated death of Charles II. not occurring till more than thirty years later, when the conflicting interests had assumed a new aspect—it is very certain that the absolute knowledge of the Emperor's neutrality was a very important factor in the conditions of the war, and permitted a strategy that would have been otherwise impossible.

During January an active correspondence was kept up with Louvois as to the effective strength of the army, the supply of guns, ammunition, tools, transport, &c. The preparations could not escape notice; but, though they excited some curiosity in Franche-Comté, they did not cause alarm. The season, it was said, was not suitable for war; the Prince was laid up with the gout; he was occupied in deciding questions of precedence; France had her hands full of other matters; the preparations must be purely defensive, a safeguard against any diversion attempted from Germany; and so, without fear or anxiety, the Comtois continued to discuss at Dôle, at Soleure, or at Dijon the neutrality of Franche-Comté or its union with Switzerland. Of preparations for war they made none; neither they, nor the Viceroy, nor the King of Spain had any suspicion of the pending attack till, on February 2, when the French army was collected on their frontier, the Comte de Chamilly, who had combined the duties of representing Condé in the negotiations and spying out for him the state of the country and the condition of the fortresses, suddenly declared that, as the powers of the Comtois were not signed by the Viceroy of the Netherlands, he could not treat with them.

The same day the French army crossed the frontier;

Salins fell without resistance on the 6th. On the 7th Condé in person summoned Besançon. It was practically undefended. A garrison of 250 Spanish soldiers, with some 1,700 militia hastily enrolled, and numbering in their ranks children of thirteen and old men of seventy, was powerless in the presence of a numerous, well-trained, well-equipped army, led by Condé. After a futile attempt to claim its privileges as a free city of the Empire, the town surrendered; the capitulation was signed the same evening; the next day Condé entered. The King received the news at Dijon, whither he had hastened, intending, we may believe, to see Besançon fall before his victorious presence, had not Condé on the one hand and the Spaniards on the other been too quick for him. The taking possession of the other fortresses had rather the appearance of a triumphal procession through the county. Joux, the most important by its strong position and its command of the route into Switzerland, seemed as if it might give more trouble. But Watteville, to whom variety in politics, as in religion, had an overpowering charm, to which was possibly added the seductive influence of French crowns, found means to convince the governor that in union with France lay the real hope of their country, and Joux yielded to the first summons. The whole of the mountain region followed its example. Dôle waited till ground was broken, and then opened its gates; on the evening of the 17th the King appeared before Gray; on the 18th Watteville came into the camp to treat for its surrender. On the 19th the King entered. The castle of Arlay surrendered on the 21st, Lons-le-Saulnier on the 22nd. Watteville tried to induce the Governor of Nozeroy, Guillaume de Montrichard, to surrender his charge. Montrichard replied that he would have no dealings with a perjurer; that he would sustain the attack, and that if the castle was taken he would wait till Watteville had entered, and then blow up castle and traitor together. Watteville, however, found means to stir up a mutiny in the garrison, to consign Montrichard to the dungeon, and to give up the fortress peaceably. On the 24th, having completed the conquest of Franche-Comté, Louis returned to St. Germain.

'In this rapid campaign there had been no signal feat of arms. What there is to admire is the silence, the perfection of the preparation, the extreme precision of the calculations, the boldness of the enterprise, undertaken in the depth of winter, the rigour of the season being even a condition of success. One detail omitted, and the whole scheme would have collapsed. The real action took place during the two

months which Condé passed in Burgundy, occupied in lulling the distrust of the Comtois, in collecting his forces, and in adjusting his plans with such exactness that the overwhelming conquest which resulted from it was its logical and foreseen conclusion. Franche-Comté was conquered before it was attacked. . . . The rapidity of the attack at once crushed all attempt at resistance; the Comtois, taken by surprise, were vanquished before they had time to collect their soldiers or militia, or to receive any succours. The first march divided the province in two; the two places which seemed best secured from attack were surprised and fell; the communications with Switzerland were cut; all defence was paralysed; panic set in, and treachery completed the overthrow.'

Condé was appointed governor of the conquered province, and, hastily turning it over to a deputy, followed the King, in order to concert the more extended operations which were contemplated. An army of 100,000 men—an unheard-of number—in three divisions, commanded by the King himself, with Turenne in the centre, Condé with the Duc de Luxembourg on the right, the Duc d'Orléans with Créqui on the left, was to sweep over Luxembourg, as the smaller armies had done over Flanders and Franche-Comté. Turenne, Condé, the whole army believed that the time was come to settle the question which had been at issue for the last two centuries—ever since the death of Charles the Bold; to annex the Low Countries, and carry the boundary of France to the Rhine and the Scheldt. They were, however, omitting the Grand Pensionary of Holland from their calculations. In the judgement of John de Witt it was essential to the security of Holland that the Spanish Netherlands should remain Spanish; equally so that the left bank of the Rhine should not become French. Although the name had not been invented, he was thoroughly sensible of the advantages, to a weak Power, of a 'buffer State' between it and a stronger one, and succeeded in forming the celebrated 'Triple Alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, which bound themselves to compel Spain to accept the terms offered by France, and to prevent Louis from putting forward any new conditions. The result was the peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle on May 2, 1668, by which France kept some of her recent conquests in the Low Countries, but restored Franche-Comté.

The soldiers about the King were thunderstruck when the cessation of arms was announced. It has been repeatedly stated that both Condé and Turenne urged the King to defy the Triple Alliance and pursue his intended course; that they argued that none of the treaty Powers were prepared for war, and were at the moment powerless; that France,

on the contrary, was ready for immediate action; that the order had only to be given and the desired end would be secured; from which post of vantage a defensive war could be successfully waged, if even the coalition thought fit to attempt the threatened compulsion, which—in view of the character of Charles II. of England, and of the instability of Dutch politics—was very problematical. In this there is nothing impossible, or indeed improbable; but the Duc d'Aumale, writing with a full knowledge of Condé's private papers, makes no mention of it. On the contrary, he says—

'When the King announced the definite conclusion Turenne appeared like a man who has received a stunning blow. He said that in twelve days, when Don Juan arrived, matters would be different; that nevertheless it was necessary to act together, which he repeated more than a dozen times, and even as he withdrew. In a few lines Le Tellier has described the scene: Turenne standing before the desk, his broad back bent over the maps, which he is refolding; behind him, near the door, the Prince listening to the unintelligible mutterings of his brother in arms, and jogging the minister with his elbow, while both are convulsed with laughter.'

It would almost seem that Condé had some secret intimation of the King's project; that he understood that Louis *reculait pour mieux sauter*, and that what had been done now could be done again at a more favourable time. He accordingly returned to Chantilly, happy in his restoration to public life, as also, shortly afterwards, in the improved condition of his private affairs. After keeping him for many years in a state of cruel embarrassment, these were now reduced to order by the intelligence and ability of an agent, M. de Gourville, who having been specially attached to Fouquet, and on his downfall prosecuted by Colbert and condemned to death for malversation, had escaped from France and had since been employed in confidential and important business, political and financial, in Germany, in Poland, in Holland, and in England. Notwithstanding the sentence still hanging over him, he had undertaken several commissions in Condé's service, had paid frequent visits to Chantilly, and in November 1669 was appointed the steward of his household—'intendant de ses maison et affaires.' Gourville's skilful action at Madrid obtained the payment of a large sum still due to the Prince from the Spanish Government; and by that and the reforms and economies which he introduced the creditors were satisfied, and Condé was freed from this most insufferable of evils.

His fortune now seemed at the flood. In 1670 the King

paid him a passing visit at Chantilly and took him in his train on a journey of inspection through the recent acquisitions in Flanders. In the following year the King, with the Queen and the whole Court, paid him a more formal visit, the details of which—the ceremonies, the amusements, the hunting and fishing parties, the fountains, the illuminations—were duly recorded in the 'Gazette.' Tradition has preserved the story, which the Duc d'Aumale repeats without vouching for its truth, that the King, struck by the wondrous beauty of the place, said, 'My cousin, you must let me have Chantilly.' 'Chantilly,' replied the Prince, 'is at the disposal of the King; I trust that your Majesty will nominate me as its keeper.' The visit lasted for two days, and again Condé accompanied the King on a tour of inspection in Flanders. The royal visit to Chantilly, says the Duc d'Aumale, was a public testimony that the past was forgotten. A more serious though private one was given shortly afterwards, when Condé was directed to draw up a memoir on the project which the King was then meditating, and which was, in fact, to occupy the remainder of his reign. This was the approaching war with Holland. It is, however, fairly certain that during the tour in Flanders, in company with Louvois and Turenne, the subject had been already discussed, and that what Condé was now called on to do was to reduce his opinion to writing.

The King was, in fact, bent on reversing the policy of his grandfather, and of his father, and of his father's great minister, and wreaking his vengeance on the Dutch for the insult which they had offered him in 1668. He might try to persuade himself and his counsellors that his quarrel with Holland was an affair of tariffs and commercial restrictions; or, again, that his real object was the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands; that 'the best way of achieving 'this was by abasing, by crushing the Dutch,' so as to prevent the possibility of their again interfering; but there can be little doubt that popular opinion was correct, and that a mere vulgar and unstatesmanlike thirst for revenge was the chief motive. Once resolved on, however—perhaps, indeed, before it was fully resolved on—every care was taken to ensure success. In the magnitude and exactness of the preparations, the war which followed was unprecedented.

The Duc d'Aumale believes that this was altogether due to the remarkable completeness of the success which had attended the invasion of Franche-Comté in 1668, the whole credit of which he assigns to Condé. There can be no

question that a great deal of it belonged to Condé, who alone had the practical experience of the necessities of war; but it would be unjust to the memory of another man, who, without the mighty genius of Condé, had that very important quality of genius 'the infinite capacity for taking pains,' not to recognise the great share which Louvois had not only in the preparations which preceded the campaign of 1668, but in those on a much larger scale which preceded that of 1672. This last, indeed, the Duc d'Aumale awards him, though perhaps a little grudgingly, as reaping the fruits of Condé's previous labours. The measures now directed by Louvois were, he says, inspired by Condé. In reality there were many working to the same end, among others Lionne and Turenne, no less than Condé; but so far as it is possible to award the credit of the result to one man, that one man is Louvois, who within his own province of administration was perhaps unequalled; it was when he stepped out of it, and grasped at executive power also, that his deficiencies became apparent. Of the nature as well as the extent of these preparations the Duc d'Aumale gives an admirable and detailed account.

Independent, of course, of the discipline and training of the army itself, which was largely the work of Turenne, they included the winning the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne, a Bavarian prince—and the Bishop of Münster—a Dutchman, if there is any virtue in the name of Van Galen—to the cause of France. When this was accomplished, and, under the pretence of supporting these princes against their rebellious subjects, French garrisons, with stores of provisions and munitions of war, were established in the various fortresses along the Rhine, access was opened to the United Provinces without trespassing on Spanish territory. Condé from the beginning doubted the policy of accepting the neutrality of Spain. He considered that it would necessarily be veiled hostility, and urged that it would be safer to tear off the veil and make short work of the business.

'If the war is prolonged—and it will be prolonged,' he wrote, 'the Catholic King will openly take part in it, and will draw with him the Emperor and the princes of the Empire. Then what will become of our frail alliances? Münster, a bandit; Cologne, inconceivably weak. And England, so eager now, will she continue so to the end? Will she be willing to raise the maritime power of France on the ruins of the Dutch fleet? We should do better by turning our thoughts to the Low Countries.'

We are indeed permitted to believe that Condé exaggerated

both the weakness of Spain and the power of Holland, which had grown out of its struggle with Spain; and, apparently alone among those admitted to express an opinion, he pointed out the facility with which the Dutch could repel an invasion by inundating their country. But his experience of the Low Countries had been gained in arms against the Very Christian King, and policy forbade him to refer to it in explicit terms. On March 24, 1672, war was formally declared, and on May 12 the army was put in motion. Eighty thousand men, under the King in person, with Turenne as his chief of the staff, marched from Charlerci towards the Meuse, and followed the course of the river on the left bank, whilst Condé, at the head of forty thousand, marched from Sedan, and followed the right bank of the same river. In outward appearance he held a quasi-independent command; in reality he was strictly subject to orders sent him in the King's name, but emanating presumably from Louvois. Condé had, in fact, no discretionary powers; the route, the halting-places, the subsistence of the troops, his conduct towards the several princes through whose territory he passed, all were minutely prescribed for him from head-quarters. On May 22 the two corps, on different sides of the Meuse, were abreast of each other near Maestricht. Condé was summoned to a council of war, and in it

'he urged the attacking of Maestricht, which he was confident they could take. The strategical advantages of such a conquest were incalculable; the occasion was favourable; it might possibly mean the end of the war. Turenne, on the other hand, wished to push on without delay; to advance at once on Holland; and this was also the opinion of the King.'

The deliberations before Maestricht have been very generally misunderstood; it has been commonly represented that Turenne and Condé were agreed as to the advisability of advancing without delay, and that the King, holding a contrary opinion, yielded to their advice. The Duc d'Aumale's statement, on the authority of Condé's autograph minutes, is conclusive as to the facts; though, unfortunately, nothing is said as to the reasons adduced by the Prince in support of his opinion, which appears to be at variance with his usual forward strategy. It was, however, resolved to mask Maestricht and to advance by the line of the Rhine, Condé crossing at Neuss and following the right bank. The fortresses nominally held for the Dutch surrendered without resistance. They were, in fact, incapable

of making any. De Witt, intent on the supremacy of his party—if we should not rather say faction—and apprehensive that a strong army or impregnable fortresses might be weapons against himself in the hands of the Prince of Orange, had neglected to secure the country from the danger of foreign aggression, and he now paid the penalty for his criminal neglect, though not till after his country was laid prostrate at the feet of the invader. It is unnecessary to follow the course of events, which are familiar to all students of military history; it is rather to their signification, as explained by the new material now before us, that our attention is directed.

The Duc d'Aumale, after describing the circumstances of Condé's being wounded in the passage of the Rhine, near Doornenburg, on June 12, rightly insists on the very great importance of the wound in the story of the campaign. It has been generally slurred over or omitted altogether. For, indeed, a pistol bullet in the left arm does not in itself appear any great thing. The wound, however, was more serious than might have been supposed, and, together with grief for the loss of his nephew, the young Duc de Longueville, who was slain at the same time, induced a fever, which, followed by a violent attack of gout, took the Prince away from the army at a very critical time. Though not commander-in-chief, Condé's opinion unquestionably made itself known, and carried weight at headquarters; but his absence caused not only the loss of that, as an impulsive force; it caused also the absence of Turenne from the King's side; and though the Duc d'Aumale does not estimate Turenne, even as a strategist, quite so highly as we do, he has no doubt that the removal of Turenne to command the division which Condé vacated was the immediate cause of the delays which followed, of the pottering over the petty fortresses on the Yssel, of the Dutch being allowed time to recover from their panic and to flood the country. Had Turenne and Condé continued to guide the King's counsels, it can scarcely be doubted that the result of that summer campaign would have been very different. As it was, time was gained; and, in such a case, time was everything. It meant the realisation by Germany of the Very Christian King's intentions; it meant the adhesion to the Dutch cause of Brandenburg and of the Empire; it meant the prolongation of the war, the active intervention of Spain, the falling away of England—the fulfilment, in fact, of the prophetic opinion previously expressed by Condé. The whole character of the

war was changed, and during the following autumn Turenne, with only 16,000 men—all that could be spared of the 120,000 mustered in May—was called on to defend the line of the Rhine from the threatened advance of 40,000, led by Montecuccoli, who, well known as the able general of the Imperial armies against the Swedes and the Turks, had not had till now, in his sixty-third year, an opportunity of proving his remarkable capacity as a strategist and a tactician.

In the end of October Condé, his wound scarcely healed, and still suffering from gout, was appointed to command an army of observation—to guard, in fact, the Rhine between Mainz and Strassburg against any attempt of the enemy to make a diversion in favour of the Prince of Orange by a sudden attack on France. On his arrival at Metz Condé found that his army consisted of not more than 6,000 men; that there were no superior officers on whom he could depend; that he had no instructions, and no news from Turenne. And so it continued during the winter. It may be that the name of Condé was in itself sufficient to impose on the Imperial generals, who might conclude, without too close investigation, that a man of Condé's rank and repute did not take the field without a competent number of troops at his disposal; but the principal result of the campaign—if it may be called one—was the bitter feeling which it engendered between Turenne and Condé. That it did so was entirely the fault of Louvois, not only for appointing two such men to commands in which one must appear as either the rival or the subordinate of the other, but also for aggravating in each the symptoms of discontent which he manifested. 'Nearly every day,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'Louvois blew the fire, never losing an opportunity in his 'letters to the Prince of impeaching Turenne, and sending 'him copies of all strictures or censures addressed to the 'Marshal.' Is it not probable that he did something of the same kind in other letters to Turenne, which he did not show Condé? The Duc d'Aumale is at any rate convinced that 'Louvois dreaded to see anything like a perfect agree-'ment between the two captains, which might very well prove 'a check to his own power.' It may be pointed out that between the marshals of the Empire similar, though—as between men of lower social standing—more violent feuds were notorious, and were as carefully nurtured by Napoleon *

* See, for one extreme instance, 'Mémoires du Général de Marbot,' tom. ii. chap. xvii.

as that of which we are now speaking seems to have been by Louvois. The Minister's wish, however, was not fully successful; Condé fathomed his policy, and saw no occasion to gratify him by quarrelling with a man whom he admired, though he never, perhaps, counted him as a friend; and Turenne's bitterness died out when once satisfied that the Prince was not there to supersede him.

In February 1673 Condé was appointed to the command of the forces in Holland, and after two months in Paris he arrived at Utrecht towards the end of April, having first made the round of the several places which the French held. At Utrecht Condé established himself, the gout making travel painful, though fortunately confining itself to his feet or hands. Under these circumstances he appointed his son and the Duc de Luxembourg as his lieutenant-generals to attend to the more active part of the preparations. Luxembourg had been previously in chief command, but as a pupil of Condé's had no jealousy of his master. Between the two there was always a most friendly feeling, although we are permitted to suppose that Condé did not approve of the excessive severity, or rather brutality, which Luxembourg had shown during the winter in marching through the enemy's country. It was, however, done; it was when Luxembourg was independent, and it was not Condé's business to take official notice of it. For other cruelties, as deadly it may be as the others, and carried on by orders from the King, he conceived that he was in a measure responsible, and he exerted himself to put an end to them. On April 25, on his first arrival at Nimwegen, he wrote to Louvois—

'I am bound to tell you that I find the disposition of the people in this neighbourhood very different from what it was last year. They are all in despair on account of the intolerable taxes to which they are subjected every day. It seems to me that the profit got by these in excess of what might be got by gentler methods is but moderate, and is not worth the bitter hatred incurred by it. I doubt if it is the King's interest to continue it As to which you will let me know his wishes.'

The Prince's language was not much to the taste of Louvois, and he answered at once, on May 6—

'The King knows very well that the taxes which he has given repeated orders to levy on the people of Holland cannot have rendered them well-disposed, nor make them desire to remain under his rule; but his Majesty is of opinion that their money is worth more than their good-will, and that it will be even advantageous that all those indi-

viduals in Holland who lose their money should raise an outcry. He therefore desires that the conduct hitherto followed in this respect may be continued, and that your Highness will be as severe and pitiless to those who come to you to complain of the treatment they receive as you would be the opposite if you followed the promptings of your own nature.'

Condé was unwilling to give up the point without a struggle, and wrote again on May 19—

'After this once I will say no more on the subject of the taxes about which you write to me; but you must excuse me saying that the money collected in this way over and above that which might be collected without driving the people to despair is very inconsiderable; I would even venture to say that its value is far below their good-will, which is capable of causing a revolution more important than any which has yet happened. But I am going to assume a brow of iron, since so you wish it, and to be the most pitiless man in the world.'

He did not do so, however, but during his stay at Utrecht continued to alleviate the horrors of the system as much as lay in his power. But residence at Utrecht was extremely disagreeable to him. There was much misery; there was no society; and, as there was no sign of the inundation going down, no military operations could be attempted. 'The 'enemy,' he wrote to Louvois on June 6, 'have no post which 'is not supported by large and heavy-armed frigates, or, if 'the water is not deep enough for them, by boats carrying 'smaller guns;' and, whilst De Ruyter held the sea in spite of the combined Anglo-French fleet, the enemy's positions on the coast were equally unassailable. It was, therefore, a true relief to him to be ordered in July into Brabant; in October he was further ordered to evacuate Holland, and in the end of the month he quitted the command and returned to Paris. We do not propose to follow the course of the war, in which, with the exception of the battle of Seneff, on August 11, 1674—perhaps the most scientific and ingenious, though not the most brilliant, of all in which he was engaged—Condé's share was not particularly noteworthy. On the death of Turenne, on July 25, 1675, he was appointed to the command of the army of Germany; but, though he succeeded in bringing it safely out of the critical position in which he found it, the campaign came to an end in November without any action of importance. During these months he had been continually thwarted by Louvois, who thought he knew more about the strength of the army than Condé did, and roundly contradicted his reports of 'state and condi-'tion' by a reference to the numbers as shown by the pay lists. He went beyond this.

'Louvois,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'was not contented with administrating and giving general instructions for the war. He desired to rule, and direct the operations in detail. Sometimes he seemed to reprimand Condé for his slowness and indecision. Here is an instance: Learning that Montecuccoli had begun the siege of Saverne, he at once sent orders to the Prince to relieve the place, implying some surprise that he had not already done it. His letter was inopportune. At the very moment of his writing it the siege was raised. But none the less the Prince was annoyed by it. It can be seen that in his answer he had difficulty in controlling himself. . . . "I cannot, without endangering everything," he wrote, "march till the troops sent from Lorraine have arrived. I have informed you of the true state of the army; trust to what I have informed you; anything else which you believe about it is pure illusion. . . . If I had judged it possible to advance without ruining the army, or obviously hazarding the King's service, I should not have found much pleasure in waiting; but the enemy, by raising the siege, have spared me that pain."'

Louvois had probably tried to take the same line with Turenne; but, so far as Louis was concerned, Turenne was a man of blameless antecedents, and refused to be dictated to; Condé's position was different, and he was allowed to see that his past might at any time be brought up against him. His health gave him a sufficient excuse, and when the army went into winter quarters he retired from the command; nor could he be prevailed on in the following year to take any further service. He withdrew to Chantilly, where, amid his family, his friends, his books and harmless gaiety, the time slipped easily away. Only once again does his name occur in connexion with the public service, and then in a manner which, however creditable, was not and was not desired to be prominent.

It was in 1685 that the celebrated revocation of the Edict of Nantes was promulgated. It had, however, been preparing for four years. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the political folly of the measure which drove out of France many thousands of her most able and most industrious sons; unnecessary also to discuss its motive, whether induced by the bigotry of the King or the promptings of Madame de Maintenon, as many writers have asserted on—it may be—insufficient evidence, or, as the Duc d'Aumale seems to believe, 'by an abstract conception of absolute power; by 'that passion for uniformity which, down to our own time, 'has been so often mistaken for unity,' and by the baleful influence of Louvois, 'that pitiless leveller,' who checked or destroyed many French industries, some of them for ever. Unquestionably the evil was very great, the 'dragonnades'

abominable, the persecution everywhere cruel and detestable; but when English writers speak in wondering tones of the loss so caused to France they ought to compare the policy of the French King with the not very dissimilar policy of the English Parliament in the seventeenth and during a great part of the eighteenth century, and to remember how many thousands of our own countrymen—English, Scots, or Irish—were driven across the seas: Puritans, to found the colony of Massachusetts in a spirit of bitterness and hostility, or Catholics, to swell the armies and man the fleets of France. The discussion, however, is beyond our present purpose.

'The revocation of the Edict of Nantes would hold no place in the story of Condé's life, if his name were not associated, by noble memories, with the history of the Reformers in France, and if, by a tradition which he himself renewed, Huguenots had not always been freely numbered among his friends, companions, and dependents.'

While still a mere lad Condé, then Duc d'Enghien, had roused his father's displeasure by the number of the heretics with whom he associated.

'The most brilliant of these young men had fallen in the wars; others had been lost sight of; some had changed their religion. A good many of humbler grade had kept their posts as equerries, gentlemen, doctors, apothecaries, or domestics, in the free and peaceable exercise of their religion, unmolested, unmolesting, living on a footing of perfect equality with the Catholics who held similar appointments. It was in this that the edict of revocation touched the Prince. How was he to reconcile his personal feelings, which were in a measure hereditary, with that submission to the King's will by which he desired to shape his conduct?'

The Duc d'Aumale answers the question by citing special instances, drawn from the original correspondence preserved in the archives of Chantilly. From these it appears that, while professing entire obedience to the Edict, Condé sheltered such fugitives as sought his protection, and supplied them with means to leave the kingdom. Among others the case of M. de Morin, a gentleman of Condé's household, deserves particular mention. Morin's brother, who held an official position in the parliament of Guyenne, was compelled to conform, in name at least. Morin himself refused to do so, and being unable to remain longer at Chantilly, went, with Condé's approval, into hiding in Paris. His wife, dying of an internal disease, was left at Chantilly, where the officers of the royal commission came to interrogate her as she lay in bed. She answered that her ancestors had lived in the Reformed religion and she intended to die in it. The

report was drawn up accordingly, and it was not without difficulty that Condé obtained a stay of proceedings against the dying woman. Morin hastened to Chantilly to bid a last farewell to his wife, and returned to Paris. He was discovered and his young son taken from him. The Edict forbade 'obstinate Huguenots' to have the charge of their children. Condé succeeded in obtaining permission for the boy to be placed under the care of a Catholic friend of his father's; and Morin, 'having lost all that was precious to him,' resolved to leave the country. By Condé's protection he was able to do so, and to find a refuge at Neufchâtel, where, again by Condé's recommendation to the authorities, he was well received. After a while he found life there wearisome and went into Holland, where he lived at the Hague till 1716, receiving from Condé's heirs a pension of 1,500 livres, equal to about 150*l.* of the money of the day.

'We must not forget,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'that when Condé provided Morin and others with the means to pass the frontiers, and by his recommendations secured for them an asylum in foreign parts, as well as the means of subsistence, he was acting in a courageous and humane manner in infringing the orders of the King, notwithstanding his rule of respecting them most scrupulously; for the severest penalties were then in force against those Huguenots who should attempt to escape, and against any one who should help them to do so. Afterwards the King relaxed his severity on this point, and permitted the departure of many wretches for whom the kingdom had been transformed into a prison. Then began that fatal exodus which deprived the country of so many good citizens, and peopled other lands with irreconcilable enemies of France.'

Condé's efforts to mitigate the fury or severity of the persecutors were practically his last public service, and by a strange coincidence, after many years of devotion to the King, were in opposition to the King's will. Though not yet sixty-five, he was now an old and broken man. The social campaigns of his youth more than even the hardships of war had been followed by the torments with which outraged nature is wont to revenge itself. For many years he had been subject to paroxysms of gout and gravel, which advancing age rendered still more painful and more frequent. His later years were largely devoted to the interest he took in the education of his grandson, the Duc de Bourbon, who on the death of his father, in 1709, became Prince de Condé for a year, dying himself in 1710. Between the old Prince and his son, the Duc d'Enghien, there was a wide difference of opinion as to the boy's training. The Duke wished him

to be before everything a courtier; the Prince wished him to be a man. The Prince wanted him to limit his hunting to once a week; the Duke would have him hunt every day, so that he should be seen in the company of the Dauphin. A letter from Condé on the subject, dated September 16, 1685, is more especially interesting as written by one who was so pre-eminently a man of action.

'I cannot refrain from informing you that I hear on all sides that your son goes hunting daily. I am apprehensive that this violent exercise, and particularly wolf-hunting, which is the most violent, may make him ill. Take care of this; it prevents his studying. He will become a very good hunter, but ignorant of everything which it is most important he should know. It is your place to remedy this, and to think of his life, health, and good education. I pray you to see to it, and not to wait until the time to remedy it is passed.' And, a week later, 'The care of his health and education concerns you more immediately than it does me. You must form your own conclusion on the matter, and I shall not trouble myself to say anything further about it.'

The young Duke, born in October 1668, was at this time seventeen, and had been married in the previous July to a daughter of the King and Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de Nantes, then only twelve. The course of his life was almost Oriental, and the young husband continued his studies —when his father would permit him—under the direction of the celebrated Labruyère. The education of his nephews, sons of his brother Armand, Prince de Conti, who had died in 1666, had previously occupied much of Condé's thoughts; and when the boys joined the army for the campaigns of 1683 and 1684 he followed the events of the war with the closest interest. In January 1680 the elder, Louis Armand, Prince de Conti, had married Mademoiselle de Blois, the royal daughter of the Duchesse de la Vallière, and the King was pleased to demand from him the duty of a son to his father in addition to that of a subject to his king. When then, after the campaign of 1684, the Prince and his younger brother went on a madcap expedition to Hungary to fight the Turk—which they did in a very gallant manner—Louis was furious, and, instead of treating it as a frolic of hot-brained and adventurous youth, judged it as a case of *lèse-majesté*, if not of high treason. It was on the younger and more high-spirited of the two, François Louis, Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, that the King's wrath chiefly fell; the elder, he thought, could not have conceived such a thing if François had not persuaded him to it. On their return to France, in

September 1685, they were very coldly received, and as La Roche-sur-Yon did not appear at all convinced of the enormity of his offence, the King attributed all the misfortunes of the family to his wickedness. That his brother's wife, the King's daughter, had a slight attack of small-pox was an aggravation of his crimes; and the death of his brother, who died of the same disease on November 8, was the coping-stone of it. The lad, now Prince de Conti, was banished from the Court, and during the following months lived at Chantilly with his uncle, listening with enthusiasm to his stories and treasuring his instructions.

'He frequently asked the old warrior to permit him to write down all these lessons, these examples, the recollection of which he faithfully preserved, and to submit the copy to him for correction. If he had been able to do this, we should have the genuine memoirs of Condé; but he, in simple and sincere modesty, always refused, saying it was not worth the trouble.'

It was this François, Prince de Conti, who afterwards distinguished himself on the hard-fought fields of Steinkirk and Landen. The anger of the King towards his favourite nephew was the great trouble of Condé's last days. His last interview with the King was at Fontainebleau, on November 12, 1686. The Duchesse de Bourbon, his grandson's wife, was indisposed: small-pox was spoken of. Condé, though himself extremely feeble, had hastened thither from Chantilly. On the 12th the King, having news of his daughter's illness, but not, it would appear, of the grave apprehensions concerning it, hurried also to Fontainebleau. As he mounted the staircase towards her apartment Condé collected his strength, took some paces forward, and cast himself across the doorway to bar the passage and save the King from the risk of infection. Louis, deeply moved by this unexpected resistance on the part of the old Prince, stopped, and ended by withdrawing. On his return to Versailles he wrote to his cousin, expressing his gratitude in terms guarded indeed, but affectionate.

The Duchess's illness, fortunately, took a favourable turn, and at the end of fifteen days she was pronounced out of danger. Condé then wished to return to Chantilly, but his weakness was extreme; and, while arrangements were being made for his journey, he became so much worse that it was impossible to move him. On December 10 he noticed the anxiety of his physicians. 'Is there danger?' he asked. 'Do not hide anything from me.' 'Monseigneur,' replied the physicians, it is time to think of the sacraments.' 'That's the way to

speak,' said Condé, and desired the priest to be sent for. He wished to write to the King, but his failing hand refused the service. He was compelled to dictate, and, as a dying man, begged the King to pardon his nephew. Early the next morning his son, the Duc d'Enghien, arrived from the Court, and brought the news that Conti had been pardoned. The letter which the Prince had dictated the day before had not been despatched, and it was opened for the addition of a postscript expressing his gratitude. 'I am very happy,' it concluded, 'in that I have still sufficient life remaining to 'return my humble thanks to your Majesty. I die con-'tented if you will do me the justice to believe that there is 'no one who has had for you sentiments so full of respect, 'devotion, and, if I may say it, of affection.'

A little after this he was joined by Conti, who had received timely intimation of his pardon, and by his old schoolfellow and friend, Père de Champs, whose ministry had led him, in his old age, back to the Christianity of his childhood. In their society, and that of his son Enghien and Enghien's wife, the day passed away. At half-past seven in the evening, December 11, 1686, he died, gently, almost unexpectedly; a man who, with many faults, had many virtues and a rare genius; a man whom his own and after ages have agreed to honour as 'le grand Condé;' a man to whose glorious memory the Duc d'Aumale has now raised this noble monument, which will remain when brass or marble has crumbled into dust.

The writing is worthy of its subject; and as we gaze on the several portraits which enrich the volumes, we seem better able to realise and to understand the character of this extraordinary man; to appreciate its strength in the massive brow, the fierce eye, the vulturine nose, all telling of power, decision, impetuosity; but also its weakness in the chin, receding to such a degree that, to any one first looking at it, it is perhaps the most noticeable feature. It is, of course, easy to over-estimate the value of a portrait as a gauge of character; but, unless painters, sculptors, and the death mask all agreed to represent Condé's features as something different from what they really were, the marked agreement as to essentials between these portraits must be considered as conclusive, and the more so as it seems so satisfactorily to explain, and be explained by, the story now brought to an end.

ART. X.—1. *Autour du Tonkin.* Par HENRI-PH. D'ORLÉANS. Paris: 1894.

2. *The Trade of India,* 1894–95. By J. E. O'CONNOR (Statistical Bureau, Government of India).

3. *The Law of Civilisation and Decay: an Essay of History.* By BROOKS ADAMS. London: 1895.

4. *Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance in* 1895 (*China and Japan*).

MR. BROOKS ADAMS, whose book stands on the list at the head of this article, is possessed by the modern spirit of scientific analysis, which reduces complex phenomena to their simplest and most elementary forms. 'Thought,' he tells us, 'is one of the manifestations of 'human energy, and among the earlier phases of thought 'two stand conspicuous, Fear and Greed. Fear, which 'stimulates the imagination and developes supernatural 'beliefs; and Greed, which dissipates energy in war and 'trade.' He proceeds to show how, in the process of the consolidation of societies, fear yields to greed, as military ardour is superseded by economic emulation, and religious enthusiasm tends to lose its influence over human action. With the storing of great wealth begins the reign of the capitalist; but Mr. Adams considers that the despotism of all-powerful capital is in the long run detrimental to the productive energies, and that the intensity of industrial competition is self-destructive. 'By their inventive genius 'the Western races have attained a velocity of movement so 'unprecedented that, for more than a century, they have 'defied the cheap labour of the East, but . . . the inventive 'faculty brings with it the seeds of its own decay; for, as 'by means of electricity and steam all peoples are welded 'into a compact mass, competition brings all down to a 'common level.' And now, as the nineteenth century draws to its end, when East and West are being fused into one economic whole, unrestricted competition must work out its result, as it did when the seat of empire passed from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The ultimate result of competition worked up to high pressure by insatiable capitalists is a loss of energy, manifesting itself in a gradual dissipation of capital, which at last ends in disintegration.

After this manner does Mr. Brooks Adams survey rapidly the chief economic revolutions in the world's history, touching upon their origin and connexion, and observing the signs

that portend a decline of England's wealth and power. In a chapter on 'Spain and India' he draws from the commercial history of England in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries illustrations of his theory that the influx of bullion into the country at these two periods stimulated the foreign exchanges, and multiplied the velocity of trading operations. The result, he infers, was to drive all the country's energies into the channels of foreign adventure and Oriental conquest, while it also caused great social and political changes at home. 'When the buccaneers had been scuttling treasure galleons 'for a generation, they found themselves possessed of enough 'specie to set them dreaming of India, and thus piracy laid 'the foundations of the British empire in Asia.' Mr. Adams proceeds to relate how their 'predatory temperament' drove the English abroad over land and sea; how, being indomitably unscrupulous in their pursuit of wealth, they preyed on the Spanish convoys of precious metal, plundered the towns of the Spanish Main, destroyed the French colonies, and finally laid their grasp upon India. His account of our transactions in India is highly coloured and inaccurate. 'Upon the plundering of India,' he writes, 'there can be no 'better authority than Macaulay;' and he extracts from the famous essays on Clive and Hastings two passages that contain even more rhetoric and less history than usual. He observes also that our dealings in African slavery conduced greatly to the early prosperity of our colonisation; and that, in short, the expansion of England has been accomplished by a somewhat arbitrary appropriation of other folk's capital and services.

We do not now propose to examine closely the series of brilliant generalisations with which the author illuminates this wide-ranging historical survey. We may readily accept the proposition that bold and adroit use of capital and labour, especially in the hands of powerful chartered companies, lay at the root of national enterprises that finally triumphed by skilful administration and the good fortune that attends daring in war. We make no objection to the general drift of his remarks upon the ideas and motives, imaginative and economic, that govern progressive societies —upon the happiness and misery, the striving and trampling, that are inseparable from the keen and relentless struggle for superiority among rival nations. The following quotation is a fair sample of the book's style and method:—

'In proportion as movement accelerates societies consolidate, and as societies consolidate they pass through a profound intellectual change.

Energy ceases to find vent through the imagination, and takes the form of capital; hence as civilisations advance the imaginative temperament tends to disappear, while the economic instinct is fostered, and thus substantially new races of men come to possess the world.

'Nothing so portentous overhangs humanity as this mysterious and relentless acceleration of movement which changes methods of competition and alters paths of trade, for by it countless millions of men and women are foredoomed to happiness or misery as certainly as the beasts and trees which have flourished in the wilderness are destined to vanish when the soil is subdued by man.'

Here we have the dark side of modern progress (as it is called) lighted up by a flash of imaginative expression. If the ideas are not altogether original, the present state of the world in no way diminishes their force or their practical application.

That a sharpening of the acquisitive faculties is apt to damp the fervour with which men have pursued spiritual ideals, that speculation is a word which rapidly takes a very earthly meaning, that great possessions bar the gate of heaven, are tendencies of human nature long ago verified. Whether the modern European suffers more acutely from the *auri sacra fames* than did the Phœnician, or the Greek, or the Roman, may fairly be questioned; but there is no doubt that its effects are now to be witnessed on a much greater scale; for the accumulation and movement of capital spur on the migration of men. Nor has the imaginative motive (to use Mr. Brooks Adams's phrase) by any means disappeared; for while the merchants demand open markets for their commodities, the missionaries insist on State protection and support in the diffusion of religious doctrines among non-Christian peoples; and at this moment the oppression of Christianity in Asia Minor has roused all Europe. We can do no more than indicate, on this occasion, the broad outline of 'the Law of Civilisation and Decay;' but we may commend the book to all who desire to see how the expansion of England is handled by a somewhat censorious American philosopher. There is much in it that bears directly on large economic problems that are now troubling Western nations, especially upon the very complex subject of the commercial and political interaction between Europe and Asia.

In the economic history of the world during the second half of the nineteenth century, one dominant characteristic has been an immense accumulation of wealth in Western Europe and in America. But wealth does not bring con-

tentment to nations; nor have they shown any disposition to settle down quietly, like prosperous individuals, upon their gains. The national family multiplies in most countries still faster than its riches; and a great commercial people is so far from being able to limit or relinquish business that it must, on the contrary, be maintained and continually extended at the peril of internal disorder. To provide outlets for a superabundant and restless population must always be a matter of primary concern to modern statesmen; and while emigration eases the difficulties of government at home, on the other hand the best-governed nations are most successful abroad. For in a highly organised community the rise of morality, the larger consideration shown for all classes, the equalisation of rights and burdens, all contribute towards the strength and unity of a nation; they temper and moderate interior discords, and thus they give full scope to the force and intelligence that arm an energetic people for competition upon the arena of commerce or colonisation.

But while the activity of the West redoubles and expands under these powerful stimulants, the kingdoms of the East present at this moment a very different appearance. Between European and Asiatic States the contrast in war power, administrative organisation, and scientific capacity was never at any previous period so wide; and while the former are eagerly advancing in all branches of skill and knowledge, the latter are stationary or even decadent. At the same time Europe is acquiring a much clearer and closer acquaintance than heretofore with Asia; and the effect is to provoke comparisons that are always damaging and often unfair to the backward rulerships. Among a civilised people accustomed to live under a logical and systematic administration, supervised by journalism and animated by popular representation, the spectacle of slow-moving, blundering despotisms, with their low vitality and habitual recklessness, excites anger and intolerance. Very little trouble is taken to study their methods or to understand their difficulties; so that indignation is stirred up and heated by the outcry of the press and the platform against an inarticulate Oriental ruler, until it becomes a plain moral duty to set his house in order for him. Now interference of this kind is not only praiseworthy, it is also for the most part easy and profitable; for whatever may be the latent resources, intellectual or material, of Oriental races (and we are by no means disposed to under-

rate them), they are usually dormant or misused. Some of the richest countries of Asia have already fallen, with very little resistance, under European dominion; while others, equally productive, are now lying open and virtually defenceless. When we turn from this scene to look at the fleets and armies of Europe, its wealth and population, and when we observe that all communications by sea and land are everywhere in the hands of the white races, we can readily see why the independence and integrity of Asiatic rulerships are in growing peril from the needs and rivalries of the West.

The grave complications that have arisen within the past year, both in Turkey and China, are the latest symptoms of their constitutional debility. It would seem as if the only historic sovereignties that have hitherto maintained strength and independence in Asia—the immemorial mother of mighty empires—are succumbing to the fatal malady that is engendered by contact with Europe. Misrule and financial dilapidation are chronic among Oriental governments; yet so long as they can ward off foreign invasion and are left to themselves, they have a fair chance of curing intestine troubles. The Osmanli Sultan, like the Chinese Emperor, represents a dynasty with high imperial traditions that has held its ground under many severe vicissitudes; but in both cases the interference of Europe is likely to be the sharpest trial of all, for it dislocates their rough administrative machinery and aggravates internal confusion. In Asia Minor the Christian sects are renouncing the Sultan's authority; in Yemen the Arabs are attacking the Turkish garrisons, and any general insurrection against the Sultan's authority in the Holy Land of Islam would ruin his pretensions to the Caliphate. As the Arabs are taking advantage of troubles at Stamboul, so the unruly tribes of north-east Asia are availing themselves of confusion at Pekin. Far away in the Mongolian provinces of the Chinese empire, the Tungânis represent a community of fanatic and fighting Mahomedans who migrated eastward from Turkistan about three centuries ago, and who have suffered heavily in the last fifty years from the cupidity and oppression of Pekin officials. Thirty years ago the Taeping rebellion gave them an opportunity; and their outbreak was crushed after a bloody and protracted struggle. Having recently obtained arms on the pretext of enlisting against the Japanese, they have again mustered under the standard of Islam for a fierce onslaught upon the Chinese generals and governors. These

are the intractable half-tamed tribes which every Oriental ruler finds the hardest to manage; and if it is true that both the Arabs and the Tungânis are well supplied with rifles, the revolt will not be easily suppressed.

It is possible, and in our opinion it is much to be hoped, that these disorders may be quieted before they become irremediable; for if England can really afford to look on with unconcern at the disruption of the Osmanli and the Chinese empires, her settled policy for some time past must have been wrong. During more than a century we have been propping up Turkey as a bulwark against Russia's designs upon the Danubian provinces, Asia Minor, and the Mediterranean littoral; and for the last twenty years we have treated China as a huge conglomerate block that is very useful in resisting the pressure of Russia upon our northern frontier in India, and generally upon north-eastern Asia. To join in the subjection or partition of Turkey out of sympathy with the oppressed Armenian would be a lame and impotent conclusion to a traditional system of maintaining the Sultan's independence; and to stand by with indifference while China is thrown into confusion will be little less than political fatuity. Yet it would seem as if in Turkey we were undoing the work of our own hands. Misrule has provoked foreign interference, and interference has exasperated misrule. Then follow diplomatic pressure, menaces of armed coercion, jealousies among the interposing Powers, paralysis of the Oriental government under European dictation, demands for impossible reforms, protectorates, and the inevitable financier. No Eastern rulership ever throve under European patronage, or shook off the deadly incubus of European debt. At Constantinople and Cairo the revenues are largely mortgaged to the Western capitalist; at Pekin the golden bait has only just been swallowed, yet the floundering of the Government shows that it already feels the hook. At each of the two opposite extremities of Asia a great dominion is shaken by internal commotions, worried by the peremptory, and often conflicting, demands of foreign ambassadors, and alarmed by combinations formed in the name of public order, which nevertheless bode ill to the world's peace.

In the foregoing pages we have glanced briefly at the general resemblance of the situation in Turkey to that which prevails in China, and at a certain coincidence in the present complication of affairs in the two empires. We

need hardly add that in all other particulars, historical, economical, and geographical, the new Chinese problem differs essentially from the old Turkish question; and it is to the political outlook upon the far side of Asia, to the shifting of old landmarks, the unlocking of gates hitherto closed, the redistribution of weights in the balance of power, and all the contending influences at work throughout this vast region, that we propose to invite the special attention of our readers.

It will be for the historian of the nineteenth century to measure and record the overflow of European dominion into Asia, and to investigate the predisposing causes that have determined a widespread displacement of moral and material conditions, of wealth and power, throughout the two continents. We can only touch lightly and superficially upon such a boundless field of inquiry, by way of preface to certain points of immediate and practical interest. It may be observed, in the first place, that commerce seems to be rapidly superseding colonisation as the mainspring of national activities in Western Europe. The occupation of all the productive lands within the temperate zone must soon close the era of agricultural emigration; and the settlements in Australasia have already become flourishing mercantile communities. Half the world is deeply in debt to England, with the result that the interest on her immense investment of capital in backward countries is returned to her in the shape of cheap produce that undersells Englishmen in their own markets, and competes everywhere with some of her most important manufactures. The struggle for commercial advantage is thus becoming sharper, until the foreign exchanges, the balance of trade upon a mass of complicated transactions, are now more than ever matters of vital moment to the most energetic races. 'From the dawn of European history 'to the rise of modern London,' writes Mr. Brooks Adams, 'the Eastern trade has enriched every community where it 'has been centred;' and the remark, though by no means original, may be quoted here to explain the keen interest taken by the foremost maritime nations in the destinies of the Far East.

Now the prize for which these nations formerly contended was the seaborne traffic between Europe and Asia; they were merely traders and carriers. For many centuries after the fall of the Roman empire the white Western races had no foothold in Asia, and indeed were hardly able to beat back the irruptions of Eastern hordes into their own con-

tinent. But since the sixteenth century, when the tide of territorial conquest again turned outward from Europe, the European has been rapidly acquiring a scattered dominion in every quarter of the world. He has not only founded colonies and set up kingdoms in temperate climates; he has also planted himself in islands or maritime tracts which he cannot himself cultivate, although the cultivation is exceedingly profitable. This spread of European dominion into tropical and subtropical countries introduced, side by side with the demand for Asiatic produce, a demand for Asiatic labour, and the supply of the demand has become a matter of prime necessity. For two centuries it was met, as we know, by negro slavery; and since slavery has ceased the planters have been falling back upon free Asiatic labour, especially upon coolie immigration. Now the south-eastern regions of Asia form an immense reservoir of superfluous population, which presses so hard upon the means of subsistence that cheap labour is always available for export abroad. So, while the produce of the East goes to flood the great Western markets, the labourer is transported by organised emigration to the lands which the white man has cleared and occupied, but is unable to cultivate. It has thus come to pass that, whereas in the old colonies of North America, Australasia, and the Cape, the European working-man insists on excluding the Asiatic, in the tropical settlements the Asiatic labourer has become the object of eager and extending competition.

In these circumstances the command of the Asiatic labour market is a great economical revenue, and a material advantage to the country that possesses it. And, so far as our present experience goes (for Asiatic emigration depends on facility of transport), the colonising races of Asia are the Indians and the Chinese. From time immemorial the Chinese have boldly crossed the seas in search of employment; and now a carefully organised Emigration Department is distributing the superabundant cultivators of India into many lands, from the coast of South America to the archipelago of the Western Pacific. The fact that the Uganda Railway will be laid by skilled artisans from India is but a precursory sign of the drain of labour from Asiatic sources which is sure to set in with the opening up of Africa from its eastern seaboard. In fact, the exercise by the Indian Government of its power of opening or closing at will the channels of coolie emigration is already exciting remon-

strance and formal complaints from such remote foreign settlements as Surinam, French Guiana, and Réunion.

But one indispensable condition of industrial enterprise is security, and the bulk of the troops and the police in Asiatic possessions must always be Asiatic. No considerable dependency upon that continent can be held by Europeans without a native army; but as yet the only rulers who have raised such forces on an effective scale have been the English in India. The Indian soldier has hitherto lent himself to discipline more readily than any other race of Eastern Asia; and the Sikhs are in high request for police from the Chinese seaports to the new settlements in Nyassaland, where the simple African tribes regard them with profound admiration. It must be manifest that the government which controls the most abundant supply of efficient labour and service must be very advantageously situated for the consolidation and developement of Asiatic dominion; and at the present time this superiority of industrial resources belongs to the rulers of India and China.

Fresh markets, then, in the first place, and secondly a supply of free labour, are the two requisitions which Europe is making upon Asia. But Asia on its western side is neither rich nor populous; and from Persia to China all the South-eastern countries, except the tottering kingdom of Siam, are European possessions or protectorates. It is therefore no wonder if the attention of the European Powers is becoming concentrated upon that great and productive region of Eastern Asia that still remains comparatively unexplored and undeveloped, secluded from foreign entry or intercourse by a government that is at last beginning reluctantly to unbar the frontiers. To many Englishmen it may seem that the Far Eastern question has this year assumed an abrupt and unforeseen prominence; they had only heard distant rumours of disputes with France in South-west China, of Russian pressure upon the remote Mongolian frontier, and of Anglo-Indian quarrels over opium at the seaports. Yet the political clouds that now overhang all the borders of the Celestial Empire had long been gathering, and China's defeat by Japan has merely quickened the coming of events that had been plainly foreshadowed. For as soon as the easy victories of the Japanese had shown that the Pekin government was incapable of defending itself against foreign attacks, each European Power began to reckon hurriedly the consequences of a new and unexpected situation, and to consider what step might be urgently needed for the maintenance of

its own interests. As the complete defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa took all Europe by surprise, so the sudden triumph of Japan disconcerted for the moment all political calculations in Eastern Asia.

It is to be understood that the Far Eastern question affects the whole of that immense territory which has been, at one period or another, under the dominion or the dominant influence of China. The numerous provinces still consolidated under her direct administration are, or have been, encircled by countries over which the Emperor's suzerainty has been more or less acknowledged up to the present time. His authority is still recognised from the Pacific coast, westward and north-westward, up to Russian Turkistan and the easternmost Pamir valleys; his jurisdiction stretches south-westward to Burmah and Siam, and southward to the possessions that are ruled by the French from Saigon and Hanoi. It is not very long since Siam and Annam were vassal States; and even Burmah and Nepal once paid allegiance to his throne. Although there are now large rents in this fringe of dependencies, yet all the Indo-Chinese races and all the Mongolian tribes have a certain homogeneity; and throughout this whole region the mighty dynasties of North China have been for ages formidable. It is clear that any serious blow at the centre of so vast a system must be felt at great distances, and that a failure of power at the heart must weaken the whole body of the empire. We do not yet know precisely the state of things in the interior; but no political second-sight is needed to predict that recent events will accelerate the movement towards important changes, and that, although China may revive and strengthen itself by reforms or revolutions, she must nevertheless alter her attitude towards Europe, must abandon exclusion, and must face the risks of opening her empire to European commerce. Upon what terms, and in what manner, European enterprise is to penetrate into Eastern Asia, will depend much upon the influence that is henceforward to predominate at Pekin, and much also upon the capacity of rival nations to avail themselves of their opportunities. The war of tariffs, which has always embittered commercial rivalry, will probably be carried into fresh fields; for ever since the flag of Free-trade has been borne into all lands and seas by the English merchants, the protectionist countries of Europe have been leagued against it, so that any new territory that they may acquire is at once fenced off by hostile duties. But the essential elements

of successful competition are skill, enterprise, and a fair start in the race; and from this point of view it may be interesting to take a rapid survey of the position and prospects of those European nations that are directly interested in the Far Eastern situation.

Our survey, to be complete, ought to include the United States of America, for whom the trade and communications across the Pacific must always be a matter of material concern. But, while the crowding of the old European countries is driving abroad their wealth and their population, the Americans have still vacant spaces to fill up at home. Of the European maritime nations, Holland is amply occupied in Netherlands India, where a costly and protracted war with adjacent native powers has been straining her military strength; and her dominion shows a tendency to become stationary. The Germans, who are displaying very great commercial activity, have no settlements in or near the Asiatic continent; they take a leading part in the seaborne trade; but the general drift of their territorial expansion is towards Africa. Three first-class Powers, however, have each large territories abutting upon the Chinese frontier, and running along the whole borderline of that empire from sea to sea. Except upon a very short section where its extreme south-western province still touches the mutilated kingdom of Siam, China is entirely cut off from other Asiatic States, and is surrounded by a mass of territory governed or protected from Petersburg, London, or Paris. There can be no doubt that all these three Powers have of late shown an ominous disposition to set forward their landmarks and to press eastward, by fair means or forcible, upon the loosely dependent outlying districts of their unwieldy neighbour. Russia is keeping open a gate for a possible descent upon Kashgar from the northwest; and from the north-east, along the Pacific seaboard, England and France are jostling each other in the debateable lands on the Upper Mekong River. Up to very recent times these two maritime nations have been content to make their advances, for trade or for war, upon China by the ocean waterways; and all commercial contests have been waged over the great eastern seaports that are the emporia of her foreign traffic; but within the last twenty years they have actively pushed onward their approaches by land. To fill up this rough tracing of the situation, we may add that the three Powers differ widely in institutions, national character, and resources. Russia, with little capital and a

sparse population, is directed by a despotic military government that frames extensive plans, fixes its eye upon distant objects, and follows a settled policy with formidable perseverance. In France a decreasing population and an increasing debt are conditions adverse to the energetic pursuit of adventures beyond sea; yet her leaders are sparing neither men nor money in their ardent desire to build up somewhere in Asia a new dominion. The marvellous growth of the Anglo-Indian empire has naturally revived recollections of early national rivalries: and France seems to be resolved that this time, at any rate, her government shall not err on the side of apathy. In England a superfluity of wealth and labour at home is producing a vast overflow of capital into foreign channels; and a floodtide of enterprise is turning more rapidly than ever the mighty wheel of her Asiatic fortunes.

We have been very little disposed to share the alarm, still less to join in the noisy outcry, that was raised in England by the rumour of a secret convention between Russia and China. There may possibly be some ground for the belief that Russia intends to press for an arrangement that will give her squadrons a naval station at Port Arthur, for her railway from Europe across Asia will not end at an icebound seaport. A vast landlocked empire with only two issues to the open sea, upon waters that are for many months frozen, may be pardoned for vigorous, if not violent, efforts to break through her barriers. Nor can we doubt that a policy of endeavouring to keep in this confinement an energetic people of immense military strength, insisting on Russia's perpetual hibernation, is full of chronic danger to the peace of Europe. Her attempts to find an opening southward upon the Mediterranean have already caused a series of wars: her demonstrations towards Persia keep that country in perpetual alarm, and stir up English susceptibilities on the northern frontier of India. We hear of a projected railway to connect the Caspian with Teheran, which is to pour Russian goods into north-western Persia; and Khorasan on the east lies open to an advance from Transcaspia. That the Russians will pierce a road through Persia to the sea is very doubtful; that they will seriously threaten India, except in the course of some general European war, is most unlikely. But this makes it only more certain that they will follow the line of least resistance, and will do their utmost to establish themselves upon the temperate waters of the Pacific. A premature outburst of indignation at the bare suspicion of such

a thing comes with little profit or dignity from the English, who do not stand on much ceremony when their own vital interests are at stake. If we, who have twice stopped Russia on her road to the Bosphorus, now again cross her path towards the Pacific, she will undoubtedly fall back again on the device of troubling our Indian borders, and a collision between the two powers would throw all Asia into confusion.

The main object to be kept steadily in view is some permanent understanding between Russia and England. The prospect now before us may not be encouraging; since it is undoubtedly possible, and some may think it probable, that Russia's establishment at a naval station in Chinese waters might be the prelude to an attempt at excluding other maritime nations from the trade of northern China. She might use the diplomatic influence which she is now obtaining by co-operating with France, and by her proximity to the Chinese frontier, to introduce adverse tariffs, and to thwart in other directions the measures of England for the improvement of commercial intercourse. And it must be admitted that, whereas up to the beginning of the Japanese war England was much inclined to connect herself more closely with Pekin, the opportunity, if it ever existed, is now lost; for China has passed over to the other side. That this turn of affairs is against us, we readily admit. On the other hand, it goes far towards exposing the fallacy of building our system of Asiatic policy upon the corner-stone of a formal alliance with China.

Among English politicians there is no one whose judgement on colonial and Asiatic questions is better founded on careful study and ample information than Sir Charles Dilke. In his book on the 'Problems of Greater Britain' (1890), he surveyed the whole political field of Eastern Asia, with direct reference to the external relations of India. An alliance between England and China he then held to be a natural result of the existing situation.

'Russia and China,' he said, 'have 4,000 miles of common frontier, and England and China desire to maintain the *status quo*, and are able to strike powerful blows for its maintenance. China will have for some years to come a considerable superiority over Russia at certain points of the frontier, and could take offensive action more easily than either Great Britain or Afghanistan. If China were inclined to join an Asiatic league for the maintenance of the *status quo*, she would have more temporary power even than England of enforcing the decisions of the alliance.'

We do not intend any disparagement of Sir Charles Dilke's

considerable political capacity when we observe that unforeseen events have since disproved the soundness of these calculations. If the Japanese war has in some respects strengthened other European Powers at our expense, it has, at any rate, opened our eyes to the risks and embarrassments in which England would have been entangled by a defensive alliance with China. It is now plain enough that the military strength of the Manchu dynasty had been so greatly overestimated that any public obligation to side with her in a serious quarrel must have burdened us with the responsibility of adjusting her disputes with Japan, which we could hardly have discharged without an awkward strain upon all our foreign relations. The true lesson to be drawn from recent events is that treaty-making with Oriental States is always hazardous, because their real forces are never accurately known, and are sure to be found ill organised on an emergency; while their rulers can never be trusted for either the will or the power to act effectively upon international engagements. Japan ranks far above all other Asiatic governments in consistency of policy and definite comprehension of the usages of civilised nations; yet we should hold an alliance with the Japanese to be a step only justifiable in some extraordinary and extreme predicament. As a matter of deliberate policy, and of general experience, we believe that any project of confederation with an Oriental State would be a rash and highly dangerous measure, unless indeed the State's action and resources were entirely subordinated to English control. And it would have been weaksighted statesmanship to make a league with China, at the risk of forfeiting all chances of an eventual understanding with Russia for the political settlement of the Asiatic continent from Stamboul to Pekin.

Nevertheless it may be said, with some reason, that, although England may have been right in avoiding treaty obligations, she was wrong in allowing China to drift into disaster, because Chinese interests are to so large an extent bound up with our own. There was no lack of trustworthy information regarding the empire's military inefficiency; its armies were known to be contemptible, and the arsenals to be empty; its warships were unprepared for contest with the navies of the present day. If the English government had been vigilantly watching the course of the dispute between China and Japan, and had set herself to reckon the probable results of a collision, she might have realised the urgent importance of interposing, for her own sake, to restrain the

Pekin Ministry from the fatal mistake of a rupture with Japan over the Korean question. No very marvellous gift of calculation was required to forecast China's discomfiture; and the further inference that it would be necessarily to the disadvantage of England was abundantly clear, although the actual consequences might not have been so easily anticipated. We are not disposed to pass any censure upon the refusal of Lord Rosebery's Government to join with the other European Powers in restraining the Japanese from following up their victories; for by that time the question had assumed a very different aspect, and diplomatic combinations among the representatives of discordant aims and interests are apt to breed more complications than they unravel. But undoubtedly the result of our holding aloof from the beginning of these troubles has been that the Chinese Foreign Office has now submitted to the joint dictation of the two European governments which are at this particular moment our foremost rivals in Asia. Within that continent, whatever may be the case in Europe, the Franco-Russian understanding may be expected to work smoothly enough; for in the Far East their respective spheres are sufficiently distant to prevent friction, and yet near enough to permit combined action upon two sides of that great area that is comprised by the Chinese empire. In this association the predominant partner is manifestly Russia, whose outposts range along the long, ill-defended frontier of Mongolia, up to a measurable distance of the Chinese capital; but the larger immediate benefit accrues to France, whose position on the south, inadequately garrisoned and connected with its base by a long open sea-line, is as weak and unstable as Russia's northern position is strong, wide-fronted, and naturally unassailable.

If this combination lasts, we cannot shut our eyes to the prospect that, in whatsoever part of Eastern Asia France or Russia becomes politically supreme, the system of monopolising commerce for the exclusive profit of the controlling Power will at any rate be tried. It is significant that the negotiation of the last Chinese loan has been retained by the two governments strictly in their own hands; and for a sample of the fiscal policy that is popular in France we may look to Madagascar, where a determined attempt has been made to convert into annexation the protectorate imposed by the French general, with the sole object of cancelling anterior treaties with other foreign nations, and shutting out their trade. On the other hand, her com-

mand of the sea leaves England in chief possession of the foreign commerce; nor need we be startled into a panic even by the vision of Russia at Port Arthur. We have to consider, in the first place, that the trade of Europe by sea with the northernmost ports of China is comparatively small, and that the main outlets are from the southern provinces, which will not be directly superintended by a naval station of Russia in the Pecheli Gulf. The project of drawing a fiscal cordon round the sea coasts of China, or any large section of them, must prove in practice to be chimerical. And, in any case, serious combination for the purpose of diverting the seaborne commerce of China into channels under the exclusive control of one or two foreign nations, would most certainly be met by the most obstinate resistance. There is no kind of doubt that England would exert all her strength in defence of her vital interests on the Chinese seaboard; and her strategical position in the East, with a splendid base in India that is held by the best of all Asiatic armies, with strong outworks and points of communication at Singapore and Hong Kong, and an immense reserve of marine force in her mercantile shipping, must render her a most formidable adversary to all Asiatic rivals by sea or land.

It may be conjectured, moreover, that in any such general turmoil as would inevitably follow a serious interruption of the open trade with China, Japan would be much more likely to rank as the supporter than as the opponent of England. Already there is among the Japanese a growing party which declares that the effect of the late war has been to let in Europe upon Eastern Asia, and that the true policy of the future lies in a reconciliation and an adjustment of common interests with China. This misgiving that they have been breaking up China for the benefit of others will grow stronger if Russia eventually discovers, as is not unlikely, that Port Arthur offers too small a harbourage, so that a manifest destiny compels her to occupy Korea. The Japanese will then be left to their tardy reflections upon the irreparable mistake of upsetting King Log in order to bring in King Stork. Russia, with France as her satellite, is in the place of honour and pre-eminence at Pekin; the Japanese must content themselves with military glory and Formosa Island, while all the commercial and industrial facilities that have been extorted from China by the treaty of peace must be shared by the powerful and pushing European. The seaports and avenues into the interior are now open for

the exchange and transport of commodities to all who claim under the most-favoured-nation clause of treaties, and foreigners are now even permitted to set up manufactories in the open cities. If Japan finds that the balance of influences in China is turning more and more against her, she can only look for sympathy and effective succour to England.

So long, therefore, as the Chinese can hold open a fair field and no favour to all comers, the English have more to gain than to lose by the enfranchisement of commerce and industry. It is true that Japanese manufactures are supplying markets that have hitherto been principally England's customers, and that in certain branches of production this competition is growing year by year more acute. But the total volume of our Eastern trade has as yet shown no diminution; for the demand for our commodities increases with the wealth and refinement of these rising societies, in whom civilisation breeds new wants as well as new industries. We must indeed be prepared to contend in Asia, for the first time in our commercial annals, with a native community whose energy and ingenuity bid fair to equal our own, whose base of operations is close to markets that are separated by half the world from our own manufacturing centres, and whose affinity of race and manners with the neighbouring peoples must give the Japanese trader some advantage over the European. On the other hand, we may expect to find him on our side in contending against exclusive commercial regulations generally on the neighbouring continent; where the force of similar circumstances and of interests in many ways identical is likely to unite the two maritime nations in withstanding the protective tariffs of China and Russia. As insular sovereignties on the flank of two great continents, as the earliest and the latest representatives of parliamentary institutions, as free traders, and as naval Powers intimately concerned in keeping clear the coasts and waterways of the world, England and Japan have manifold reasons for agreement in the first principles of their external and mercantile policy.

Our conclusion, on the whole, is that although the trend of recent events has been adverse to English ascendency in North China, has diminished our weight in the political scales, and has augmented the counteracting pressure, yet the advantages of England's secure position in Asia are so great, and her resources so varied, that she may still retain her commercial superiority in the Far East. It is of the first importance, however, to detect and oppose any diplomatic arrangements that may seem to contemplate the

acquisition by a foreign Power of effective control over the military or the revenue establishments of the Chinese empire. We have heard of Chinese officers being sent to Russian military schools; and we know that when dividends are irregular the foreign bondholder is apt to demand control of the revenue. As the army and the treasury are the two vital organs of every State, so it is here that weakness is most dangerous, and the government that allows these departments to slip out of its hands is on the high road towards exchanging independence for a foreign protectorate.

Let us admit, however, the probability that along the whole seaboard of Eastern Asia, from the French settlements in Cochin China northward to Vladivostok, the commercial ascendency of England will be sharply challenged. It is then all the more necessary to look round for supplementary ways of strengthening our position, and to remember that in Asia the English power is continental. Three European dominions march with China's immense frontier, and they are all striving to link up communication with the trade routes that lead into the empire's interior provinces. The physical geography of Western China is as yet so little known, and the rough borderlands that fringe this side of the empire are so imperfectly explored, that the whole situation is still in an early stage of development. But the views and aspirations of the sanguine colonial party in France are fairly represented in the book published last year by the Duc d'Orléans, 'Autour du 'Tonkin;' where the author undertakes to demonstrate, from the map, that the shortest line of penetration into Southern China is by the Red River, which is navigable for a long distance from its mouth, and flows through a basin that is in French hands from the hills on the Chinese frontier to the sea. According to the report of French engineers, a railway could be constructed along the Red River without any difficulty; it would draw a large volume of trade to a seaport much less distant from Europe than Shanghai and the emporia in the Far East, and it would thus provide a much shorter and more direct route than any which the English could open out from Burmah. France and England, says the Duke, are racing for the markets of South-east China; it is a trial of speed between the two nations, and the French have all the advantage of a better starting point and a clearer course. At Lao Kai, on their northern Tonkin frontier, they hold the point nearest to the

centres of trade in Yunnan; the river steamer and railway will do the rest; and the exploitation of the mineral riches of the country by competent French engineers will greatly enhance the trade value of all this region. The main route which enters into competition against this outlet into Tonkin is the river way by the Yang Tse Kiang to the eastern ports —an ancient high road that at present carries all the traffic bound for Europe. There is also a westward line, which is yet to be settled and developed, that must cross some unknown and difficult country into Burmah. In regard to the former route, the opinion of British consular officers has been that it is so firmly established by long use and the facilities of river carriage as to be for a long time henceforward beyond rivalry; but the Duc d'Orléans believes that cheapness and rapidity of transit by railway must attract the merchants inevitably to Tonkin. And he is convinced that, if the French will only make vigorous use of their position on the Red River, not all the energy and capital of the English will enable them to surmount the physical obstacles that bar the passage of trade in any considerable volume across the western Indo-Chinese countries into the Bay of Bengal.

The information collected by the Duc d'Orléans tallies to some extent with the reports of English travellers, who have told us that the trade of central Yunnan is already gravitating down the Red River to Haiphong; and other evidence indicates that the currents of inland trade, where they are not artificially interrupted, tend naturally, like the river-courses which they follow, towards the nearest channel leading to the sea. Accordingly the French Government seems already to have acted, with unusual promptitude, upon the lines laid down in the Duke's book. Two Franco-Chinese conventions have been published, one of which lays down the boundary between the French protectorate of Annan and Yunnan, the south-western province of China; allotting to France, among other cessions, the tract on the upper Mekong which the Pekin Government had promised, on receiving it from England, not to give up without England's consent. The other convention accords to France material privileges in regard to the trade passing the frontier between Annan and Yunnan along the basin of the Red River, with facilities for the construction of railways and working of mines in Chinese territory under French direction, and with consular posts inside the Chinese border. It is plain that the influence of the Franco-Russian com-

bination has been powerfully exerted against the inveterate reluctance of the mandarins to admit strangers within their gates, and that this flank of China may now be pierced by French enterprise, if capital be forthcoming, and if a sustained effort is made by capable men. That most of the seaborne traffic would travel to and from the Annamite ports in English and German ships must be regarded as no more than a partial compensation for the diversion, if it were accomplished, of a considerable stream of the central Chinese trade into a channel that is completely under French control, and will be subject to French tariffs. For it is certain that the flag of France, once set up on Chinese soil, will not long remain where it was first planted, nor is it likely to be displayed only over consular jurisdictions. That commercial privileges lead to political protectorates, and so by an easy road into possessions, is a lesson repeated by all successive experiences of such dealings between Eastern and Western nations; nor are we so unreasonable as to be surprised if France makes trial of methods that we ourselves have occasionally practised.

Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century the superiority of England along the entire seaboard of Asia has been virtually uncontested; but the other nations have been carefully observing her progress, and in France the colonial party, which is studying every branch of the English system, is now determined to act in close imitation of our example. The secret of Asiatic weakness, in modern days, lies mainly in the defenceless condition of the coasts. From the days of Xerxes to our own time the maritime kingdoms of Asia have never been able to fight Europeans at sea, or even to protect their shores from armed intruders; for the Osmanli empire at its zenith was semi-European, and its fleets were principally manned by Greeks. It was only yesterday that Japan at last displayed to an astonished world the unique and entirely original phenomenon of a purely Asiatic sea power. In this unprotected condition of the harbours and roadsteads, it was a natural consequence that foreign adventure should make a lodgement in the low-lying deltas of great rivers, which are always the arteries of a country's trade, which offer every access inland, and which are usually inhabited by an industrious and unwarlike population. The French have fixed themselves at the *débouchure* of the Mekong and the Red River, as we settled in Bengal along the Ganges; and just as the dissolution of the Moghul empire in India opened our road to vast dominion, so

they foresee their opportunity in the distress of the Manchu sovereignty. In all this the English need find no cause for wonder or complaint; they have still great and manifest advantages of position; but they are no longer supreme in Asiatic waters, and from the south-east as well as the north-west of our Indian dominion two not very friendly European Powers are closing in upon the British frontiers. On a third side China can no longer be relied upon as an impenetrable barrier. The upshot of the situation is that England must accustom herself to the unwonted risks and responsibilities of a continental kingdom surrounded by formidable and not very trustworthy Powers of equal magnitude; and that, whereas hitherto sea power and maritime commerce have been her chief concern, she has now to give vigilant attention to the question of defence and communications by land.

But China, like almost all the great Asiatic kingdoms, has a strong natural frontier, especially on the west. Political lines of demarcation were unknown in Asia up to very recent times, when they have been introduced under European supervision; for the old dynasties and ruling races conquered and spread up to some distinct barrier, such as a range of mountains or a belt of difficult unproductive country. Now it is obvious that physical obstacles of this sort, which serve to keep out armies, are also great interruptions to commerce; and these are the difficulties which confront any project of opening out free communication with China from the side of Burmah. The Irrawaddy basin is separated from the Salween river by a broad tract of semi-independent highlands. Beyond the Salween the territory is Chinese; and although the country eastward is as yet very imperfectly explored, its general character has been described as consisting of successive mountain ranges trending north and south, and divided from each other by rivers, of which the largest is the Mekong. These rivers run for the most part in narrow courses among the hills; and although the valleys frequently broaden out into cultivated and well-inhabited plains, it seems probable that the fertile and populous country which is the true objective of our trading enterprise, lies at some distance beyond, on the eastern side of Yunnan. But the natural outflow of this easterly region is either by the Yangtze River to Shanghai, or along the streams which flow towards the sea through Tonkin. In short, the drainage of Western China turns away from the rugged region that

separates it from Burmah, and the commerce follows the ways that have been laid out for it by the water. We may conclude that the Anglo-Indian empire in its easterly expansion beyond Upper Burmah has at last struck against one of those mighty barricades that mark off the great political systems of Asia, profoundly affect the differentiation of races, and govern the distribution of wealth.

It does not follow that the plans framed for operating on the western flank of China should be discouraged. On the contrary, it is certainly not long since traffic between Upper Burmah and Western Yunnan used to find its way over this country; and the most practicable openings are to be found not far above the latitude of Mandalay. Upon this line of penetration the Yunnan border can be touched at a point where it marches with British territory, and all the trade of the region around and beyond that point can be drawn towards the open head of a railway running down to an excellent seaport at Rangoon. For this purpose a branch line from Mandalay to Kunlong on the Salween River, a distance of 270 miles, has been surveyed by the Indian engineers; and there is good reason for believing that it will so develope the resources of the country to be traversed within our own border as to yield a fair return from local traffic alone. The administrative and political benefits of a road which strengthens our command over outlying districts, and brings us within easy touch of Western China, need not be enlarged upon; and engineering calculations are, so far as they have gone, favourable. The question of the line's future prolongation into China depends obviously upon so many and diverse considerations, political and financial, that for the present it can only be regarded as an obscure eventuality.

In the meantime the prompt revision of our agreement with China in regard to commerce upon her land frontier is a matter of urgency. By the convention of March 1894 it was agreed that 'pending the negotiation of a more complete 'arrangement, and until the developement of trade shall 'justify the establishment of other frontier customs-stations, 'goods imported and exported shall be permitted to cross by 'Manwein and by Sansi.' But these two places are inconsiderable points on the upper roads leading across the Chinese frontier from Bhamo, and while later information suggests much doubt whether they were originally well chosen, it is certain that we can be no longer content with an arrangement that confines our land trade with China to

such exceedingly narrow passages. Since that convention was signed, the exclusive system behind which China entrenched herself has been attacked and overthrown by Japan on the Pacific seaboard, and by the wide breach that the French have now made in it from Tonquin. Our clear and imperative duty is now to insist on acquiring every facility that is needed for the liberty of commerce along our own frontier, and on removing every obstacle against its passage to the interior markets; and fortunately we have at this moment in our hands the necessary leverage. When China transferred to France a tract on the Mekong which she had pledged herself not to cede without our concurrence, our engagements with the Pekin Government, having been proved ineffective, became inevitably void; and we are free to follow the French example of remodelling them by diplomatic pressure. It is not to be supposed that our Foreign Office will have neglected such an opportunity of strengthening the position of England upon every section of the Chinese border, of securing rights of way, and of clearing the approaches on either side from arbitrary fiscal impediments. For it must be remembered that the projected line to the Kunlong ferry on the Salween can only be regarded as a pioneering experiment, as the first attempt to break through a country that has only just fallen within the range of civilised enterprise. The problem now set before England is to find the best lines for a system of railways that shall penetrate into China through Burmah from the Bay of Bengal; and it stands to reason that several ways must exist potentially, if not at this moment practically, while we know that more than one line has been warmly advocated. If we could settle railway communications in this unexplored and unsettled region of South Asia, politically confused and partially masterless, by tracing on a large-scale map the most promising lines, there would undoubtedly be much in favour of trying the scheme that has been frequently laid before the public at the Chambers of Commerce by Mr. Holt Hallett and other persons whose interest in the question gives them a right to full hearing upon it. Their proposal, briefly stated, is that a railway starting from Moulmein, a port on the Tenasserim coast of the Bay of Bengal, should cross a narrow strip of British territory into Siam, and should be pushed northward for many hundred miles through Siam by the trading town of Chiang-mai up to those districts on the Mekong River which have been, and still are, in dispute between England and France. They

desire that this line should eventually find its way across the Mekong to Sumao, with a possible extension still further northward to Talifu.

It is with no intention of thwarting or discouraging the patriotic aspirations of men who are determined that England shall win her way into Western China, that we feel bound to point out some of the difficulties which at the present moment encompass this project. Of the country to be traversed by the upper sections of the line nothing is as yet known accurately, although the slight information that is available warns us of serious engineering difficulties. But it must be plain that, as matters now stand, the primary obstacles to running a line through Siam to the Mekong are rather political than physical. The condition of the Siamese State—mutilated, enfeebled, and under perpetual menace of further aggression—can only be described as precarious; nor is it reasonable to expect that British money, public or private, can be invested in Siamese territory until our relations with that government shall have given us a much better right to assure ourselves of protection for the investment and security for its object. Moreover, even if the Siamese Government could guarantee the free construction and undisturbed working of such a railway, it could not reach the Mekong River and pass into Western China without striking against districts which are either occupied or under the influence of the French, who are not likely to welcome English engineers or to expedite their progress. If the line were blocked at that point, it would be left in the air, like a broken viaduct, having missed its mark and fallen short of its main ends. In short, the primary condition of successful railway-making in Asia is that the territory to be traversed must be possessed or protected by the nation that is interested in the undertaking; and on no other terms will either public or private money be forthcoming. But as all railways in Asiatic States are financed and constructed by Europeans, and as railways are potent propagators of political influence, it follows that no system of communication can be extended beyond the sphere of each European State's political authority.

We must not be understood to affirm that, because a project of reaching Yunnan through Siam appears in existing circumstances to be almost impracticable, therefore any scheme for connecting Burmah and Siam by a railway should be abandoned. Our opinion, on the contrary, is that

no pains should be spared to remove the political obstacles and uncertainties that serve to discourage or delay the extension in that direction of the British railway system. The essential importance of preserving the integrity of the Siamese kingdom westward of the Mekong is only just beginning to dawn upon the comprehension of the English public. That its territory covers a long section of unguarded Burmese frontier and excludes other Powers from access to the Bay of Bengal is, of course, a consideration of the weightiest moment. We have also to bear steadily in mind that Bangkok, the Siamese capital, guards the outlets of the Menam River, and is a central depôt for the whole trade of the rich inland country to the northward. No one who examines a map can fail to perceive that the main currents of Indo-Chinese commerce must and will always follow the streams of the principal rivers, and will find their easiest passages by the level alluvial tracts towards the emporia which have been established near the estuaries. Four great rivers drain South Asia and discharge their waters by many mouths into the sea that washes the long line of coast between India and China—the Irrawaddy, the Menam, the Mekong, and the Red River. Of these the Irrawaddy is British, and the Menam is Siamese. In Tonquin the French already control the entire basin of the Red River, while at Saigon they hold the mouths of the Mekong; and at a period when colonial ambition is high-reaching and ardent, they are not likely to stand on much ceremony if another still more valuable prize falls in their way. But French ascendency in the Menam delta would enable them to seal up all the great arteries of commerce from Rangoon eastward round the coast to the Chinese frontier, and thus to monopolise the foreign exchanges of produce throughout an immense and wealthy region. All the trade routes between Siam and our lower Burmese districts would be controlled by France, the Malay peninsula would be isolated and threatened, and French outposts might be pushed up to within a few miles of the Bay of Bengal. It is no exaggeration to say that to acquiesce in such a consummation would be tantamount to abandoning all hope of commercial expansion beyond the Burmese border, which would itself need vigilant observation; and that we might find ourselves looking on with small complacency at the building up in South-eastern Asia of a great Indo-Chinese dominion in undesirable proximity to our own.

On the whole, we are obliged to conclude that the political

condition of Asia at the present conjuncture is full of perplexities, and of the prognostications that go before change. The composite character of first-class Oriental kingdoms renders them unstable, for the type which they ordinarily represent is that of a ruling tribe or dynasty holding in subjection a large territory peopled by groups of various races and religions. They accordingly lack the basis and the bond of nationality, of all those common feelings and traditions which have welded together and marked off from each other the civilised populations of the West. As with the nation its union is strength, so with these kingdoms their miscellaneous composition is an inherent weakness; and whenever the two systems fall into collision the stronger one is sure to prevail. Lord Salisbury's declaration that 'Asia has room for us all' was meant to be pacific; but to Eastern kings it may signify that the heavily armed European nationalities are proposing to fight out some of their quarrels on the Asiatic arena; and his words must have an ominous reverberation in their halls and market-places, where uninvited guests who demand accommodation can hardly expect to be welcome. And if the newcomers quarrel among themselves, more than one Asiatic throne will be overturned in the scuffle.

Nor is it precisely the business of England to issue this kind of general invitation to the rest of Europe. Times have changed since in the eighteenth century England set the example of striking at European enemies in Asia, at a period when the other nations were preoccupied with long and wasting wars at home. Now, at the end of this nineteenth century, England is so far from having retained a free hand in the East, that she is confronted by jealous and formidable rivals, who are rapidly learning from study of English practice the secrets of administrative and commercial success in the East. The *régime* of protectorates, for example, was invented in modern times by England; and it is now becoming everywhere a recognised species of undeveloped or disguised sovereignty which the international jurist finds very hard to classify in all its varieties. The French have lost no time in adopting it as an excellent device for pegging out claims, warning off intruders, and subduing countries without formally annexing them, in Tunis, Annam, and Madagascar. Again, what has been styled the system of Buffers, or *états tampons*, is very little more than the application to Asia of the old Barrier policy so well known formerly in Europe; but as the party interested in maintaining a barrier

is also pledged virtually to guard it, the Asiatic buffer is a rudimentary form of the protectorate. These temporary expedients serve well enough to preserve the independence of unprofitable highland tracts like Afghanistan, or Nepal, or Bokhara; but in the case of rich countries upon commercial high-roads, the mere suspicion that one Power meditates placing them under a benevolent protection irritates all rivals, and is apt to precipitate the crisis that it was intended to postpone. For protection inevitably implies ascendency, and ascendency brings with it all the privileges of priority in exploitation.

It is, indeed, because there is little elbow room for the great European powers in Asia that the case of Siam is just now exciting considerable diplomatic anxiety and public concern. The kingdom stands interposed and caught as in a vice between two masses of English and of French territory, which are slowly gravitating towards each other from the west and from the east. All the Siamese possessions east of the Mekong River have already been torn away by France, who required them in order to connect her Annamese protectorate on the north with French Cochin China on the south, and who has also planted her foot across the river by insisting upon the cession of a zone of twenty-five kilomètres along the western bank. To the north the French frontier sweeps round Siam until it meets the English outposts in the Shan chiefships dependent on Burmah; so that this kingdom is now surrounded and isolated, like China, by European jurisdictions, with a single free outlet towards the sea. Such an insecure situation checks the developement of a country, and disheartens its rulers; while neither of the two European neighbours will admit the other's right to assist or intervene; and in their present temper a joint protectorate will be impracticable, for it would mean giving Siam two masters. The problem of Siam's future is one that we cannot undertake to solve, though a solution is urgently required, if the knot is to be untied before it is suddenly cut. One point, at any rate, ought to be fixed in the understanding of England—that the subjection of Siam to France would be very seriously detrimental to our commercial interests in Indo-China, and would lead to a grave augmentation of our responsibilities for the defence of India.

But the Siamese difficulty is no more than an exemplification of the predicament to which an old-fashioned Oriental State is inevitably reduced when it lies in the

path of European expansion. In this situation a bad administration is likely to become worse; for the more a ruler is lectured on the necessity of reforms, the less capable he is made of effecting them; his people believe that the sceptre is departing from his house, his power of self-defence diminishes, and his country drops to the condition of a prize to be scrambled for by strangers, not without much international friction and some peril of war. From the whole history of European intervention no other lesson can be drawn by an Asiatic sovereign than a warning against civilised neighbours who ask him to open his doors and find room for them. As Egypt holds up the mirror to Turkey, wherein the Sultan may dimly discern a similitude of his probable position in a reformed and solvent empire, so Siam may suggest to China some premonitory reflections on the possible outcome of her financial and political relations with France and Russia. The Afghan Amirs have striven hard to preserve their independence by playing upon the mutual distrust of two great governments that are watching each other from the Oxus and the Indus; and so long as they have no commerce, no credit in the loan market, and do not block any important high-road, they may survive. But the only Asiatic State that has realised, by an extraordinary political instinct, the absolute necessity of opposing Europe by an array of European methods, institutions, and weapons, is Japan.

We do not anticipate, however, that the complications and rivalries to which we have alluded will result in any rupture of the peaceful relations among the Powers in Asia. In the vigorous play which the diplomatists are making at Constantinople one may discern a veiled intention to slacken demands that could not be enforced without throwing Asia Minor into a confusion that might compel Europe to undertake the execution of its own orders. An attempt to carry matters much further in this direction would break up the concord of the European Powers, and might lead to the dissolution of the Turkish empire. If the Turkish troubles, which are emergent, can be adjusted, the Chinese question, being in a much less acute stage, ought to be settled for the present by a certain degree of forbearance and fair dealing among the nations concerned. For whereas in Turkey the strain is chiefly caused by efforts to pacify inveterate religious animosities—by interfering in the internal affairs of a country against the will of its ruler and the majority of his people—in China the European Powers have direct interests,

commercial and political; they are jostling each other for access to the trading Eldorado of the East, and disputing over unsettled frontiers. If matters of this sort cannot be arranged upon some basis of reasonable compromise, we shall be disposed to lose faith in civilised diplomacy.

To conclude. It is our opinion that no durable settlement of the two prominent Asiatic questions can be accomplished without some general understanding between England and Russia. At both ends of the continent Russia's influence is naturally and necessarily predominant. The other Powers can only back up their demands on the Sublime Porte by naval demonstrations in the Dardanelles or along the Levantine seaboard; and it has been well observed that ships of war either do too little or too much. They may attempt to overawe a capital; they may even try the effect of a blockade; but if these expedients fail, there is nothing left except bombardment, which does infinite mischief, produces great exasperation, and usually settles nothing. Russia, on the other hand, has a considerable army encamped, so to speak, on the very borders of Armenia; she could pronounce her decrees and superintend their execution; and it is for this obvious reason that the Sultan listens readily to the advice of her ambassador at Constantinople. As regards China, the Russian position is similar, though not so strong because it is as yet incomplete. Her territory marches for some thousand miles with the northern Chinese frontier, in the vicinity of the provinces over which the control of the Manchu Emperor is weakest; and it is certain that in a few years her Siberian railway will enable Russia to threaten Pekin. As on the borders of Asia Minor she has a Christian army of like faith with the Armenians, so in central Asia her Turkistani tribes are in full sympathy with the Mahomedans of Mongolia, their brethren by faith and descent. The English fleets sweep the coast of Asia from Aden to Singapore; but so long as India is not menaced, we may be cautious about challenging the prepotence on land of so mighty an empire. The right policy is to see that our paths do not cross, and to shape our views towards some concerted action for the solution of the many problems that lie in the front of both empires in the East. The demarcation by joint commissioners of the frontiers of Asiatic States is one great remedy for territorial disputes; and throughout all the continent westward of China and Siam this may be said to be already in course of accomplishment. Commercial treaties, which may be taken to be the next step towards pacification, are perhaps

more difficult to arrange; but the old barriers are breaking down, and it is not likely that the Chinese or Japanese merchants, who do all the business of the Far East, will agree willingly to any permanent restrictions of the open trade. And whenever the uncertainty that at this moment overshadows these countries shall have been so far dissipated that European capital can be freely invested in great railway lines of intercommunication, there may be then some prospect of having reached a stage at which we may look with some hopefulness towards the prospect of a general political settlement in Asia.

It must, however, always be remembered that the interests of England, both in the Near and the Far East, are too important to be made entirely dependent upon the good faith or the good will of rival nations, or upon their strict observance of understandings and treaties. The sanctity of a treaty or of a frontier line, however clearly marked upon the map, is largely in proportion to the penalty likely to follow its violation. Were a Russian force within striking distance of Pekin, or a Russian naval arsenal about to be established at Port Arthur, it would be incumbent upon our statesmen to consider whether some material guarantee was not required for the maintenance of British maritime influence in the seas of North China. We cannot afford to regard everything that lies to the north and east of Hong Kong as outside our maritime sphere of influence. There is every reason, as we have already shown, why Great Britain and Russia should endeavour to act in accord in solving the problems of the Further East; yet it would be a dangerous mistake to allow any diplomatic arrangements to weaken our sense of the necessity of maintaining there and elsewhere our own power; for it is upon this, in the last resort, that the position of England in Asia must depend.

XI.—*Henry Reeve, C.B., F.S.A., D.C.L.*

ALTHOUGH it has never been the custom of this Review to withdraw the veil of anonymity from its writers and its administration, it would be mere affectation to suffer this number to appear before the public without some allusion to the great Editor whom we have just lost, and who for forty years has watched with indefatigable care over our pages.

The career of Mr. Henry Reeve is perhaps the most striking illustration in our time of how little in English life influence is measured by notoriety. To the outer world his name was but little known. He is remembered as the translator of Tocqueville, as the editor of the 'Greville Memoirs,' as the author of a not quite forgotten book on Royal and Republican France, showing much knowledge of French literature and politics; as the holder during fifty years of the respectable, but not very prominent, post of Registrar of the Privy Council. To those who have a more intimate knowledge of the political and literary life of England, it is well known that during nearly the whole of his long life he was a powerful and living force in English literature; that few men of his time have filled a larger place in some of the most select circles of English social life; and that he exercised during many years a political influence such as rarely falls to the lot of any Englishman outside Parliament, or even outside the Cabinet.

He was born at Norwich in 1813, and brought up in a highly cultivated, and even brilliant, literary circle. His father, Dr. Reeve, was one of the earliest contributors to this Review. The Austins, the Opies, the Taylors, and the Aldersons were closely related to him, and he is said to have been indebted to his gifted aunt, Sarah Austin, for his appointment in the Privy Council. The family income was not large, and a great part of Mr. Reeve's education took place on the Continent, chiefly at Geneva and Munich. He went with excellent introductions, and the years he spent abroad were abundantly fruitful. He learned German so well that he was at one time a contributor to a German periodical. He was one of the rare Englishmen who spoke French almost like a Frenchman, and at a very early age he formed friendships with several eminent French writers. His translation of the 'Democracy in America,' by Tocqueville, which appeared in 1835, strengthened his hold on

French society. Two years later he obtained the appointment in the Privy Council, which he held until 1887. It was in this office that he became the colleague and fast friend of Charles Greville, who on his death-bed entrusted him with the publication of his 'Memoirs.'

Mr. Reeve had now obtained an assured income and a steady occupation, but it was far from satisfying his desire for work. He became a contributor, and very soon a leading contributor, to the 'Times,' while his close and confidential intercourse with Mr. Delane gave him a considerable voice in its management. The penny newspaper was still unborn, and the 'Times' at this period was the undisputed monarch of the press, and exercised an influence over public opinion, both in England and on the Continent, such as no existing paper can be said to possess. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that for the space of fifteen years nearly every article that appeared in its columns on foreign politics was written by Mr. Reeve, and the period during which he wrote for it included the year 1848, when foreign politics had the most transcendent importance.

The great political influence which he at this time exercised naturally drew him into close connexion with many of the chief statesmen of his time. With Lord Clarendon especially his friendship was close and confidential, and he received from that statesman almost weekly letters during his Viceroyalty in Ireland and during others of the more critical periods of his career. In France Mr. Reeve's connexions were scarcely less numerous than in England. Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, Tocqueville, Villemain, Circourt—in fact, nearly all the leading figures in French literature and politics during the reign of Louis Philippe were among his friends or correspondents. He was at all times singularly international in his sympathies and friendships, and he appears to have been more than once made the channel of confidential communications between English and French statesmen.

It was a task for which he was eminently suited. The qualities which most impressed all who came into close communication with him were the strength, swiftness, and soundness of his judgement, and his unfailing tact and discretion in dealing with delicate questions. He was eminently a man of the world, and had quite as much knowledge of men as of books. Probably few men of his time have been so frequently and so variously consulted. He always spoke with confidence and authority, and his clear, keen-cut,

decisive sentences, a certain stateliness of manner which did not so much claim as assume ascendency, and a somewhat elaborate formality of courtesy which was very efficacious in repelling intruders, sometimes concealed from strangers the softer side of his character. But those who knew him well soon learnt to recognise the genuine kindliness of his nature, his remarkable skill in avoiding friction, and the rare steadiness of his friendships.

One great source of his influence was the just belief in his complete independence and disinterestedness. For a very able man his ambition was singularly moderate. As he once said, he had made it his object throughout life only to aim at things which were well within his power. He had very little respect for the judgement of the multitude, and he cared nothing for notoriety and not much for dignities. A moderate competence, congenial work, a sphere of wide and genuine influence, a close and intimate friendship with a large proportion of the guiding spirits of his time, were the things he really valued, and all these he fully attained. He had great conversational powers, which never degenerated into monologue, a singularly equable, happy, and sanguine temperament, and a keen delight in cultivated society. He might be seen to special advantage in two small and very select dining clubs which have included most of the more distinguished English statesmen and men of letters of the century. He became a member of the Literary Society in 1857 and of Dr. Johnson's Club in 1861, and it is a remarkable evidence of the appreciation of his social tact that both bodies speedily selected him as their treasurer. He held that position in 'The Club' from 1868 till within a year of his death, when failing health and absence from London obliged him to relinquish it. The French Institute elected him 'Correspondant' in 1863 and Associated Member in 1888, in which latter dignity he succeeded Sir Henry Maine. In 1869 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

It was in 1855, on the death of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, that he assumed the editorship of this Review, which he retained till the day of his death. Both on the political and the literary side he was in full harmony with its traditions. His rare and minute knowledge of recent English and foreign political history; his vast fund of political anecdote; his personal acquaintance with so many of the chief actors on the political scene, both in England and France, gave a great weight and authority to his

judgements, and his mind was essentially of the Whig cast. He was a genuine Liberal of the school of Russell, Palmerston, Clarendon, and Cornewall Lewis. It was a sober and tolerant Liberalism, rooted in the traditions of the past, and deeply attached to the historical elements in the Constitution. The dislike and distrust with which he had always viewed the progress of democracy deepened with age, and it was his firm conviction that it could never become the permanent basis of good government. Like most men of his type of thought and character, he was strongly repelled by the later career of Mr. Gladstone, and the Home Rule policy at last severed him definitely from the bulk of the Liberal party. From this time the present Duke of Devonshire was the leader of his party.

His literary judgements had much analogy to his political ones. His leanings were all towards the old standards of thought and style. He had been formed in the school of Macaulay and Milman, and of the great French writers under Louis Philippe. Sober thought, clear reasoning, solid scholarship, a transparent, vivid, and restrained style were the literary qualities he most appreciated. He was a great purist, inexorably hostile to a new word. In philosophy he was a devoted disciple of Kant, and his decided orthodoxy in religious belief affected many of his judgements. He could not appreciate Carlyle; he looked with much distrust on Darwinism and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and he had very little patience with some of the moral and intellectual extravagances of modern literature. But, according to his own standards and in the wide range of his own subjects, his literary judgement was eminently sound, and he was quick and generous in recognising rising eminence. In at least one case the first considerable recognition of a prominent historian was an article in this Review from his pen.

He had a strong sense of the responsibility of an editor, and especially of the editor of a Review of unsigned articles. No article appeared which he did not carefully consider. His powerful individuality was deeply stamped upon the Review, and he carefully maintained its unity and consistency of sentiments. It was one of the chief occupations and pleasures of his closing days, and the very last letter he dictated referred to it.

Time, as might be expected, had greatly thinned the circle of his friends. Of the France which he knew so well scarcely anything remained, but his old friend and senior,

Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, visited him at Christ Church, and he kept up to the end a warm friendship with the Duc d'Aumale. He spent his 80th birthday at Chantilly, and until the very last year of his life he was never absent when the Duke dined at 'The Club.' In Lord Derby he lost the statesman with whom in his later years he was most closely connected by private friendship and political sympathy, while the death of Lady Stanley of Alderley deprived him of an attached and lifelong friend.

Growing infirmities prevented him in his latter days from mixing much in general society in London, but his life was brightened by all that loving companionship could give; his mental powers were unfaded, and he could still enjoy the society of younger friends. He looked forward to the end with a perfect and a most characteristic calm, without fear and without regret. It was the placid close of a long, dignified, and useful life.

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ART. I.—1. *South Africa.* By W. BASIL WORSFOLD, M.A., Barrister-at-law. London: 1895.

2. *The Transvaal Trouble.* By JOHN MARTINEAU. London: 1896.

3. *History of South Africa,* 1854–1872. By GEORGE MCCALL THEAL. London: 1889.

4. *The Complete Story of the Transvaal.* By JOHN NIXON. London: 1885.

5. *Parliamentary Papers.* Correspondence on the subject of the recent disturbances in the South African Republic, February 1896. (C. 7933.)

IT was more than fifty years before the Christian era when Cicero, anxious to secure a laudatory record of his own consulate, pointed out with characteristic charm of language to the historian Lucceius how infinitely more attractive history could be made by being grouped round the deeds of some one central personality.

'Si uno in argumento unaque in persona mens tua tota versabitur, cerno jam animo quanto omnia uberiora atque ornatiora futura sint. . . . At viri sæpe excellentis ancipites variique casus habent admirationem, exspectationem, lætitiam, molestiam, spem, timorem. Si vero exitu notabili concluduntur, expletur animus jucundissima lectoris voluptate.'

What the great orator, with his frank vanity, felt about himself—for he makes no secret as to who was to be the *una persona* and the *vir excellens* of the proposed history of Lucceius—is undoubtedly true of most great men. Their lives influence contemporary events far more than is known

at the time; and to posterity history becomes more attractive, and not less profitable, when it is seen to centre round their characters and their achievements.

The history of British South Africa affords much scope for the Ciceronian method. It is full of striking personalities. Noteworthy indeed have been the closing scenes of many of their careers. To go no further back than this generation, how indissolubly is the name of Sir Bartle Frere identified with the Cape! What do most people know of Zululand apart from Cetywayo, or of Matabeleland from Lobengula? The stability of the Orange Free State has been due to the character of the late President Brand, and the fate of the Transvaal will for ever be associated with Paul Kruger. Public opinion has long ago stamped the name of Mr. Rhodes on the Chartered Company's territory; and it is not rash to predict that Mr. Chamberlain's career at the Colonial Office will mark an epoch in Imperial policy in South Africa, of which the importance is not yet to be estimated. For the first time during many years there is a Colonial Minister who is keenly alive to the value of the colonies, instinct with sympathy for them, and gifted with the nerve and moral force to face responsibility. The spirit in which he understands his duties is well expressed in the striking declaration which he made not long ago at a colonial dinner: 'I decline to speak with bated breath of 'our colonies, to please any foreign Power'—and it has by this time been fully realised, not only throughout the Empire, but by all others whom it may concern, that now at last our colonial interests are in the hands of a man.

To the Africander who looks back upon the dreary record of Imperial blundering in South Africa, it will be hard to believe that there is a prospect of stable, firm, and consistent administration. Few Englishmen have any idea how amazing have been the changes and caprices—nay, the evasions—of British policy in South Africa since the beginning of the century. It is no exaggeration to say that there is little of what is now civilised territory which has not been, at one time or another, annexed, discarded, and then reannexed, or sometimes not reannexed at all; so that no European and no native has been able to feel sure that, because he is a British subject to-day, he may not be forced to be something quite different to-morrow. For instance, the Cape Colony was annexed to the Empire in 1795. It was handed back to the Dutch in 1803, and reannexed in 1806. Natal was occupied by British troops in 1838,

then deliberately left to the emigrant Boers, and finally declared a British colony in 1842. In 1848 the Orange Free State was forcibly annexed to the Empire, and in 1854 handed back to the Boers. The Transvaal Boers were declared an independent Republic by the British Government in 1852; their country was annexed in 1877, and in 1881 it was re-granted its independence.

Over the native territories the ebb and flow of British jurisdiction has been not less remarkable. The record of our dealings with Swaziland, Zululand, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and the Transkeian territories is bewildering in its want of any intelligible principle. This has been due often to the well-intentioned incapacity of colonial secretaries, sometimes to the exigencies of party politics in England; and occasionally, it is to be feared, native interests have been used as a pawn in the game of South African politics.

Zululand must produce reflexions as little satisfactory to the British conscience. The justice of the original attack, in 1879, upon Cetywayo will always be a matter for controversy. What cannot be doubted is that, having destroyed the whole machinery of native government, we were bound to provide a substitute for it. If the war was unjust, this obligation became the more imperative. We accordingly deported the legitimate king, Cetywayo, and upon giving a solemn pledge that he should never be allowed to return, we induced several of his subordinate chiefs to divide the government of the country between them. It is hardly credible, but yet it is a fact, that within three years this pledge of the British Government had been thrown to the winds, and the deported Cetywayo was dropped down into the midst of the unfortunate chiefs, who, from his very natural point of view, had usurped his authority in a flagrant manner. Civil war and anarchy followed, 'as the 'night the day.' Part of the Zulus flocked to the king; and part adhered to the most able of the chiefs, Zibebu. The king's party was defeated, and Cetywayo himself died; and then his son, Dinizulu, called in a party of Boers to take revenge upon the victorious Zibebu. The British Government looked callously on while the Boers overthrew the loyal chief Zibebu, seized a large tract of the country, and obtained the protection of the Transvaal Government. Eventually the fairest part of Zululand was annexed to the Transvaal; and the Zulus, like the Swazies, suffered bitterly for their reliance upon British promises. It remains only to add that so much of Zululand as was not absorbed by the

Boers was tardily annexed to the British Empire about eight years ago.

Southern Bechuanaland was occupied by British troops and police from 1878 to 1881, and was then abandoned to become the happy hunting-ground of unscrupulous land-pirates from all parts of South Africa, who played off one unfortunate Bechuana chief against another. In 1884 the lawlessness had culminated in the establishment of two mushroom Republics, called Stellaland and Goschen, by which the trade route between the Cape and the interior was completely barred. This led to Sir Charles Warren's expedition, and the annexation of British (or Southern) Bechuanaland to the Empire. Last year this country was incorporated with the Cape Colony.

Basutoland, as a political entity, was the result of a treaty between the British Government and a very remarkable native chief, Moshesh, in 1843. In 1854 came the abandonment by Great Britain of the Orange River Free State, and the legacy to the Free State people of a quarrel with the Basutos about the boundary between the Free State and Basutoland. For years, consequently, there was chronic war between the Free State Boers and the Basutos. At length, in 1868, the British Government, which a few years before had washed its hands both of Boers and Basutos, suddenly stepped in and proclaimed Basutoland to be British territory. For some years afterwards Basutoland was under the control of an Imperial agent, supported by a small police force; then it was annexed to Cape Colony. In 1884 it was disannexed from the colony, and it is now governed (and most successfully) by an Administrator acting under the High Commissioner. It has been divided into magisterial districts, and order is maintained by a native police officered by Englishmen.

As to the native territories which lie between the Fish River and Natal, and which are now all part of the Cape Colony, it would be impossible here to detail the fluctuations of British policy as to the extension and withdrawal of jurisdiction over them. Suffice it to say, that the policy was such as to produce Kaffir wars in 1835, in 1846, in 1850, and in 1877; and that the life of a colonist, whom fate had placed on the eastern frontier, was, from its insecurity, almost intolerable.

For some thirty years after the British occupation of South Africa all the Boers were British subjects, living within the limits of the then Cape Colony. But about the year 1836

large bodies of them left the colony, and emigrated to what is now Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. It was then, and for long continued to be, the theory of the British Government that these emigrant Boers could not cast off their allegiance, and that, no matter whither they went, they must be prevented from setting up independent governments. Accordingly the Republics established by the Boers in Natal and in the Free State were successively overthrown. The same policy was for some time pursued towards the Transvaal Boers. Yet the countries occupied by these Boers were rescued by heroic sacrifices on their part from the barbarous and devastating rule of the Zulus and Matabele, who then possessed, though in greater perfection, the same highly organised military system found to be so formidable by our own troops a few years ago. Mr. Theal, the eminent historian of South Africa, has described, in eloquent language, the hardships encountered by these emigrant Boers, and the heroism with which they faced such bloodthirsty savages as Dingaan, the king of the Zulus, and Moselikatse, the king of the Matabele. Few in numbers, and having to protect their wives and families, they yet managed to drive off the hordes sent against them. But what did it avail them? How far soever they fought their way into the wilds, the heavy hand of the British Government followed them. The Boers fought against Great Britain for their independence in Natal, but were eventually beaten. They fought for the Orange Free State, and finally won it. With what brilliant success they have in our own time fought for the Transvaal no Englishman can forget.

The spirit which imbued the emigrant Boers is well seen in the solemn declaration put forth by them when they left the Cape Colony in 1836. After mentioning how grievous had been their losses from the absence of protection against Kaffir depredations, and from the manner in which the emancipation of slaves had been carried out, they conclude:—

'We quit this colony under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us, and will allow us to govern ourselves without its interference in the future.

'We are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory; but we go forth with a firm reliance in an all-seeing and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavour to obey.'

Prejudice has often represented these Boers as mere slave-

holders, anxious to prey upon the native tribes without interference. Let us hear, as to their character, the evidence of an unimpeachable witness, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the then British Governor of the Cape Colony. In a despatch written by him to the Secretary of State on July 29, 1837, he speaks of the Boers who were then emigrating from the colony as 'a brave, patient, industrious, orderly, and religious 'people, the cultivators, the defenders, and the tax-con-'tributors of the country.' The causes of the emigration he declares to be 'the insecurity of life and property occasioned 'by the recent measures [of the British Government], in-'adequate compensation for the loss of slaves, and despair 'of obtaining recompense for the ruinous losses by the Kaffir 'invasion.'

It is exceedingly important to get a clear idea of the nature and temperament of these Boers, if we are to deal successfully with the Transvaal problem of to-day. They come of a race and religion and character common to a large proportion of the people of England and Scotland. They are the descendants of the men who withstood the whole power of Spain under Philip II., and laid their country under water rather than submit to Louis XIV. The people of the Transvaal especially represent those of the emigrant Boers who most sturdily resented British rule, and who, when they found no escape from it either in Natal or the Free State, moved still further across the Vaal, and finally, in 1852, wrung from the British Government an unwilling assent to their independence.

The Orange River Free State, or sovereignty, as it was then called, was annexed to the Empire in 1848, and remained British territory for six years, when it was abandoned under circumstances which, in many respects, recall the lamentable way in which the Transvaal was abandoned in 1881. There was not, indeed, any humiliation to British arms in connexion with the Free State. It was occupied after the successful action at Boomplaats. It was abandoned by the spontaneous and deliberate act of the British Government on the homely ground of pounds, shillings, and pence. But there was the same hopeless vacillation of British policy; there was the same absolute indifference to responsibilities and engagements acquired during the occupation to loyal subjects in the country. During the six years' occupation the Boers were divided into two parties—those who were opposed to British rule and those who supported it. But the latter were actually

the more numerous. Thus, when the Imperial Government proposed to abandon the country, the majority of the Boers were firmly opposed to the abandonment, and sent delegates to England to petition the House of Commons against it. And then ensued a truly discreditable state of things for the British Government. The British Commissioner, Sir George Clark, sent out from England to effect the abandonment, was driven to denounce publicly the loyal majority, and to encourage actively the anti-British minority who desired to establish an independent Boer Republic. He spoke of the loyalists as 'obstructionists,' and of the republicans as the 'well-disposed.' Finally, the consent of the majority to the abandonment was obtained only by the free use of gold, which was distributed under the euphemistic name of 'compensation for losses.'

The dealings, however, of the British Government with the Orange Free State did not stop there. In 1869 and 1870 diamonds began to be worked in the district south of the Vaal, which is now Kimberley, but which was then part of the Free State territory. Claiming though a native chief, whose title turned out to be thoroughly bad, the British Government stepped in and annexed the diamond fields, in spite of the protests of Mr. Brand, the President of the Free State. It was not till some five or six years later, when President Brand actually came to England, and laid the Free State case in all its strength before Lord Carnarvon, that tardy justice was at length done by England paying 90,000*l.* to the Free State Government for the valuable mineral-bearing country which she had acquired under circumstances so far from satisfactory.

As with the abandonment of the Transvaal in 1881, so in 1854 when the Free State was discarded by the British Government, a convention was concluded with the Boers. This Convention of Bloemfontein contained nothing in terms which reserved any suzerain rights to Great Britain. Yet it is clear that the British authorities did not regard it as preventing their interference with the Free State when, as they thought, the interests of South Africa demanded it. The Free State war with the Basutos was peremptorily stopped in 1868 by the British Government, because, as the then Secretary of State said, he 'had come to the conclusion that the peace and welfare of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa would be best promoted' by accepting the Basutos as British subjects.

The same attitude on the part of the British Government

was more clearly defined by Lord Carnarvon in his discussions with President Brand as to the right of the Imperial Government to annex the Kimberley diamond fields, his view being that the British Government, as the Paramount Power in South Africa, might interfere in the affairs of the Boer Republics whenever the safety or wellbeing of South Africa demanded it. And in reply to a request from the Free State for arbitration, the answer was 'that England cannot allow 'foreign arbitration with South Africa, because serious 'embarrassments might arise therefrom.'

The Transvaal Republic was originally formed of Boers who emigrated across the Vaal, or across the Drakensburgh Mountains, between 1836 and 1852, to escape the British Government, established either in the Cape Colony, the Orange River Sovereignty, or Natal. But it was not till 1852 that the British Government recognised their right to renounce their allegiance as British subjects. By the Sand River Convention of that year the British Government permitted them to set up an independent State called the South African Republic, in what is now known as the Transvaal. At that time there were about five thousand families of Europeans in the country. To these people the British Government 'guaranteed in the fullest manner . . . the 'right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves 'according to their own laws, without any interference on the 'part of the British Government.' They further guaranteed 'that no encroachment should be made by the said Govern-'ment on the territory north of the Vaal river.' But they forbad any form of slavery from being practised in the Transvaal, and they prohibited the Boers from trading in war material with the native tribes on both sides of the Vaal. Guarantees and stipulations to the same effect were contained in the Bloemfontein Convention of 1854, by which the Free State Boers regained their independence of Great Britain. It is contended by the Boers that both these treaties operated as a complete abdication on the part of the British Government of any right of future interference in their concerns. But it is clear from what has already been said that they have not been so understood by the Imperial authorities. As early as 1858, when the two Republics proposed to unite, their Governments were informed by Sir George Grey, the then High Commissioner, that if they did so the Conventions of Bloemfontein and Sand River would be annulled, and that the British Government would form no fresh convention with the new State.

The Transvaal Republic had from its birth an unfortunate career. The Boers were so hopelessly divided amongst themselves that they soon split up into no fewer than four different Republics, having their respective seats of government at Potchefstroom, Zoutpansberg, Lydenburg, and Utrecht. At last civil war broke out between the conflicting factions, and it was not till May 1864 that the Republic became a united one under the presidency of Martinus Pretorius, the Commandant-General being the now President, Mr. Paul Kruger. In the year 1857 a quarrel broke out between the Boers of the Free State and of the Transvaal, and a force actually marched from the latter country into Free State territory, where a fight between the burghers of these two kindred States (who are reported to have just concluded a close alliance against Great Britain) was only just averted. From 1864 till 1877, the date of the British annexation, the Transvaal was in continual and increasing difficulties. Mr. Theal thus describes the condition of the Boers in 1868:—

'A generation had grown up without a knowledge of books, or of events beyond their own little circle. The rivers were unbridged, there were no public offices worthy of the name, the treasury was always empty, and the salaries of the officials, trifling as they were, could seldom or never be paid when they fell due. Commerce was carried on chiefly by means of barter, as gold and silver were exceedingly scarce.'

In 1873 President Pretorius was succeeded by President Burgers, who endeavoured to rehabilitate the State by going to Holland to raise a loan of 90,000*l.*; but in his absence the Bapedi tribe, under their chief Sekukuni, rose against the Boers. The President returned to lead a large commando of burghers against the rebellious chief, but the expedition entirely failed. Then the Volksraad was specially summoned, and heavy taxation was imposed to meet the expenditure necessary for the war. At this point Mr. Theal may be again quoted:—

'The country was quite unable to bear this strain. The ordinary charges of government and the interest on the public debt could not be met, much less an additional burden. And so the whole administrative machinery broke down. The Republic was really in a pitiable state, without money or an army, with rebellion triumphant, and a general election approaching that was feared might be attended with civil war.'

It was in this critical state of things, and early in the year 1877, that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British

Commissioner, entered the Transvaal attended by a small police force, and marched unopposed into Pretoria.

It soon appeared that there was a section of the Boers strongly averse to the annexation. Within a few months of its taking place, Mr. Paul Kruger and Dr. Jorissen started for England to protest against it. Lord Carnarvon, however, seems to have reconciled these gentlemen to the inevitable; for after an interview had taken place between them and the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon wrote:—

'They further assured me of their determination to use their best endeavours to induce their fellow-countrymen to accept cheerfully the present state of things, and of their desire, should they be permitted to do so, to serve Her Majesty faithfully in any capacity for which they might be judged eligible.' (Blue Book, C. 1691, p. 146.)

That these protestations were then genuine may be assumed from the facts that Dr. Jorissen remained Attorney-General under the British Administration, and that Mr. Kruger not only continued to draw his salary (with an increase) as a member of the old executive, but spoke to a meeting of Boers on his return to the Transvaal in cordial terms of the conduct of the British Government.*

The annexation of the Transvaal may have been premature; from a tactical point of view it probably was. That it was unjustifiable can hardly be maintained. It is beyond controversy that the Boer Government was impotent and bankrupt, and that the people were in serious danger from the native rising in the north and of a Zulu invasion from the east. If these dreaded catastrophes had occurred, the results would have been felt all over South Africa, and at the very least a general feeling of deep insecurity would have been created in the British colonies.

But the British Government in 1877 seems to have been cursed with its traditional ineptitude in the management of South African affairs. Instead of adapting the new administration in the Transvaal to Boer ideas, instead of affording the Boers the widest self-government compatible with the condition of an Imperial province, the country was ruled like a Crown colony, the Boers were shut out from participation in the conduct of affairs, and the promises of autonomy which had been held out to them were not fulfilled.

In June 1878 a second Boer deputation, consisting of Mr. Paul Kruger and Mr. Joubert, went to England to

* See Nixon's 'Complete Story of the Transvaal,' p. 101.

petition Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the new Colonial Secretary, for a reversal of the annexation. Sir Michael assured them that it was irrevocable.

In September 1879 Sir Garnet Wolseley came to the Transvaal as High Commissioner, and at public dinners at Wakkerstroom and Pretoria announced that the Transvaal would remain British territory 'as long as the sun shone.' He issued a public proclamation to the same effect.

Then came renewed declarations by Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that the country would never be abandoned by Great Britain, the latter laying particular stress upon 'the interests of the European settlers who have 'acquired property in the province in the full belief that 'the annexation will be maintained.'* In the same despatch the Colonial Secretary pointed out that '*the power and 'authority of England had been for many years paramount 'in South Africa, and that neither by the Sand River Con-'vention nor at any other time had she surrendered the 'right and duty of requiring the Transvaal to be governed 'with a view to the common safety of the various European 'communities.*' This was only a fresh assertion of the practical suzerainty of the British Government over the South African States, which, as has been mentioned, had been claimed by preceding colonial secretaries.

At this crisis, however, the Boer agitation received a powerful and fatal stimulus. Mr. Gladstone began his Midlothian campaign against the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. His language clearly conveyed to the Boers that he thought the annexation of their country to be indefensible. This was in November 1879. The general election was imminent. The Boers waited breathlessly for the result. By May 1880 Mr. Gladstone had been returned to power at the head of a large majority. The Boers were triumphant. A letter was at once despatched to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Paul Kruger and Mr. Joubert reminding him of his sympathy with them, and appealing to him to restore them their country.

A reply came, publicly and privately, without delay. On May 20 the retention of the Transvaal was publicly announced on behalf of the Government, and in Mr. Gladstone's private letter to Mr. Kruger and Mr. Joubert he said:—

'We have to deal with a state of things which has existed for a considerable period, during which obligations have been contracted,

* Blue Book, C. 2482, p. 378.

especially, though not exclusively, towards the native population, which cannot be set aside. Looking to all the circumstances, both of the Transvaal and the rest of South Africa . . . our judgement is that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal.'

The official telegram from the Imperial Government which was published in South Africa was: 'Under no circum-'stances can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be 'relinquished.'

The Boers were struck dumb. For the moment it was a staggering blow. But these were men who, and whose fathers before them, had gone through fire and water for their country. They were many of them the very men who had 'trekked' patiently and persistently from one part of South Africa to another until they reached the distant country beyond the Vaal, where they were at last permitted by the British Government to breathe God's air in the freedom for which they longed. Before the end of the year 1880 they had risen for their liberty, and it was not a 'modern' rising, created by cheque-books or stimulated by border raids. The leaders placed themselves in the fore-front of the battle, and before the end of February 1881 they had defeated in no less than four engagements the British troops sent against them. What followed is en-graven indelibly in the minds of all intelligent citizens of the Empire. The crowning victory of the Boers at Majuba worked as miraculous a conversion of Mr. Glad-stone as did the battle of Tolbiac on King Clovis. The scales fell from his eyes. The relinquishment of the Queen's authority in the Transvaal, which only a few months before had been impossible, became now possible, imperative, even praiseworthy. The obligations contracted towards the loyalists, and especially the natives, which in 1880 were irresistible, had in 1881 lost their binding character. The interests of South Africa, which the day before Majuba had demanded the entry of the Transvaal into a British con-federation, pointed as clearly on the morrow of that disaster to the exclusion of the country from the Empire. To the colonists and natives there was left the bitter reflection that it was not safe to rely upon British pledges, however solemn or however often repeated.

It was at this low ebb of British fortunes that Sir Hercules Robinson came to South Africa as High Commissioner, and two or three years later Mr. Cecil Rhodes first became prominent in Cape politics. To these two men is due the

fact, the remarkable fact, that within a dozen years of the stupendous blundering over the Transvaal perpetrated by the British authorities, the stability and administrative reputation of the Imperial Government were again built up upon firm foundations.

There has been much discussion as to the true effect of the London Convention which was concluded between the Boers and Lord Derby in 1884. An accurate knowledge of the circumstances under which it was agreed to removes all doubt. The Pretoria Convention of 1881 placed the Transvaal Boers under an express suzerainty, controlled their diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers, and established a British Resident with the right to interfere in the internal policy of the Boers in regard to the natives. The Boers came to London in 1884, with the declared object of getting rid of these, to them, irksome provisions, and they entirely succeeded in doing so, the only reservation made on the part of the British Government in the new Convention being a right to veto any formal treaty made by the Boers with a foreign Power.

The construction of the Convention, however, is of secondary importance, since the right of the British Government to interfere in the Transvaal depends not upon any treaty, but upon its position as the Paramount Power in South Africa. This paramountcy is based upon the preponderance of possession, the corresponding preponderance of responsibility, and the vast expenditure of blood and money by which such a preponderance has been gained. It would be well under the mark to suggest fifty millions as the sum of money which it has cost the British Empire to extend its rule over all the once barbarous territory lying to the east of the early Cape Colony, and stretching from the Great Fish river up to the Portuguese boundary, over Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Matabeleland, and over the two Boer States from which its rule was subsequently withdrawn. But the British blood that has been shed is a far graver item in the account than the money which has been spent. There have been no less than five Kaffir wars waged against the natives on the south-east, there have been two against the Basutos, two against the Zulus, and one against the Matabele, not to mention those against the Boers. The whole coast-line from the mouth of the Orange River to St. Lucia Bay has been protected solely by British fleets.

The true view of the various conventions agreed to between the Transvaal Boers and the Imperial Government in

1852, 1881, and 1884 respectively, is that they are statements of the limitations which the Paramount Power has seen fit to place, in the absence of very special circumstances, upon its own actions. They are each and all subject to the reservation that they may be disregarded when the supreme interests of British South Africa so demand. In the British Imperial Government there must be always inherent what is known to international lawyers as a 'residuary jurisdiction,' liable to be invoked, indeed, only under special conditions, but certainly not to be disturbed or affected by conventions such as have been come to with the Transvaal Boers. Whether the character of the Government or of the laws of the Transvaal is at this moment such as to call for the exercise of that 'residuary jurisdiction' will have to be presently considered. But it has already been shown that on two or three occasions at least since the conclusion of the Bloemfontein and Sand River Conventions the British Government has claimed and exercised this jurisdiction in regard to the Boer States. Even Lord Derby did not lose sight of this; for in 1883 he pointedly reminded President Kruger and his colleagues in the deputation that *the Sand River Convention, like the Convention of Pretoria, was not a treaty between two contracting Powers, but was a declaration made by the Queen, and accepted by certain persons at that time her subjects, of the conditions under which and the extent to which her Majesty could permit them to manage their own affairs without interference.*

In the course of his reply to this clear assertion of British paramountcy, President Kruger said:—

> 'The deputation would even go further, and declare what has already been repeatedly and openly declared by the government and people of the South African Republic, that on their part there is no objection to give their favourable consideration to any scheme of confederation between the Colonies and States of South Africa emanating from Her Majesty's Government, and wherein the interests of the Imperial Government are duly recognised, even in so far as a British Protectorate might hereafter be required against any attempt on the part of transmarine Powers to take possession of South Africa by force of arms.' (See Blue Book, C. 3947, pp. 6 and 8.)

Nor was this a new position for the Boers to take up, for in 1877 the Boer Volksraad had actually passed a resolution signifying their readiness for a closer union with the British colonies in the interests of South Africa. It seems a thousand pities to the real friends of the Boers that President Kruger has of late been persuaded to adopt a very

different attitude. There is so much natural admiration felt for the magnificent courage shown by the Boers in fighting for their independence, that no Englishman who appreciates determination and pluck would wish to interfere with the legitimate rights of the Transvaal. Why should not the President revert to the Boer position of 1834 and 1877, and by a frank recognition of British paramountcy obtain from the Imperial Government a definite guarantee of the autonomy of his country?

The President must not forget that, whatever wrongs the Boers may have suffered in connexion with the British annexation of their country, they also gained solid advantages. When their country was annexed it was bankrupt, absolutely impotent, and in serious danger from Sekukuni in the north and Cetywayo in the east. When their country was handed back to them the power of both these chiefs had been broken, and all danger to the Transvaal removed. This was done by British troops, and principally by British money. The debts of the Transvaal Government, which were extinguished during the British occupation, amounted to over 140,000*l.* At the time of the London Convention in 1884 the indebtedness of the Transvaal Government to Great Britain was nearly 390,000*l.* It was then reduced, *ex gratia*, to 250,000*l.* In 1884, at President Kruger's request, the British Government agreed to an extension of the western border, by which the Transvaal gained an additional strip of country 130 miles long by 20 miles broad.* Mr. Kruger's Government solemnly pledged themselves to respect the boundaries of their country as laid down in the London Convention, and to take active steps to prevent encroachments upon the Bechuanas on the west or upon the Zulus on the east. But the ink of the Convention was hardly dry before what is now British Bechuanaland was overrun from the Transvaal by hundreds of land-pirates, who set up mushroom Republics. The British Commissioners sent to deal with this were set at nought, and President Kruger actually at one time took the Republics formally under his protection. This early infraction of the London Convention led to Sir Charles Warren's expedition for the purpose of removing the freebooters protected by President Kruger, rescuing the Bechuanas, and securing for British trade the route to the north; and it cost the British taxpayer over one million sterling.

* See Blue Book, C. 3947, pp. 46 and 30.

The encroachments of Boers on the east, in defiance of the Convention, were as marked and more successful; for, as already mentioned, a large proportion of Zululand became part of President Kruger's domains. As lately as 1891 there was an attempted incursion of Boers into the Chartered Company's territory, which was stopped, happily without bloodshed, by the Imperial Border Police under Sir F. Carrington and Major Goold Adams, acting under the directions of the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch. Therefore President Kruger has not been content with the autonomous rights granted him over a country half as large again as Great Britain. He has been constantly extending his borders. His internal government has been based on principles wholly alien to modern ideas of freedom, and particularly harsh to English-speaking people. He has entered into close relations with at least one foreign Power, in breach surely of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the Convention. Is it not time, then, for President Kruger, while rightly protesting against such outrages as Jameson's raid, to consider how far he has himself respected the rights of the Paramount Power in South Africa?

Even if the relations between the British and Boer Governments were those of two equal, independent States, there would be certain conditions under which, according to the law of civilised nations, British interference in the domestic politics of the Transvaal would be clearly sanctioned. In Mr. Hall's authoritative treatise on international law occurs the following definition of those conditions (section 87) :—

'Broadly, all persons entering a foreign country must submit to the laws of that country : provided that the laws are fairly administered, they cannot, as a rule, complain of the effects upon themselves, however great may be the practical injustice resulting to them. It is only when these laws are not fairly administered, or when they provide no remedy for wrongs, or when they are such—as might happen in very exceptional cases—as to constitute grievous oppression in themselves, that the State to which the individual (foreigner) belongs has the right to interfere on his behalf. . . . While, however, it is settled that, as a general rule, a State must be allowed to work out its internal changes in its own fashion, so long as its struggles do not actually degenerate into internecine war . . . intervention for the purpose of checking gross tyranny, or of helping the efforts of a people to free itself, is very commonly regarded without disfavour.'

Judged by the above principles, many of the causes of the complaints made by the Uitlanders against Boer ad-

ministration could hardly justify intervention from outside. The adoption of a commercial policy hostile to British interests, the establishment of burdensome monopolies, the corruption of officials, the interference by the Executive or Volksraad with the independence of the Courts would come under this head. But consider the action of President Kruger with regard to the two matters known in South Africa as the 'commandeering' question and the 'drifts' question!

In the first case President Kruger claimed and exercised the right to inflict compulsory military service on British subjects, to whom he denied the most valued civil rights; and men who were deliberately shut out from all real share in the government of the country were dragged off to fight on its behalf against native tribes. Such action surely needs no comment. Of course, the British Government interfered to stop this, and, through Sir Henry Loch, insisted on British subjects being entitled to the same exemption from serving in the field as was accorded to subjects of other foreign countries.

The 'drifts' question was the result of equally high-handed conduct on President Kruger's part. In the summer of last year the Netherlands Railway—a pet German railway of the President's which connects Pretoria, Johannesburg, and the Free State border with Delagoa Bay—found itself, owing to the incompetence of its officials and general mismanagement, quite unable to deal with the traffic coming from the Cape and Free State to Johannesburg. Close, however, to the junction of the Free State and Netherlands Companies' lines there is a 'drift,' or ford, on the Vaal River, and this was turned to account by the owners of the delayed goods, which were transported in wagons across the 'drift,' and so brought on to Johannesburg. In order to put a stop to this, and force back the traffic so diverted at all costs to the Netherlands Railway, the Boer Government took the extreme step of blocking the drifts on October 1. This created a storm at Johannesburg; for, as stated in the 'Cape Times,' 'the congestion of traffic, 'which had before been very great, became intolerable; 'hundreds of tons of goods, some of them perishable, were 'accumulated at the river. Rand merchants were without 'stocks, and a deadlock seemed imminent.' This arbitrary measure was persisted in till a clear intimation was received from the Imperial Government that there had been a breach by the Boer Government of the 13th article of the London Convention which could not be allowed.

It is obvious that complete sympathy could hardly be expected between a Boer Government selected from a few thousand farmers of limited education and narrow views, and a gold-mining population of a different race, with progressive ideas, and coming from countries politically the most free in the world. A want of sympathy, however, between the governing and the governed classes does not of itself justify rebellion on the part of the latter. In this instance there are several admitted facts which go some way to make a strong case for the Uitlanders. It is safe to say, without pledging ourselves to figures about which people are not agreed, that the Uitlanders largely outnumber the Boers, that they are the owners of a very large proportion of the wealth and land of the country, that they provide the greatest portion of the national revenue, and that they are taxed by a Volksraad in which they have and can have no representation. To this may be added that their language is forbidden in the Legislature, in all the courts of justice, and in such municipal bodies as exist. Further, that their children can receive no education in their own tongue, and that no public meeting for political objects can be held without the sanction of the Government. The position is accentuated when it is remembered that the people thus taxed without votes, and whose language is thus tabooed, belong for the most part to what is the Paramount Power in South Africa, and to what is a dominant race throughout the world. It seems an almost unanswerable case, and one that need not have been spoilt by resorting to such a barbarous remedy as a border raid; but the other side, of course, has to be heard.

Shortly put, the plea of the Boer Government is self-defence. The Boers say that if they granted the franchise to the Uitlanders they would be committing political suicide, and that the first act of the new voters would be to overthrow the existing form of government. President Kruger maintains that he has been anxious to treat the Uitlanders fairly, but that he cannot trust them, and that the legislation passed by the Volksraad adverse to the Uitlanders has been forced upon him by their antagonistic attitude. He points to the incidents connected with Sir Henry Loch's visits to the Transvaal, when the President was hissed, and when on one occasion a man, waving a British flag, got on the box of the President's carriage. He complains of British subjects objecting to military service and of their constant appeals for Imperial intervention on their behalf.

The Uitlanders do not admit the truth of these charges. They expressly repudiate any desire to change the Republican form of government, and they say that their antagonism to President Kruger is the result of his refusal to remedy their grievances, and of the open contempt with which the Volksraad has treated their constitutional appeals for the franchise. Of course the truth does not lie entirely on one side; but even if it be assumed that the Boer contention is true that the Uitlanders would use the franchise, if they got it, to upset the Republican form of government, and generally to effect radical changes out of harmony with Boer ideas, still the Boers are from forty to fifty thousand only in numbers, and are not increasing, the Uitlanders are certainly double that number, and are admittedly increasing very rapidly, so that by the end of this century, according to the estimate of Dr. Rutherford Harris, they will have reached nearly a quarter of a million, their wealth and property increasing at the same time. Can any sensible person doubt that when the preponderance of the Uitlander over the Boer reaches that proportion, or anything like it, political rights must either be granted to the Uitlanders or will be taken by force? If this is so, is the Paramount Power which is responsible for the general peace of South Africa to sit still and calmly await another outbreak? Surely not; and the just view of the Imperial Government can hardly be better expressed than it is in Mr. Chamberlain's telegraphic despatch to Sir Hercules Robinson on January 13, which contains the following passage:—

'The majority of the population [of the Transvaal] is composed of Uitlanders, and their complete exclusion from any share in the government of the country is an admitted grievance which is publicly recognised as such by the friends of the Republic as well as by the opinion of civilised Europe. There will always be a danger of internal disturbance so long as this grievance exists, and I desire that you will earnestly impress on President Kruger the wisdom of making concessions in the interests alike of the South African Republic and of South Africa as a whole. There is a possibility that the President might be induced to rely on the support of some foreign Power in resisting the grant of reforms, or in making demands upon Her Majesty's Government, and in view of this I think it well to inform you that Great Britain will resist at all costs the interference of any foreign Power in the affairs of the South African Republic. . . .

'Her Majesty's Government have no reason, at the present moment, to anticipate any conflict of interest with foreign Powers; but I think it right for you to know that Great Britain will not tolerate any change in her relations with the Republic, and that, while

loyally respecting its internal independence, subject to the Conventions she will maintain her position as the Paramount Power in South Africa, and especially the provisions of Article IV. of the Convention of 1884. . . . You will recollect that promises have before been made to the Uitlanders, which unfortunately have not been fulfilled. I trust the President will now see his way to repeat these promises to you as the representative of the Paramount Power; and in that case he may rely upon the sincere friendship of Her Majesty's Government, and on their determination that all external action against the independence of the Republic shall be prevented.' (Blue Book, C. 7933, p. 51.)

It appears that President Kruger dislikes Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion of Home Rule for the Rand; but he has declared his intention of giving Johannesburg a municipality and of remedying the educational grievance. As to the franchise, let him begin by giving it at once to all those of the Uitlanders who are Africanders born, or who, by taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic, are willing to surrender their allegiance to the mother-country. Even this would be much less than he promised in 1881; for in the Blue Book, C. 3219, p. 25, the following conversation is recorded between Sir H. Robinson, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Mr. Kruger:—

'*Sir H. Robinson*: Before annexation had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout? Were they on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal?

'*Mr. Kruger*: They were on the same footing as the burghers. There was not the slightest difference in accordance with the Sand River Convention.

'*Sir H. Robinson*: I presume you will not object to that continuing?

'*Mr. Kruger*: No. There will be equal protection for anybody.

'*Sir Evelyn Wood*: And equal privileges?

'*Mr. Kruger*: We make no difference as far as burgher rights are concerned. There may perhaps be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country.'

It is to be observed that by the Convention of 1894, concluded between Sir Henry Loch and President Kruger, under the provisions of which the Boer administration was, in 1895, extended over Swaziland, the full political privileges of a Transvaal burgher are reserved for *bona fide* white male residents, and equal rights are secured for the English and Dutch languages in all the courts of justice, so that Uitlanders in Swaziland are entitled to the rights denied to Uitlanders on the Rand. In the Orange Free State an Englishman may become a burgher, with a right to the

franchise, by residence in the country for one year, if he has the requisite property qualification.

It was not till 1884 that Germany actually established herself in South Africa. But in 1880 a merchant of Bremen, Herr Luderitz, purchased from a native chief a strip of land on the coast of Damaraland about one hundred and fifty miles long. Damaraland and Great Namaqualand lie on the south-west of Africa, between the mouth of the Orange river, which is the northern boundary of the Cape Colony, and the river Cunene, which is the southern boundary of the Portuguese possessions. A great part of them consists of barren waterless country. There is one valuable harbour on the coast, Walfisch Bay, which was annexed in 1877 to the British Empire, and in 1884 was added to the Cape Colony. To the south of Walfisch Bay is a smaller harbour called Angra Pequena. This harbour was comprised in the strip of coast bought by Herr Luderitz. In June 1884 a German protectorate was proclaimed over Angra Pequena, and German jurisdiction has been since extended over all Damaraland and Great Namaqualand. The circumstances under which the German protectorate came about at Angra Pequena reflect little credit on British diplomacy, which, however, was seriously hampered by the unfortunate conduct of the Government of Cape Colony. It is a fact that for something like four years the German Government endeavoured, without success, to obtain a clear answer to the simple question whether Great Britain claimed Angra Pequena, and if so, whether she would afford protection to German settlers there. First, in 1880, Lord Granville replied that the British Government could not consider territory beyond the Orange River as under its authority. Then, in 1883, he informed Count Münster that, though the Queen's sovereignty had not been proclaimed at Angra Pequena Bay, yet that no other Power could go thither without 'infringing the legitimate rights' of Great Britain. On December 31, 1883, the German Government asked on what such rights were based. No answer was forthcoming to this till June 1884, actually a few weeks after the Germans, their patience at last thoroughly exhausted, had sent a gunboat to Angra Pequena to place it under a German protectorate. Lord Granville then recognised the German rights over Angra Pequena, which were extended over all the unclaimed country up to the Cunene river, excluding Walfisch Bay. Suddenly, however, the Cape Government stepped in and proposed to assert jurisdiction over the same

country. This was, not quite unnaturally, resented by the German Government as an act of bad faith, and it was disallowed by the home authorities.

Not long after Germany desired to establish a protectorate over some of her subjects at St. Lucia Bay in Zululand, Lord Derby having publicly and persistently declined to annex it to the British Empire. Yet upon the rumour of the German intentions British authority was at once declared over it, without, so far as appears, any complaint from the German Government.

Commerce, however, was not forbidden, and it was with the full sanction of the British Government that in 1885 a commercial treaty was concluded between the Boers and the Germans, conceding to the latter the most-favoured-nation treatment and freedom of trade. Since that, no doubt, the Germans have been keen commercial rivals. They have taken advantage of President Kruger's anti-British tendencies to secure substantial benefits for their trade.

It is worth while, perhaps, to quote the most pronounced of the President's utterances in this regard. It was on January 27, 1895, the birthday of the German Emperor, that he spoke as follows:—

'It is the spirit of loyalty which I admire in the Germans. They are under the laws, they work under the laws, they obey the laws, and they fell in the Kaffir war under the laws. All my subjects are not so minded. The English, for instance, although they behave themselves properly and are loyal to the State, always fall back upon England when it suits their purpose. Therefore I shall ever promote the interests of Germany, though it be but with the resources of a child, such as my land is considered. This child is now being trodden upon by one great Power, and the natural consequence is that it seeks protection from another. The time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic—ties such as are natural between father and child.'

Such a speech, of course, aroused, both in South Africa and outside it, British susceptibilities, and led to immediate communications between the British and German Governments, evoking from the latter a definite statement of German policy in regard to the Transvaal. In February of last year Baron von Marschall, the German Foreign Secretary, told the British ambassador:—

'Our policy simply aims at protecting against every attack those material interests which Germany has created by building railways, and by forming commercial ties in the Transvaal. These interests demand

the maintenance of the Transvaal as a self-dependent State in accordance with the Convention of 1884, and the preservation of the *status quo* as regards the railways and the harbour at Delagoa Bay.'

The Foreign Secretary went on to say, what he has since repeated, on February 13 last, in the German Parliament, that his Government would regard a Confederation of the South African Colonies and States as an alteration of the *status quo*, and that even a purely commercial federation meant 'politically a protectorate and economically a com-'mercial monopoly for Cape Colony, and the exclusion of 'German trade.'

This is going far beyond the Boer position in 1884, when, as has been mentioned, President Kruger was willing to come into a British South African Confederation, and acknowledge a qualified British protectorate. It amounts, if taken literally, to a dictation to the Paramount Power in South Africa wholly unjustified by German trade interests, and would be putting a veto upon what has always been the avowed policy of the British Government. What alone the Germans have a right to demand is that in any scheme of confederation or other constitutional change which the Paramount Power may, in the general interests of South Africa, sanction, German treaties and rights and interests shall be respected.

The unnecessary and very maladroit telegram of the German Emperor to President Kruger on the subject of Dr. Jameson's raid has much to answer for. But its faults were on the surface, and the scare about the landing of German troops at Delagoa Bay to march into the Transvaal turns out to have been hardly justified. It appears from the German White Book laid before the Imperial Diet on February 12 that it was only after two urgent telegrams from the German Consul at Pretoria, representing the danger of the expected outbreak, that Baron von Marschall authorised the landing of, 'at the outside, fifty men, solely for the 'protection of the Consulate and of the life and property 'of German subjects.' This was not an unreasonable precaution, in view of the possibilities of anarchy and bloodshed represented to him, and is not consistent with any plan for serious armed intervention between the Boers and the Uitlanders.

It was under the auspices of Sir Hercules Robinson that in 1888 a treaty of amity was concluded between the British Government and Lobengula, the king of the Matabele, by which the latter agreed not to enter into correspondence

with any foreign Power against the wishes of the High Commissioner. In 1889, the year in which Sir H. Robinson left South Africa, the Imperial Government granted to the British South Africa Company a Royal Charter. In a farewell speech made at Capetown in that year, Sir Hercules spoke as follows:—

'As Her Majesty's High Commissioner, whilst striving to act with equal justice to all classes and races, I have endeavoured at the same time to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the Paramount Power in South Africa. To effect this I soon saw that a forward policy was indispensable; for if we did not advance, others would. At a very early period, therefore, of my administration, I cast longing eyes upon the high healthy central plateau to the north of the Cape Colony, which, as the gate to the interior of South and Central Africa, seemed to me of infinitely more importance than the fever-stricken mangrove swamps on the East coast, or the sandy waterless fringe on the West. For a time my advocacy was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness; but the ultimate result has been that, instead of the colony being, as it were, hidebound and shut in on the North by a foreign Power, we have to-day, in that direction, first, the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland, next, the British Protectorate extending to the 22nd degree of South latitude, and beyond it the exclusive sphere of British influence extending to the Zambesi.'

The proposed objects of the Company, for which a charter was obtained from the Imperial Government, were stated to be:—

(1) To extend northward the railway and telegraph systems in the direction of the Zambesi.

(2) To encourage emigration and colonisation.

(3) To promote trade and commerce.

(4) To develop and work minerals and other concessions under the management of one powerful organisation, thereby obviating conflicts and complications between the various interests that had been acquired within those regions, and securing to the native chiefs and their subjects the rights reserved to them under the several concessions.

The Charter was granted on October 29, 1889, it being the opinion of the Imperial Government that the Company would 'relieve them from diplomatic difficulties and heavy 'expenditure, and, in particular, render valuable assistance 'to them by undertaking the administration of the Bechu-'analand Protectorate.'

Mr. Rhodes became managing director in South Africa, and the other directors were the Dukes of Abercorn and Fife, Lord Gifford, Mr. Albert (now Lord) Grey, Sir Horace Farquhar, Messrs. Maguire, Causton, and Beit. The capital of the Company was at first 1,000,000*l.* sterling, afterwards

increased to 2,000,000*l.* In June 1890 the Company took the practical step of despatching an expedition from the northern boundary of Bechuanaland to Fort Salisbury in Mashonaland. This was done under the direction of the High Commissioner with the authority of the home Government. It consisted of 200 European pioneers and 500 police, organised by Mr. Frank Johnson, accompanied by Mr. Selous, and commanded by Colonel Pennefather. The march was 400 miles in length, along which the 'Selous road' was constructed by the pioneer force. Paths were cut through forests, rivers rendered fordable, streams spanned with bridges, and forts established and garrisoned at Tuli, Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury.

It was obvious to well-informed persons that between an arrogant conquering native race such as the Matabele and civilised law-abiding white men a conflict sooner or later was inevitable. It came at the end of 1893, when the Matabele power was overthrown, and their country occupied by Dr. Jameson's forces. Severe attacks have been made, and are still made, upon the Chartered Company in reference to this war, the charge being that it was deliberately provoked by the Company, and that the destruction of the Matabele was the outcome of a carefully planned policy. Now, the war was made by the express permission of the Imperial Government, and an official inquiry was instituted on the part of that Government after the war, which exonerated the Company from the charges made against them in regard to both the origin and the conduct of the war.

As early as the end of 1890 the Company had already been considerably hampered by a quarrel which arose between them and the Portuguese about the right of the Company to establish communications between their eastern frontier in Manica and the coast at Beira in Portuguese territory. But the firmness and tact of Sir Henry Loch, who was then High Commissioner, prevented things coming to extremes, and in 1891, by the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, the territorial claims of Portugal were recognised, while the construction of a railway from Beira to Charterland was sanctioned by Portugal, with an agreement not to levy duties of more than 3 per cent. on goods landed at Beira to be carried to Rhodesia. The free navigation of the Zambesi was also secured.*

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* A concise and most interesting account of the Chartered Company's career and prospects is given by Mr. Worsfold in the 12th chapter of his 'South Africa.'

In spite of all the troubles which have beset the Company, a 'trek' from the Transvaal, a conflict with the Portuguese, and the Matabele war, the developement of their possessions south of the Zambesi has been marvellously rapid. A railway from Beira, on the East coast, has been already pushed almost to Umtali, the most eastern township within the Company's borders; and it will be carried on without delay to Salisbury, thus connecting the capital of Rhodesia with the coast. Overland from the Cape Colony the railway communication has been rapidly advancing. In October 1894 a line was opened for traffic from Vryburg to Mafeking in Bechuanaland, and it is contemplated that a further section of about a hundred miles on the way to Charterland will be opened next July. It will then be carried to Palapye, and thence to Buluwayo and Salisbury, there meeting the East-coast line from Beira. Altogether the Company have constructed nearly three hundred miles of railway.

Telegraph lines have been made from Macloutsie, on the southern border of Rhodesia, to Mangwe, Buluwayo, Charter, and Salisbury, which last-named place is connected by a wire with Beira on the coast. The total length of telegraph line in operation on December 5, 1895, was, according to the Company's latest report, no less than 1,354 miles. In addition to this vigorous construction of railways and telegraphs, the Company have established in their vast territory a well-organised system of civilised government, consisting of a High Court, a Land Commission, various magistracies, and a police force—partly formed out of the conquered Matabele, distributed in detachments over the country. It is within the short space of six years that the Company, in the face of great difficulties both from nature and from man, has effected such changes for good over much of the vast territory—altogether 2,000 miles long by 1,000 miles broad—now under their jurisdiction.

In passing judgement upon Mr. Rhodes and his Company for their participation (whatever it may turn out to have been) in the raid led by Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal, these facts cannot be forgotten. They are facts of eloquent import for the British taxpayer, upon whom, in the absence of the Company, the expense of governing a country as large as all Europe without Russia must have fallen, with the almost certain alternative of its being occupied by a foreign Power. It would not be right, when Dr. Jameson is actually standing in the dock, to discuss whether he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged; and he is

certainly entitled, like any other prisoner, to the full benefit of his previous high character and great services. This much, however, it is permissible to observe. The enthusiasm felt about the raid as a feat of riding or fighting is clearly misplaced. To ride about 130 miles in three days and three nights is nothing wonderful, and for 500 men to surrender after losing 15 killed and about 50 wounded is not heroic. When a detachment of 240 men of the 94th Regiment were stopped by Boers at Bronker's Spruit in 1880, they did not surrender until they had lost 57 killed and 100 wounded; and at Majuba Hill, out of upwards of 500 British troops engaged, 92 were killed, including the general, and 134 were wounded.*

The rights and the duties of the Imperial Government in reference to the Chartered Company are, as they ought to be, of a direct and imperative character. When, in 1889, a charter was granted to the British South Africa Company, the country which was to be the field of their operations was only within the sphere of British influence, though subsequently the protectorate, which then existed south of the line of 22 deg. South latitude, was extended up to and beyond the Zambesi. Neither the charter nor the concession obtained from Lobengula gave the Company express territorial jurisdiction. The latter was merely a concession to work minerals. Concessions of the same character were subsequently obtained by the Company from Khama, chief of the Bamangwato; from Gungunhana, chief of Gazaland; from Sekgome, chief of the Lake N'Gami region. It has been said that since the war the Company have acquired rights over Matabeleland by virtue of conquest; but of course any such title must, in legal language, enure for the benefit of the Imperial Government, from whom the Company derives its existence, under whose ultimate authority its forces acted, and by whose troops it was, in fact, assisted. It is true that by the agreement come to in May 1894 between the Government and the Company, and by the order in Council of July 1894, the latter have been invested with the administration of the whole region (excluding the Bechuanaland Protectorate) lying between the Portuguese possessions, the South African Republic, British Bechuanaland, the German Protectorate, and the rivers Chobe and Zambesi, but the ultimate jurisdiction is carefully reserved to the Imperial Government.

* Nixon's 'Complete Story of the Transvaal,' pp. 215, 251.

The Company governs through an administrator and a council of four members. Yet none of these officials can be appointed without the approval of the Secretary of State, and any of them may be removed by him. No laws can be made by the Company until sanctioned by the High Commissioner; nor can any such law affect the force either of any order in Council or of any proclamation issued by the High Commissioner, except with the consent of the latter. The judge and the magistrates are appointed subject to the High Commissioner's approval, and may be suspended by him. An appeal lies from the High Court to the Cape Supreme Court, and from thence to the Privy Council. The Company's military and police force, which consists of some mounted European police, about two hundred native police, and the Rhodesia Volunteer Horse, is raised under Article 10 of the Charter, which is as follows:—

'The Company shall, to the best of its ability, preserve peace and order in such ways and manners as it shall consider necessary, and may, with that object, make ordinances (to be approved by our Secretary of State), and may establish and maintain a force of police.'

It is not easy from the last report to arrive at the effective normal strength of the Company's forces, but in the autumn of last year their numbers were increased by the enlistment of upwards of a hundred of the disbanded Imperial British Bechuanaland Police at Mafeking. The force which raided the Transvaal under Dr. Jameson was made up partly of the Company's police brought down to Mafeking on the plea of protecting the northward construction of the railway, and partly of recruits from the disbanded police of Bechuanaland, and amounted in all to 510 men. Since the raid the whole of the Company's forces have been placed under the command of Imperial officers, and certain portions of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, which had been last year made over to the Company, have been withdrawn from its jurisdiction. Dr. Jameson has been removed from the administratorship, to which the Company, with the approval of the Government, has appointed Lord Grey. Colonel Sir Richard Martin has been nominated not only Commandant-General of all the Company's forces, but Deputy Commissioner for the whole of its territories, being responsible only to the High Commissioner. Mr. Rhodes has gone back to Rhodesia simply as a private individual, though he is still the Company's managing director in South Africa. It will be seen that, short of withdrawing the

Charter, the Imperial Government has punished the Company with severity, though no one can say with excessive severity.

Mr. Rhodes and the Company are not, like Dr. Jameson and the Johannesburg leaders, on their trial, though they will have to submit to the investigation which the Government has very properly undertaken to make into their recent conduct. It is therefore permissible to say something about them in connexion with the raid into the Transvaal. With regard to the Company, they must face the same alternative that presented itself in the case of President Kruger and the raids made ten years ago from the Transvaal into Bechuanaland and Zululand. Either the Company was a party to the raid, in which case the immediate withdrawal of the Charter would be the mildest step which the Imperial Government could take; or the Company is not strong enough to control its own officials. The latter view, which is clearly the one taken by the Government, fully justifies the Government in substituting their own effective authority over the police for the weak and incompetent control of the Company. It is a step due to the general interests of South Africa, due to Dutch feeling, which has been rudely shocked, and due, above all, to the reputation and good name of Great Britain. Moreover, though the difficulty of settling the Transvaal may be great, it is at least possible that Mr. Chamberlain may have to face a graver difficulty in Rhodesia. The future of that vast country is not yet assured. The corner-stone upon which the great fabric of the Chartered Company has been built is, after all, the chance that there are paying mines in Rhodesia. That chance still hangs in the balance. Every year that passes without the discovery in paying quantities of the supposed mineral wealth heightens the risk and deepens the suspicion that, in fact, the country is not rich in gold, and that the capital which has been poured out in the belief that it is will never see any return. What will be the situation when that discovery comes to be made? What will be the effect upon British influence in South Africa? The Imperial Government may find a huge area of central South Africa thrown upon their hands, and have to face such a reaction, such a feeling of general disgust throughout the country with everything to do with South Africa, as will make it exceedingly difficult to maintain a hold on any portion of it outside the colonial borders. Ultimately Rhodesia may prosper as an agricultural country. But

that cannot be for some long time, and the contingency just suggested must not be lost sight of.

The remedy, or rather the only possible safe course to be followed by the Imperial Government with a view to such an eventuality, is to act, as Mr. Chamberlain is acting, in harmony with the preponderance of colonial feeling in South Africa. His statement in the House of Commons on February 13 left nothing to be desired. He said:—

'We are constantly reminded of the fact that our Dutch fellow-citizens are the majority in South Africa, and I think I may say for myself as for my predecessor, we are prepared to go as far as Dutch sentiment will support us. That is the keynote of the policy, not of this Government alone, but of all Governments in South Africa. It is a very serious thing, a matter involving most serious considerations, if we are asked to go in opposition to Dutch sentiment.'

In the same memorable speech Mr. Chamberlain draws a striking picture of the Mr. Rhodes of yesterday—the first Minister of the Cape Colony, the master of Rhodesia, the idol of a large part of South Africa—and the Mr. Rhodes of to-day—

'a private individual having not the control of a single policeman, having ceased to be Prime Minister, and, for the moment at all events, having seen his work jeopardised, possibly destroyed—the work he set himself of consolidating and bringing together the Dutch and English races.'

To be shorn of his authority must be mortifying; but probably Mr. Chamberlain has gauged Mr. Rhodes rightly in supposing that he will feel more keenly the failure of his work of unification, and especially the charges of treachery freely brought against him by his Dutch friends in South Africa. He has expressly declared that Dr. Jameson carried out the raid without his authority. Yet can he not escape from the damning facts set out with stern brevity in a letter written by Mr. Hofmeyr, an old friend of his, and perhaps the most weighty exponent of Dutch feeling at the Cape. He writes thus to his correspondent:—

'You wish to know whether I have broken with Mr. Rhodes. I answer: Yes; I am no longer on my former footing of intimacy with him. You wish to know, further, the causes which have brought about this change. I answer: They are founded on the firm conviction, resulting from a careful weighing of all the evidence in my possession, that Mr. Rhodes did not, in the matter of the Jameson inroad, conduct himself in such a manner as one had reason to expect from the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony—a Prime Minister, more-

over, who enjoyed the full confidence of the great majority of colonial Africanders. He must have known a considerable time before the inroad—nay, he did know—that a strong and well-equipped column of the Chartered Company's force was concentrated on the Transvaal frontier, partly within our boundaries, with the object of marching into the Republic at a suitable moment; but he took no proper steps, either as managing director of the Chartered Company or as Premier of the Cape Colony, to defeat the proposed object. He, several days before the inroad, received telegraphic warnings on the subject from more than one direction, among them one from a member of our Cape Legislative Council who happened to be at Johannesburg; but he ignored them one and all. When he received absolute information that Dr. Jameson had actually moved into the Transvaal at the head of the Chartered Company's forces, he left his own colleagues for nearly a day and a half in complete ignorance of the fact. He even kept away from his office, so that it was difficult for them to see him. He sent no warning to the Government of the threatened, though friendly, Republic. He published no official repudiation and suspension of Dr. Jameson as Administrator of Rhodesia, and though I do believe he had given no explicit orders to the Doctor to march at the very hour and day on which he started, he made no effort to induce his Excellency the High Commissioner to immediately issue a proclamation against Jameson. He did, when it was too late, send the Doctor a message to return, which does not appear to have reached him at all during his march; but when his Excellency caused a proclamation to be drawn up, in spite of Mr. Rhodes's non-activity, he did nothing to impart force to it or to facilitate its publication. On the only occasion since the inroad on which he addressed a colonial public, he carefully abstained from all censure of the plot which had culminated in the bloodshed near Krugersdorp, but boasted, on the other hand, that his political career was only now going to commence in earnest.'

There are yet other features in Mr. Rhodes's conduct hardly touched upon by Mr. Hofmeyr: his complete disloyalty to the High Commissioner in keeping him in the dark as to what was going on, and his failure to consider what terribly grave dangers might be brought upon the whole British Empire. Dr. Jameson's raid brought us to the brink of a war with Germany. We may yet have to face a struggle with the Boers for British supremacy. We have been actually plunged into conflict with the natives in Matabeleland. Nor can it be said that Mr. Rhodes's rapid retirement to Rhodesia, however natural, is calculated to make the task of his friends and supporters an easier one. It may be a laudable thing to look after the material interests of the Chartered Company, and by the establishment of a strong British province in Rhodesia to repair the deep injury done to British influence in South Africa; but there

is something which, to him, should be more important than either of these considerations—his reputation for good faith. He must be aware that he is widely charged, not merely with the treachery expressed in Mr. Hofmeyr's letter, but, which is even worse, with being a party to a plot hatched for financial reasons, and mainly in the interests of capitalists, to upset a friendly Government and obtain the control of a rich territory. In some form or other those charges will yet have to be met. At the annual Congress of the Africander Bond, a week or two ago, a strong resolution was unanimously carried, which, after recapitulating the charges made in Mr. Hofmeyr's letter, concludes:—

'The Congress maintains that, unless Mr. Rhodes purge himself of all knowledge of these charges and of favouring the conspiracy and protecting the leaders, it is impossible for the National Africander party to work with him on political grounds.'

Can any one wonder at that? The Dutch have, as a rule, been accustomed to open straightforward dealing from Englishmen. When Sir Henry Loch left South Africa last year, after having, during his term of office, had to deal with most delicate questions affecting the Transvaal, and having had more than once to bring home to President Kruger unpalatable truths, the organ of the Boer Government bade him farewell in these words:—

'His Excellency has gained more information in regard to Transvaal politics than any previous representative of Her Majesty, and although we can scarcely expect him on all occasions to think as we think, still we have a firm belief that, from a keen sense of justice and fair play, when other questions concerning this Republic come to be debated in England, Sir Henry Loch will be able, as a true-born English gentleman, to place matters before the British public in a fair and unbiassed light.'

That is exactly the impression which a high-minded English official leaves behind him.

The ruling passion of Mr. Rhodes is believed to be pride in the greatness of his country. He has himself said, in a speech which he made at Cape Town in 1892, '*If I have one good* '*feeling or sentiment, it is the love which I have for the flag* '*that I have been born under, and under which I continue.*'

Much will be forgiven to Mr. Rhodes by his countrymen in his zeal for such a cause, and they will repel with indignation, as long as Mr. Rhodes allows them to do so, the suggestion that he has permitted a noble, if ill-regulated, ambition to degenerate into sordid financial greed. But a refusal to

plead is not a mark of innocence, and persistent silence under grave charges suggests conclusions unfavourable to the accused. South Africa has constantly been a theatre for the display of the 'various and uncertain fortunes' of distinguished men, and it has never been safe to pass a verdict upon seemingly brilliant careers in that part of the world until their close. The acquisition and civilisation of a province like Rhodesia is a great achievement; but if it can only be done by destroying the confidence between Dutch and English in South Africa, the price is heavy, and the verdict of history must be doubtful. Posterity sees the whole of a play out. It watches how the actors leave the stage, and it is only when the parts played by each of them close honourably, or, as Cicero said, 'si vero exitu notabili 'concluduntur,' that it stamps them with the seal of its priceless approval.

ART. II.—1. *The Letters of Charles Lamb.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ALFRED AINGER. London: 1888.

2. *Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends.* Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. London: 1891.

3. *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.* Edited by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. London: 1895.

4. *Letters of Matthew Arnold,* 1848–88. Collected and arranged by GEORGE RUSSELL. London and New York: 1895.

5. *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble.* Edited by WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT. London: 1895.

6. *Vailima Letters, from Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin,* 1890–94. London: 1895.

THE preservation and posthumous publication of private correspondence has supplied modern society with one of its daintiest literary luxuries. The art of letter-writing is, of course, no recent invention; it reached a high level of excellence, like almost every other branch of refined expression in prose or verse, in the older world of Rome. Nevertheless, the exceeding rarity of the specimens that have come down to us from those times is an important element of their value; while in our own day the letters of eminent persons fill many bookshelves in every decent library, and their quantity increases out of all proportion to their quality.

It may be said, generally, of fine letter-writing that it is a distinctive product of a high civilisation, denoting the existence of a cultured and leisurely class, implying the conditions of secure intercourse, confidence, sociability, many common interests, and that peculiar delight in the stimulating interchange of ideas and feelings which is one characteristic of modern life. The language of a country must have thrown off its archaic stiffness, must have acquired suppleness and variety; the writer's instrument must be a style that combines familiarity with distinction, correctness of thought with easy diction. It is from the lack of these conditions that the Asiatic world has given us no such letters; the material as well as the intellectual environment has been wanting. For similar reasons the middle ages of Europe produced us none of the kind with which we are now dealing; the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries have

left us very few samples of them; and since in this article we propose to treat only of English letter-writers, we may affirm that the art did not flourish in England until the eighteenth century, when according to certain authorities it rose to something like perfection. It is a notable observation of Hume's that Swift is the first Englishman who wrote polite prose; and Swift is one of the earliest, as he is still one of the pleasantest, writers of private correspondence that has taken a permanent place in our literature.

We can understand without difficulty why the eighteenth century was a period favourable to the growth of excellent letter-writing. There were very few newspapers, and those which appeared were neither good nor trustworthy; there were no magazines or reviews up to the middle of the century; yet there was a small and highly cultivated society with an exquisite taste for literature, with a keen interest in public affairs, and a very strong appetite for philosophic discussion. Side by side with the intellectual conditions we may take into account the national circumstances of that age. The post was expensive, with a slow and intermittent circulation, so that letters, being infrequent, were worth writing carefully and at length; while correspondents were nevertheless not separated by distances of time and space sufficient to weaken or extinguish the desire of interchanging thoughts and news. For it is within the experience of most of us that the difficulty of keeping up regular correspondence increases with distance; that friends who meet seldom write to each other rarely; and that, although letters are most valued by those who are far from home and long absent, yet it is precisely in the case of prolonged separation that the chain of friendly communication is apt gradually to slacken until it becomes entirely disconnected. So long, indeed, as men depended for news on private sources, there was always a kind of obligation to write; but the telegraph and the newspaper have now monopolised the Intelligence Department. On the whole, it may be concluded that the art of letter-writing flourishes best within a limited radius of distance, among persons living neither very near to each other nor yet far apart, who meet occasionally yet not often, and who are within the same range of social, political, and intellectual influences. Its best period is probably before the advent of copious indefatigable journalism, before men have taken to publishing letters in the morning papers, and when they have not yet acquired the economical habit of

reserving all their valuable ideas and information for signed articles in some monthly review.

It was under these conditions that the letters of eminent men in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century were generally written. In the former century letter-writing was undoubtedly a recognised form of high literary workmanship, with close affinities on one side to the diary or private journal, and on another to the essay. Long, continuous, and intimate correspondence, as in the case of Swift and Walpole, gravitated toward the journal; dissertations on literature, politics, and manners were more akin to the essay; while in the hands of the novelist the journalistic series of letters took artificial developement into a method of story-telling. On the other side, the tendency of epistles to become essays reached its climax in the letters of Burke, some of which are only distinguishable from brilliant pamphlets by the formal address and subscription.

With the nineteenth century begins an era of amusing and animated letter-writing. The classic and somewhat elaborate style of the preceding age falls into disuse; the essayist draws gradually back into a department of his own; the new school reflects, as is natural, the general tendency of English literature towards a livelier and more varied movement, with a wider range of subjects and sympathies. In his letters, as in his poetry, the precursor of the Naturalistic school was Cowper, who could be simple without being trivial, was never prosy and often pathetic, and who possessed the rare art of stamping on his reader's mind an enduring impression of quiet and somewhat commonplace society in the English midlands. That poets should usually have been good letter-writers is probably no more than might have been expected, for imagination and word-power must tell everywhere; yet the list is so long as to be worth noticing. Swift, Pope, and Cowper in the last century, and in the present century Scott, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Southey, have all left us distinctive and copious correspondence. Wordsworth may, perhaps, be classed as a notable exception; for Wordsworth's letters are dull, being at their best more like essays or literary dissertations than the free outpouring of intimate thought. They have none of the charm which comes from the revelation of private doubt or passionate affection that is ordinarily stifled by convention; they are, on the contrary, eminently respectable, deliberate, and carefully expressed. 'It has ever been the habit of my mind,' he writes, 'to trust that expediency will come out of fidelity

'to principles, rather than to seek my principles of action in 'calculations of expediency.' This is what the Americans call 'high toned'; but the metal is too heavy for the light calibre of a letter.

Whether Tennyson had the gift of letter-writing we shall be able to judge when his biography appears, though we may anticipate that it will contain some things worthy of a great master in the art of language. The publication of letters deriving their sole or principal interest from the general reputation of the writer is indeed quite legitimate and intelligible. They are often biographical documents of considerable value, apart from all questions of style and intellectual quality; they can be handled and arranged to exhibit a man's character; they may be used as negative proofs of reserve and reticence, as showing his mental attitude towards various subjects, his domestic habits and virtues, or merely as annals of where he went and what he did. They may be carefully selected and revised for occasional insertion at different stages of a long biography, where the editor sees fit to let the dead man speak for himself; they may be employed as an advocate chooses the papers in his brief, for attack or defence. Or they may be produced without commentary, sifting, or omissions, as the unvarnished presentation of a man's private life and particular features which a candid friend commits to the judgement of posterity. Or, lastly, they may be mere relics, not much more in some instances than curiosities, valued for much the same reasons that would set a high price on the autograph or the inkstand of a celebrated man, on his furniture, his house, or anything that was his. In proportion as little or nothing is known of such a man's private life, every scrap of his writing increases in value; and so a letter of Shakespeare or of Dante would be priceless. But of Shakespeare no letter has come down to us, and of Dante not even, we believe, his signature; though we do know something of what Dante did and thought, for his religion and his politics are manifested in his poems; whereas Shakespeare's works have the divine attribute of impersonality. Here is one supreme poet of whom the world would gladly hear anything; but nothing remains to feed the modern appetite, which is never so well gratified as when a rare and sublime genius stands revealed as the writer of ordinary letters upon petty domesticities.

It is evidently impossible to draw a line that shall accurately divide the interest that men feel in a celebrated person from the interest that they take in his posthumous

correspondence, so as to determine how far the letters are good in themselves. When the writer is well known, he and his writings are inseparable. Yet some attempt must be made, for the purposes of this article, to distinguish critically between letters that are readable and will survive by their own literary quality, as fine specimens of the art, and those which are preserved and published on the score of the writer's name and fame, with little aid from their merits. In which category are we to place the letters of Keats, including those that have been very recently unearthed by diligent literary excavation? His poetry is so exquisite, so radiant with imaginative colour, that to see such a man in the light of common day, among the ordinary cares and circumstances of the lower world, is necessarily a descent and a disillusion. He was young, he was poor, he had few acquaintances worthy of him; he roved about England and Scotland without adventures; his letters were perfectly familiar and unsophisticated. As Mr. Sidney Colvin has written, in an excellent preface to an edition of 1891, 'he 'poured out to those he loved his whole self indiscriminately, 'generosity and fretfulness, ardour and despondency, boyish 'petulance side by side with manful good sense, the tattle of 'suburban parlours with the speculations of a spirit un-'surpassed for native gift and insight.' Every now and then the level of his easy-going discourse is lit up by a flash of wit, and occasionally by a jet of brilliant fancies among which some of his finest poetry may be traced in the process of incubation. His whole mind is set upon his art; for that only, and for a few intimate friends, does he care to live and work; his letters often tell us when and where, under what influences, his best pieces were composed; one likes to know, for example, that the 'Ode to Autumn' came to him on a fine September day during a Sunday's walk over the stubbles near Winchester. His criticisms are always good, and their form picturesque. He compares human life to a chamber that becomes gradually darkened, in which one door after another is set open, showing only dim passages leading out into darkness. This, he says, is the burden of the mystery which Wordsworth felt and endeavoured to explore; and he thinks that Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though he attributes this, justly, more to 'the general and gregarious 'advance of intellect, than individual greatness of mind.' So far as spontaneity and the free unguarded play of sportive and serious ideas, taken as they came uppermost, are tests and conditions of excellence in this kind of writing, Keats's

letters must rank high. Nevertheless there is still room for doubt whether these juvenile productions would have left any but a most ephemeral mark apart from their connexion with his poetry.

In the case of other poets, who were his contemporaries, the verdict will be different. They are all to be classed, though not in the same line, as writers of letters that have great original and intrinsic value. Scott's letters exhibit his generous and masculine nature, the buoyancy of his spirits in good or bad fortune, and that romantic attachment to old things and ideas which hardened latterly into inveterate Toryism. Southey's prose writings will probably survive his metrical compositions, which indeed have already fallen into oblivion. There is life in a poet so long as he is quoted, but no verses or even lines of Southey have fixed themselves in the popular memory. And whereas the letters of Keats disclose a mind filled with the sense of beauty and rich with poetic seedlings that blossomed into beautiful flowers, in Southey's correspondence we discern only an erudite man of taste labouring diligently upon epics which he expected to be immortal. The letters of Byron stand upon broader ground, because Byron was so much more of a personage than either Keats, or Southey, or Wordsworth. They supply, in the first place, an invaluable, and indeed indispensable, interpretation of his poetry, which is to a great extent the imaginative and romantic presentation of his own feelings, fortunes, and peculiar experiences. Secondly, they are full of good sayings and caustic criticism; they touch upon the domain of politics and society as well as upon literature; they give the opinions passed upon contemporary events and persons, during a stirring period of European history, by a man of genius who was also a man of the world; they float on the current of a strangely troubled existence. In these letters we have an important contribution to our acquaintance with literary circles and London society, and with several notable figures on either stage, during the years immediately before and after Waterloo. They were published in an introduction to the works of a famous poet; yet, although they cannot be detached from his poetry, they possess great independent merits of their own. They echo the sounds of revelry by night; they strike a note of careless vivacity, the tone of a man who is at home alike in good and bad company, whose judgement on books and politics, on writers and speakers, is always fresh, bold, and original. We may lament that the spirit of reckless devilry and dissipation should have entered

into Byron; and the lessons to be drawn from the scenes and adventures in Venice and elsewhere, described for the benefit of Tom Moore, are very different from the moral examples furnished by the tranquil and well-ordered correspondence of our own day. Yet the world would have been poorer for the loss of this memorial of an Unquiet Life, and the historical gallery of literature would have missed the full-length portrait of an extraordinary man.

The letters of Coleridge, like their writer, belong to another class, yet, like Byron's, they have the clear-cut stamp of individuality. Here again we have the man himself, with his intensity of feeling, his erratic moods and singular phraseology, the softness of his heart and the weakness of his will. He belongs to the rapidly diminishing class of notable men who have freely poured their real sentiments and thoughts out of their brain into their letters, who have given their best (without keeping their worst) to their correspondents, so that the letters abound with pathetic and amusing confessions, and with ideas that bear the stamp of the author's singular idiosyncrasy. The 'Memorials of 'Coleorton' are a collection of letters written to the Beaumont family by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Scott; the reader may pass from one to another by taking them as they come; the book is like the *menu* of a dinner with varied courses. Wordsworth's letters are the product of cultivated taste, a fine eye for rural scenery, and lofty moral sentiment. Southey is the high-class *littérateur*, with a strong dash of Toryism in Church and State; in both there is a total absence of eccentricity, but in neither case is the attention forcibly arrested or any striking passage retained. When Coleridge is served up the flavour of unique expression and a sort of divine simplicity is unmistakeable; he is alternately indignant and remorseful; he soars to themes transcendent, and sinks anon to the humble details of his errors and embarrassments. Uncongenial society plunged him into such dark depression that he is not ashamed to confess that he found 'bodily relief in weeping.'

'On Tuesday evening Mr. R——, the author of ——, drank tea and spent the evening with us at Grasmere; and this had produced a very unpleasant effect upon my spirits. . . . If to be a poet or man of genius entailed on us the necessity of housing such company in our bosoms, I would pray the very flesh off my knees to have a head as dark and unfurnished as Wordsworth's old Molly's. . . . If I believed it possible that the man liked me, upon my soul I should feel exactly as if I were tarred and feathered.'

And so on through the whole letter, with a comical energy of phrase that scorns reserve or compass in giving vent to the misery caused by uninteresting conversation. We may contrast this melancholy tea-drinking with Byron's rollicking account of a dinner with some friends 'of note and 'notoriety.'

'Like other parties of the same kind, it was first silent, then talking, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then articulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had been certainly constructed before the invention of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. Both he and Coleman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine carried away my memory, so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation.'

We are, of course, not reviewing Byron or Coleridge; we are only giving samples by the way. Here are two great poets, remote from each other as the two poles in social circumstances and habit of mind, but at any rate alike in this one quality—that their life is in their letters, and that in such passages as these the genuine undisguised temperament of each writer stands forth in a relief that could only be brought out by his own unintentional masterstrokes. For neither of them was aware that in these scenes he was describing his own character—though Byron may have intended to display his wit, and Coleridge may have been to some extent conscious of his own humour. In the way of literary criticism, again, Coleridge throws out the quaint and uncommon remark upon Addison's Essays, that they 'have produced a passion for the unconnected in the minds 'of Englishmen.' And he touches delicately upon the negative or barren side of the critical mind in his observation that the critics are the eunuchs that guard the temple of the Muses.

Of Shelley's letters, again, we may say that they are unconsciously autobiographical; they are confessions of character, spontaneous, unguarded, abounding with brilliancies and extravagances. They betray his shortcomings, but they attest his generosity and courage; they are the outpourings of a new spirit, who detests what would now be called Philistinism in literature and society, who does not stop to pick his words, or to mix water with the red wine of his

enthusiasm. He abandons himself in his letters to the feelings of the moment; he ardently pursues his immediate object by sophistical arguments which convict himself but could never convince a correspondent, and which astonish and amuse the calm reader of after days. 'A kind of in-'effable sickening disgust seizes my mind when I think of 'this most despotic, most unrequired fetter which prejudice 'has forged to confine its energies. . . . Anti-matrimonial-'ism is as necessarily connected with scepticism as if 'religion and marriage began their course together,' for both are the fruit of odious superstition. He was endeavouring to persuade Harriet Westbrook to join him in testifying by example against the obsolete and ignoble ceremony of the marriage service, which he held to be a degradation that no one could ask 'an amiable and beloved 'female' to undergo. In Shelley's case, as in Byron's, the letters are of inestimable biographical value as witnesses to character, as reflecting the vicissitudes of a life which was to the writer more like the 'fierce vexation of a dream' than a well-spent leisurely existence, and as the sincere unstudied expression of his emotions. For all these reasons they are essential to a right appreciation of his magnificent poetry.

William Godwin, pedantic, self-conceited, and impecunious, has come down to us as a kind of central figure in a literary group which included such men as Coleridge, Shelley, and Lamb, of whom the somewhat formal English world at the beginning of this century was not worthy. By reason of this position, and because Shelley married his daughter, he became the cause and subject of excellent letter-writing, though his own correspondence is heavy with philosophic platitudes. It is of the class which, as we have said, is akin to essays; he discourses at large upon first principles in religion and politics; and out of his frigid philosophy came some of Shelley's most ardent paradoxes. But some of the most amusing letters in the English language were addressed to him. It was after a supper at Godwin's that Coleridge wrote remorsefully acknowledging 'a certain tipsiness'—not that he felt any 'unpleasant 'titubancy'—whereby he had been seduced into defending a momentary idea as if it had been an old and firmly established principle; which (we may add) has been the way of other talkers since Coleridge. No one, he goes on to say, could have a greater horror than himself of the principles he thus accidentally propounded, or a deeper conviction of their

irrationality; 'but the whole thinking of my life will not 'bear me up against the crowd and press of my mind, when 'it is elevated beyond its natural pitch.' The effect of punch, after wine, was to make a philosopher argue hotly against his profoundest beliefs; yet it is to Godwin's supper that we owe this diverting palinodia. And all Englishmen should be grateful to Godwin for having written the tragedy of 'Antonio;' for not only was it most justly damned, but it also elicited some letters to the unlucky author that are unmatched in the record of candid criticism. Mrs. Inchbald writes, briefly:—

'I thank you for the play of Antonio, and I most sincerely wish you joy of having produced a work which will protect you from being classed with the successful dramatists of the present time, but which will hand you down to posterity among the honoured few who, during the past century, have totally failed in writing for the stage.'

Coleridge goes to work more elaborately:—

'In the tragedy I have frequently used certain marks [which he gives]. Of these, the first calls your attention to my suspicions that your language is false or intolerable English. The second marks the passages that struck me as *flat* or mean. The third is a note of reprobation, levelled at those sentences in which you have adopted that worst sort of vulgar language, commonplace book language. The last mark implies bad metre.'

All this is free speaking beyond the compass of modern literary consultations. It may be added that Lamb also discussed the play, before it was performed, in his letters to Godwin; and that his description of Godwin's deportment, of his own feelings, and of the behaviour of the audience on the memorable night that witnessed its utter failure, has bequeathed to us a comedy over which the tragic Muse herself might well become hysterical.

There is, indeed, in the correspondence of this remarkable group a tone of frankness and sincerity which, combined with the absence of malice and a strong element of fun, distinguishes it from the half-veiled disapproval and prudish reserve of later days. 'When you next write so eloquently 'and well against law and lawyers,' says Coleridge to Godwin, 'be so good as to leave a larger place for your 'wafer, as by neglect of this a part of your last was oblite-'rated.' Again, in a more serious tone: 'Ere I had yet read 'or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, 'wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read 'them, religious bigotry, the but half understanding of your 'principles, and the *not* half understanding of my own, com-

'bined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist.' His moods and circumstances, his joys and pains, are reflected in his language with remarkable fertility of metaphor; his feelings vary with his society. Of Lamb he writes that 'his 'taste acts so as to appear like the mechanic simplicity of an 'instinct—in brief, he is worth a hundred men of more 'talents: conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of 'leaden bells, one warms by exercise, Lamb every now and 'then *irradiates*.' In the best letters of this remarkable group we perceive the exquisite sensitiveness of open and eager minds, giving free play to their ideas and feelings, their delight and disgust, so that their life and thoughts are mirrored in their correspondence as in their conversation. Such writing has become very rare, if it is not entirely extinct, in these latter days of temperate living and guarded writing. Lamb's own letters are all in a similar key; and that which he wrote to Coleridge, who had a bad habit of borrowing books, is a model of jocose expostulation: 'You 'never come but you take away some folio that is part of my 'existence. . . . My third shelf from the top has two devilish 'gaps, where you have knocked out its two eye teeth.' And his lament over the desolation of London, as it appears to a man who has lived there jovially, and revisits it as a stranger in after years, may even now touch a chord in the hearts of some of us.

'In London I passed houses and places, empty caskets now. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. The bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed. My old clubs that lived so long and flourished so steadily are crumbled away. When I took leave of our friend at Charing Cross, 'twas heavy unfeeling rain, and I had nowhere to go . . . not a sympathising house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorner head. Yet I tried ten days at a sort of friend's house, large and straggling; one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card-players and pleasant companions, that have tumbled to pieces into dust and other things; and I got home convinced that I was better to get to my hole in Enfield and hide like a sick cat in my corner.'

We might, indeed, multiply indefinitely our quotations from the correspondence of this literary period to show its sincerity, its spontaneity, its uncommonness, the tone of intimate brotherhood and natural unruly affection that pervades it everywhere. Nothing of the kind has come down to us from the eighteenth century; and the last fifty years of this century, so prolific in biographies and posthumous publications of the papers of eminent men, go to prove that

in the general transformation of letter-writing these peculiar qualities have almost, though not altogether, disappeared. Probably conversation has suffered a like change; and we may ascribe it generally to a lowering of the social temperature, to the habits of reserve, respectability, and conventional self-restraint that in these days govern so largely the intercourse of men. Something may be due to cautious expurgation of passages which tell against the writer, or might offend modern taste; yet in other respects contemporary editors have been sufficiently indiscreet. And the growth ot these habits, so discouraging to free and fearless correspondence, may be partly ascribed to the influence of journalism, which makes every subject stale and sterile by incessantly threshing and tearing at it, and which reviews biographies in a manner that acts as a solemn warning to all men of mark that they take heed what they put into a private letter. There are other causes, to which we may presently advert; but it is quite clear that this fine art is undergoing certain transmutations, and that on the whole it does not flourish quite so vigorously as heretofore.

In a recent article upon Matthew Arnold's letters it is laid down by a consummate critic * that the first canon of unsophisticated letter-writing is that a letter is meant for the eye of a friend, and not for the world. 'Even the lurking 'thought in anticipation of an audience destroys the charm; 'the best letters are always improvisations; the public 'breaks the spell.' In this, as we have already suggested, there is much truth; yet the conditions seem to us too straitly enjoined; for not every man of genius has the gift of striking out his best thoughts, in their best form, clear and true from the hot iron of his mind; and in some of our best writers the improvising spirit is very faint. If a man writes with leisurely care, selecting deliberately the word that exactly matches his thought, aiming directly at the heart of his subject and avoiding prolixity, he may, like Walpole, Gray, and others, produce a delightful letter, provided only that he is sincere and open, has good stuff to give, and does not condescend to varnish his pictures. We want his best thoughts; we should like to have his best form; we do not always care so much for negligent undress. And as for the copious outpouring of his personal feelings, one says many things to a friend or kinsman that are totally without interest to the public unless they are

* Mr. John Morley, 'Nineteenth Century,' December 1895.

expressed in some distinctive manner or embody some originality of handling an ordinary event. This a writer may have the knack of doing artistically, even in a private and confidential letter, without betraying the touch of art; nor, indeed, can we ever know how many of the best modern letters are really improvised. Then, again, with regard to the anticipation of an audience, it is a risk to which every man of note must feel that he is exposed; the shadow of eventual publicity is always in the background; his letters have passed out of his control during his lifetime, and he can only trust in the uncertain discretion of his literary executor. He does not care to leave the record of his passing moods, his confessions of weakness, his personal likings and antipathies, to be discussed by the general reader; and it is probable that he only lets his pen run freely when he feels assured that his confidential improvisations will be judiciously omitted.

It is, we think, impossible to suppose that these considerations have not weighed materially upon the minds of eminent men in our own day, when biographies have become so much more numerous, and when they are so much more closely criticised than formerly. And in comparing the letters written in the early part of this century—such as those from which we have given a few characteristic quotations—with those which have been recently published, we have to take account of these things, among other changes of the social and literary environment. Undoubtedly the comparison is to the advantage of the earlier writings; they seem infinitely more amusing, more genuine, more biographical, more redolent of the manners and complexion of the time. There is in them a flavour of heartiness and irresponsibility which may partly be attributed to the fact that the best writers were poets, whose genius flowered as early as their manhood, and most of whom died young; so that their letters are fresh, audacious, and untempered by the chilly caution of middle or declining age. Their spirits were high, they were ardent in the pursuit of ideals; they were defying society, they either had no family or were at feud with it, and they gave not a thought to the solemn verdict of posterity. For correspondents who were brimming over with humour, imagination, and enthusiasm, no situation could be more thoroughly favourable to sparkling improvisation; and accordingly they have left us letters which will be a joy for ever.

The correspondence of our own generation has been written

under a different intellectual climate, and various circumstances have combined to lower the temperature of its vivacity. Posthumous publicity is now the manifest destiny that overhangs the private life of all notable persons, especially of popular authors, who can observe and inwardly digest continual warnings of the treatment which they are likely to receive from an insatiable and inconsistent criticism. They may have lived long and altered their opinions; they may have quarrelled with friends or rivals, and may have become sworn allies later; they may have publicly praised one whom in private they may have laughed at; for when you have to think what you say, it does not follow that you say what you think. All these considerations, enforced by repeated examples, are apt to damp the natural ardour of improvisation; the more so because the writer may be sure either that his genuine utterances will be suppressed by the editor, or that, if they are produced, the editor will be roundly abused for giving him away. For in these matters the judgement of the general reader is wayward, and his attitude undecided, with a leaning towards hypocrisy. The story of the domestic tribulations and the conjugal bickerings of a great writer, of the irritability that belongs to highly nervous temperaments, and which has always made genius, like the finest animals, hard to domesticate, has lost none of its savour with the public. But if all letters that record such scenes and sayings are faithfully reproduced in preparing the votive tablet upon which the dead man's life is to be delineated, the ungrateful reader answers with an accusation of imprudence, indiscretion, and betrayal of confidence; and the surviving friends protest still more vehemently. Within the last three months these consequences have been forcibly illustrated by the reception of Cardinal Manning's Life, in which the letters are of extraordinary value towards the formation of a right understanding of that remarkable personage. Much of all this sensitiveness is clearly due to the hasty fashion of publishing private correspondence within a few years of the writer's decease, but more to the fitful and somewhat feminine temper of an inquisitive yet censorious society.

If, on the other hand, expurgation is freely employed, the result is a kind of emasculation. Nothing is left that can offend or annoy living people, or that might damage the writer's own reputation with an audience that enjoys, yet condemns, unmeasured confidences. And so we get clever, sensible letters of men who have travelled, worked, and

mixed much in society, who have already put into essays or reviews all that they wanted the public to know, and whose private doubts, or follies, or frolics, have been neatly removed from their correspondence. Let us take, for example, two batches of letters very lately published, and written by two men who have left their mark upon their generation. Of Dean Stanley it may be affirmed that no ecclesiastic of his time was better known, or had a higher reputation for strength of character and undaunted Liberalism. His public life and his place in the Anglican Church had been already described in a meritorious biography; and it might have been expected that these letters would bring the reader closer to the man himself, would accentuate the points of a striking individuality. There are few of these letters, we think, by which such expectations have been fulfilled to any appreciable degree. In one or two of them Stanley writes with his genuine sincerity and earnestness on the state of his mind in regard to the new spirit of ecclesiasticism that had arisen in Oxford nearly sixty years ago; we see that he saw and felt the magnitude of a coming crisis, and we can observe the formation of the opinions which he consistently and valiantly upheld throughout his career. The whole instinct of his intellectual nature—and he never lost his trust in reason—was against the high Roman or sacerdotal absolutism in matters of dogma; he ranked Morals far above Faith; and he had that dislike of authoritative uniformity in church government which is in Englishmen a reflection of their political habits. Yet he discerned plainly enough the spring of a movement that was bringing about a Roman Catholic revival.

'Not that I am turned or turning Newmanist, but that I do feel that the crisis in my opinions is coming on, and that the difficulties I find in my present views are greater than I thought them to be, and that here I am in the presence of a magnificent and consistent system shooting up on every side, whilst all that I see against it is weak and grovelling.' (Letter to C. J. Vaughan, 1838.)

'I expect,' he writes a year later, 'that the whole thing 'will have the effect of making me either a great Newmanite 'or a great Radical;' and it did end in making him an advanced Liberal. His practical genius and his free converse with general society (from which Manning deliberately turned away as fatal to ecclesiasticism) very soon parted him from the theologians.

'I think it is true,' he writes to Jowett (1849), 'that we have not the same mental interest in talking over subjects of theology that we

had formerly. They have lost their novelty, I suppose ; we know better where we are, having rolled to the bottom together, and being now able only to make a few uphill steps. I acknowledge fully my own want of freshness ; my mind seems at times quite dried up. . . . And at times I have felt an unsatisfied desire after a better and higher sort of life, which makes me impatient of the details of theology.'

In these, and perhaps one or two other passages, we can trace the developement of character and convictions in the man to whom Jowett wrote, thirty years afterwards, that he was 'the most distinguished clergyman in the Church of 'England, who could do more than any one towards the 'great work of placing religion on a rational basis.' *

But, on the whole, the quality of these letters is by no means equal to their quantity ; and too many of them belong to a class which, though it may have some ephemeral interest among friends and kinsfolk, can retain, we submit, no permanent value at all. It is best described under a title common in French literature—*impressions de voyage*. A very large part of the volume consists of letters written by Stanley, an intelligent and indefatigable tourist, from the countries and cities which he visited, from Petersburg and Palestine, from Paris and Athens, from Spain and Scotland. The standpoint from which he surveys the Holy Land is rather historical and archæological than devotional ; but he had everywhere a clear eye for the picturesque in manners and scenery. He had excellent opportunities of seeing the places and the people ; his descriptive powers are considerable ; and there is a finely drawn picture of All Souls' Day in the Sistine Chapel, written from Rome to Hugh Pearson, although a ludicrous incident comes in at the end like a false note. Such correspondence might be so arranged separately as to make an interesting narrative of travel, but when judged by a high literary or intellectual criterion of letter-writing it is out of court. It is not too much to aver that most, if not all, of these letters might have been written by any refined and cultivated Englishman, whose education and social training had given him correct tastes and a many-sided interest in the world. They belong to the type of private diary or chronicle, and as such they inevitably include trivialities, though not many. Some of Stanley's letters are from Scotland, where he travels about admiring its wildness, and with a cultured interest in its antiquities. But no country has been better ransacked in search of

* Dean Stanley's Letters, p. 440.

the picturesque; it is the original hunting-ground of the romantic tourist, and what Stanley said about it to his family is pleasantly but not powerfully written. It is more than doubtful whether excellence in letter-writing lies that way, or, indeed, whether mediocrity is avoidable. Charles Lamb's letters are none the worse because he stayed in London and had no time for the beauties of Nature.

'For my part,' he wrote, 'with reference to my friends northwards, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about Nature. The earth and sea and sky (when all is said) is but a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring at the gilded looking-glass, nor at the five-shilling print over the mantelpiece. Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye pampering, but satisfies no heart.'

This may be Cockney taste, yet it is better reading than Stanley's account of Edinburgh or the valley of Glencoe.

The editor assures us, in his preface, that none of these letters touch upon theological controversies, yet many readers might have been very willing to part with some of the travelling journal for closer knowledge of Stanley's inward feelings while he was bearing up the fight of liberty and toleration against the gathering forces that have since scattered and wellnigh overwhelmed the once flourishing Broad Church party. Well might Jowett write to him in 1880, 'You and I, and our dear friend Hugh Pearson, 'and William Rogers, and some others, are rather isolated 'in the world, and we must hold together as long as we 'can.' All those who are here named have passed away, leaving no party leaders of equal rank and calibre; and if Stanley's letters survive at all, they will live upon those passages which remind us how strenuously he contended for the intellectual freedom that he believed to be the true spiritual heritage of English churchmen.

The latest contribution to the department of national literature that we have been surveying is the volume containing the letters of Matthew Arnold (1848–88). 'Here and 'there,' writes their editor, 'I have been constrained, by 'deference to living susceptibilities, to make some slight 'excisions; but with regard to the bulk of the letters this 'process had been performed before the manuscript came 'into my hands.' No one has any business to question the exercise of a discretion which must have been necessary in publishing private correspondence so recently written, and only those who saw the originals can decide whether they

have been weakened or strengthened by the pruning. On the other hand, the first canon of unsophistical letter-writing, as laid down by the eminent critic already cited—that letters should be written for the eye of a friend, never for the public—is amply fulfilled. 'It will be seen' (we quote again from the preface) 'that the letters are essentially familiar 'and domestic, and were evidently written without a thought 'that they would ever be read beyond the circle of his 'family.' They are, in short, mostly family letters that have been necessarily subjected to censorship, and it would be unreasonable to measure a collection of this kind by the high standard that qualifies for admission to the grade of permanent literature. As these letters are to supply the lack of a biography (which was expressly prohibited by his own wish), we are not to look for further glimpses of a character which his editor rightly terms 'unique and fasci- 'nating.' The general reader may therefore feel some disappointment at finding that the correspondence takes no wider or more varied range; for Matthew Arnold's circle of acquaintances must have been very large, and he must have been in touch with the leading men in the political, academical, and official society of his day.

The letters are as good as they could be expected to be under these conditions, which are to our mind heavily disadvantageous. We must set aside those which fall under the class of *impressions de voyage*, for the reasons already stated in discussing Stanley's travelling correspondence. One would not gather from this collection that Arnold was a considerable poet. And the peculiar method of expression, the vein of light irony, the flexibility of style, that distinguish his prose works are here curiously absent; he does not write his letters, as Carlyle did, in the same character as his books. Yet the turn of thought, the prevailing note, can be often detected; as, for instance, in a certain impatience with English defects, coupled with a strong desire to take the conceit out of his fellow-countrymen.

'The want of independence of mind, the shutting their eyes and professing to believe what they do not, the running blindly together in herds for fear of some obscure danger and horror if they go alone, is so eminently a vice of the English, I think, of the last hundred years, has led them and is leading them into such scrapes and bewilderment, that,' &c. &c.

It is certainly hard to recognise in this picture the features of the rough roving Englishman who in the course of the last hundred years has conquered India, founded

great colonies, and fought the longest and most obstinate war of modern times: who has been the type of insularity and an incurable antinomian in religion and politics. Not many pages afterwards, however, we find Arnold sharing with the herd of his countrymen the shallow 'conviction as 'to the French always beating any number of Germans who 'come into the field against them.' He adds that 'they 'will never be beaten by any other nation but the English, 'for to every other nation they are in efficiency and intelli-'gence decidedly superior'—an opinion which contradicts his previous judgement of them, and replaces the national superiority on a lofty though insecure basis; for if he was wrong about the French, he may be wrong about us whom he puts above them. Arnold admired the French as much as Carlyle liked the Germans, and both of them enjoyed ridiculing or rating the English; but each was unconsciously swayed by his own particular tastes and temperament, and neither of them had the gift of political prophecy, which is, indeed, very seldom vouchsafed to the highly imaginative mind. He had a strong belief, rare among Englishmen, in administrative organisation. 'Depend upon it,' he writes, 'that the great States of the Continent have two great 'elements of cohesion, in their administrative system and in 'their army, which we have not.' The general conclusion which Arnold seems to have drawn from his travels in Europe and America is that England was far behind France in lucidity of ideas, and inferior to the United States in straightforward political energy and the faculties of national success. 'Heaven forbid that the English nation should 'become like this (the French) nation; but Heaven forbid 'that it should remain as it is. If it does, it will be beaten 'by America on its own line, and by the Continental nations 'on the European line. I see this as plain as I see the 'paper before me.' Since this was written in 1865, England has been perversely holding her own course, nor has she yet fulfilled Arnold's melancholy foreboding, by which he was 'at times overwhelmed with depression,' that England was sinking into a sort of greater Holland, 'for 'want of perceiving how the world is going and must go, 'and preparing herself accordingly.'

On the other hand, his imaginative faculty comes out in his speculation upon the probable changes in the developement of the American people that might follow their separation into different groups, if the civil war between

the Northern and Southern States (which had just begun) should break up the Union.

'Climate and mixture of race will then be able fully to tell, and I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nation there is on the American continent, the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from? Imagine an English Europe. How frightfully *borné* and dull! Or a French Europe either, for that matter.'

The suggestion is perhaps more fanciful than profound, for history does not repeat itself; and, in fact, the result of breaking up South America into a dozen political groups has not yet produced any very satisfactory developement of national character. Much more than political subdivision goes to the creation of a new Europe; nevertheless Arnold is probably right in supposing that uniformity of institutions, and a somewhat monotonous level of social conditions over a vast area, may have depressed and stunted the free and diversified growth of North American civilisation.

The literary criticism to be found in these letters shows a fastidious and delicate taste that had been nurtured almost too exclusively upon the masterpieces of classic antiquity. Homer he ranked far above Shakespeare, though one might think them too different for comparison; and he praises 'two articles in "Temple Bar" (1869), one on 'Tennyson, the other on Browning,' which were afterwards republished in a book that made some stir in its day, and has brought down upon its author the unquenchable resentment of his brother poets. He thought that both Macaulay and Carlyle were encouraging the English nation in its emphatic Philistinism, and thus counteracting his own exertions to lighten the darkness of earnest but opaque intelligences. As his interest in religious movements was acute, so his observations occasionally throw some light upon the exceedingly complicated problem of ascertaining the general drift of the English mind in regard to things spiritual. The force which is shaping the future, is it with the Ritualists or with the undogmatical disciples of a purely moral creed? With neither, Arnold replies; not with any of the orthodox religions, nor with the neo-religious developements which are pretending to supersede them.

'Both the one and the other give to what they call religion, and to religious ideas and discussions, too large and absorbing a place in human life. Man feels himself to be a more various and richly

endowed animal than the old religious theory of human life allowed, and he is endeavouring to give satisfaction to the long suppressed and imperfectly understood instincts of their varied nature.'

No man studied more closely than Arnold the intellectual tendencies of his generation, so that on the most difficult of contemporary questions this opinion is worth quoting, although the ritualistic leanings of the present day hardly operate to support it. But here, as in his published works, his religious utterances are somewhat ambiguous and oracular; and one welcomes the marking of a definite epoch in Church history when he writes emphatically that 'the 'Broad Church *among the clergy* may be said to have almost 'perished with Stanley.'

But correspondence that was never meant for publication is hardly a fair subject for literary criticism. Arnold seems to have written hurriedly, in the intervals of hard work, of journeyings to and fro upon his rounds of inspection, and of much social bustle; he had not the natural gift of letter-writing, and he probably did it more as a duty than a pleasure. He had none of the ever-smouldering irritability which compelled Carlyle to slash right and left of him at the people whom he met, at everything that he disliked, and every one whom he despised. Nor was he born to chronicle the small beer of everyday life in that spirit of contemplative quietism which is bred out of abundant leisure and retirement. A few lines from one of Cowper's letters may serve to indicate the circumstances in which 'our best letter-writer,' as Southey calls him, lived and wrote a hundred years ago in a muddy Buckinghamshire village:—

'A long confinement in the winter, and indeed for the most part in the autumn too, has hurt us both. A gravel walk, thirty yards long, affords but indifferent scope to the locomotive faculty; yet it is all that we have had to move in for eight months in the year, during thirteen years that I have been a prisoner here.'

If we compare this manner of spending one's days with Arnold's hasty and harassed existence among the busy haunts of men, we can understand that in this century a hard-working literary man has neither the taste nor the time for the graceful record of calm meditations, or for throwing a charm over commonplace details. And, on the whole, Arnold's correspondence, though it has some biographical value, must undoubtedly be relegated to the class

of letters that would never have been published upon their own intrinsic merits.

Carlyle's letters, on the other hand, fall into the opposite category; they stand on their own feet, they are as significant of style and character as Arnold's, and even Stanley's, letters were comparatively insignificant; they are the fearless outspoken expression of the humours and feelings of the moment, and it is probable that the writer did not trouble himself to consider whether they would or would not be published. In these respects they as nearly fulfil the authorised conditions of good letter-writing as any work of the sort that has been produced in our own generation, though one may be permitted some doubt in regard to improvisation; for the work is occasionally so clean cut and pointed, his strokes are so keen and straight to the mark, that it is difficult to believe the composition to be altogether unstudied. Whether any writer ever excelled in this or indeed in any other branch of the art literary without taking much trouble over it, is, in our judgement, an open question; but surely Carlyle must have selected and sharpened with some care the barbed epithets upon which he suspends his grotesque and formidable caricatures.

For example, he writes, in 1831, of Godwin, who still figures, in advanced age, as a martyr in the cause of good letter-writing: 'A bald, bushy-browed, thick, hoary, hale 'little figure, with a very long blunt characterless nose—the 'whole visit the most unutterable stupidity.' Lord Althorp is 'a thick, large, broad-whiskered, farmer-looking man.' O'Connell, 'a well-doing country shopkeeper with a bottle-'green frock and brown scratch wig. . . . I quitted them all '(the House of Commons) with the highest contempt.' Of Thomas Campbell, the poet, it is written that 'his talk is 'small, contemptuous, and shallow; his face has a smirk 'which would befit a shopman or an auctioneer.' Wordsworth, 'an old, very loquacious, indeed quite prosing man.' Southey, 'the shallowest chin, prominent snubbed Roman 'nose, small carelined brow, the most vehement pair of 'faint hazel eyes I have ever seen.' There is a savage caricature of Roebuck, and so Carlyle goes on hanging up portraits of the notables whom he met and conversed with, to the great edification of these latter days. No more dangerous interviewer has ever practised professionally than this artist in epithets, on whom the outward visible figure of a man evidently made deep impressions; whereas the ordinary letter-writer is usually content to record the small

talk. As material for publication his correspondence had three singular advantages. His earlier letters were excellent, and we may hazard the generalisation that almost all first-class letter-writing, like poetry, has been inspired by the ardour and freshness and audacity of youth. He lived so long that these letters could be published very soon after his death without much damage to the susceptibilities of those whom his hard hitting might concern; and, lastly, his biographer was a man of nerve, who loved colour and strong lineaments, and would always sacrifice minor considerations to the production of a striking historical portrait. Undoubtedly, Carlyle's letters have this virtue—that they largely contribute to the creation of a true likeness of the writer, for in sketching other people he was also drawing himself. He could also paint the interior of a country house, as at Fryston, and his landscapes are vivid. He was, in short, an impressionist of the first order, who grouped all his details in subordination to a general effect, and never gave his correspondent a mere catalogue of trivial particulars.

It was originally in a letter to his brother that Carlyle wrote his celebrated description of an interview with Coleridge. No two men could be more different in taste or temperament, and yet any one who reads attentively Coleridge's letters may observe a certain similarity to Carlyle's writing, not only in the figured style and prophetic manner, but also in the tendency of their political ideas. In the matter of linguistic eccentricities, it may be guessed that both of them had been affected by the study of German literature; and in politics they had both a horror of disorder, an aversion to the ordinary Radicalism of their day, and a contempt for mechanic philosophy and complacent irreligion. Each of them had a strong belief in the power and duties of the State; but Coleridge held also that salvation lay in a reconstitution of the Church on a sound metaphysical basis, whereas for Carlyle all articles and liturgies were dying or dead. A comparison of these two supreme intellectual forces may help us to distinguish some of the most favourable conditions of good letter-writing. They were men of highly nervous mental constitution of mind, on whom the ideas and impressions that had been secreted produced an excitability that was discharged upon correspondents in a torrent of language, sweeping away considerations of reserve or self-regard, and submerging the commonplace bits of news and every-day observations which accumulate in the letters of respectable notabilities. To whomsoever the letters may

be addressed, they are in consequence equally good and characteristic. Carlyle's epistles to his wife and brother are among the best in the collection; and Coleridge threw himself with the same ardour into letters to Charles Lamb and to Lord Liverpool. It is this capacity for pouring out the soul in correspondence, for draining the bottom of one's heart to a friend, which, combined with exaltation under the stimulus of spleen or keen sensibility, raises correspondence to the high-water mark of English literature.

But in saying that these conditions are eminently favourable to the production of fine letter-writing, we do not mean to affirm that they are essential. Against such a theory it would be sufficient to quote Cowper, though he had the poetic fire, and was subject to the religious frenzy; and we know that repose and refinement have a tendency to develop good correspondents. Among these we may number Edward Fitzgerald, whose letters are perhaps the most artistic of any that have recently appeared, and may be placed without hesitation in the class of letters that have a high intrinsic merit independently of the writer's extraneous reputation; for Fitzgerald was a recluse with a tinge of misanthropy, nearly unknown to the outer world, except by one exquisite paraphrase of a Persian poem, and his popularity rests almost entirely upon his published correspondence. Of these letters, so excellent of their kind, can it be said that they have the note of improvisation, that they were written for a friend's eye, without thought or care for that ordeal of posthumous publication which has added, as we have been told, a fresh terror to death? The composition is exactly suited to the tone of easy, pleasant conversation; the writing has a serene flow, with ripples of wit and humour; sometimes occupied with East-Anglian rusticities and local colouring, sometimes with pungent literary criticisms; it is never exuberant, but nowhere dull or commonplace; the language is concise, with a sedulous nicety of expression. A man of delicate irony, living apart from the rough, tumbling struggle for existence, he was in most things the very opposite to Carlyle, whose 'French 'Revolution' he admired not much, and who, he thinks, 'ought to be laughed at a little.' Such a man was not likely to write even the most ordinary letter without a certain degree of mental preparation, without some elaboration of thought, or solicitude as to form and finish, for all which processes he had ample leisure. It may be noticed that he never condescends to the travelling journal, and

that his voyaging impressions are given in a few fine strokes; but, although he was a homekeeping Englishman, he was free from household cares, nor did he keep up that obligatory family correspondence which, when it is published to exhibit the domestic habits and affections of an eminent person, becomes ever after a dead weight upon his biography.

In endeavouring to analyse the charm of these delightful letters, we may suggest that they gain their special flavour from his talent for compounding them, like a skilful *chef de cuisine*, out of various materials or intellectual condiments assorted and dexterously blended. He is an able and accomplished egoist, one of the few modern Englishmen who are able to plant themselves contentedly, like a tree, in one spot, and who prefer books to company, the sedentary to the stirring life. He was not cut off, like Cowper, a hundred years earlier, from the outer world in winter and rough weather, yet he had few visitors and went abroad little; so that he had ample leisure for perusal and re-perusal of the classic masterpieces, ancient and modern, and for surveying the field of contemporary literature. His letters to Fanny Kemble have the advantage of unity in tone that belongs to a series written to the same person, though the absence of replies is apt to produce the effect of a monologue. How far good letter-writing depends upon the course of exchange, upon the stimulus of pleasant and prompt replies, is a question not easily answered, since the correspondence on both sides of two good writers is very rarely put together. Mrs. Kemble had certain fixed rules which must have been fatal to the free epistolary spirit. 'I never write,' she said, 'until I am written to; I always write when 'I am written to, and I make a point of always re-'turning the same amount of paper that I receive;' but at any rate it is evident that Fitzgerald's letters to her were regularly answered. He had a light hand on descriptions of season and scenery; he could give the autumnal atmosphere, the awakening of leaf and flower in spring, the distant roar of the German Ocean on the East-Anglian coast. As he could record his daily life without the minute prolixity of a diary, so he could throw off criticisms on books without falling into the manner of an essayist. In regard to the 'fuliginous and spasmodic Carlyle,' he asks doubtfully whether he with all his genius will not subside into the Level that covers, and consists of, decayed literary vegetation. 'And Dickens, with all *his* genius, but whose Men 'and Women act and talk already after a more obsolete fashion

'than Shakespeare's?' None of the contemporary poets—Tennyson, Browning, or Swinburne—seem to have entirely satisfied him; he loved the quiet landscapes and rural tales of Crabbe, who is now read by very few; and he quotes with manifest enjoyment the lines:

> 'In a small cottage on the rising ground,
> West of the waves, and just beyond the sound.'

'The sea,' he writes, 'somehow talks to one of old things,' probably because it is changeless by comparison with the land; and a man whose life is still and solitary is affected by the transitory aspect of natural things, because he can watch them pass. As old friends drop off he touches in his letters upon the memories of days that are gone, and he consorts more and more with the personages of his favourite poets and romancers living thus, as he says, among shadows.

Here is a man to whom correspondence was a real solace and a vehicle of thought and feeling, not a mere notebook of travel, nor a conduit of confidential small talk. A faint odour of the seasons hangs round some of these letters, of the sunshine and rain, of dark days and roads blocked with snow, of the first spring crocus and the faded autumnal garden plots. We can perceive that, as his retirement became habitual with increasing age, the correspondence became his main outlet of ideas and sensations, taking more and more the place of friendly visits and personal discussion as a channel of intercourse with the external world. The Hindu sages despised action as destructive of thought; and undoubtedly the cool secluded vale of life is good for the cultivation of letter-writing, in one who has the artistic hand, and to whom this method of gathering up the fruits of reading and meditation, the harvest of a quiet eye, comes easily. In many respects the letters of Fitzgerald, like his life, are in strong contrast to Carlyle's; and Fitzgerald was somewhat startled by the publication of Carlyle's reminiscences. He thinks that, on the whole, 'they had better 'have been kept unpublished;' though on reading the 'Biography' he writes: 'I did not know that Carlyle was 'so good, grand, and even loveable, till I read the letters 'which Froude now edits.' He himself was not likely to give the general reader more than he wished to be known about his private affairs; and if one or two remarks with a sting in them appeared when these letters were first published in a magazine, they have been carefully excerpted from the book. The mellow music of his tones, the self-

restraint and meditative attitude, are pleasant to the reader after the turbid utterances and twisted language of Carlyle; we may compare the stirring rebellious spirit brooding over the folly of mankind with the man who takes humanity as he finds it, and is content to make the best of a world in which he sees not much, beyond art and nature and a few old friends, to interest him. Upon the whole, we may place Carlyle and Fitzgerald, each in his very different manner, at the head of all the letter-writers of the generation to which they belong, which is not precisely our own. It is to be recollected that a man must be dead before he can win reputation in this particular branch of literature, and that he cannot be fairly judged until time has removed many obstacles to unreserved publication. But both Carlyle and Fitzgerald had long lives.

Mr. Stevenson, whose letters are the latest important contribution to this department of the national library, died early, in the full force of his intellect, at the zenith of his fame as a writer of romance. His letters have been edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, with all the sympathy and insight into character that are inspired by congenial tastes and close friendship; and his preface gives an excellent account of the conditions, physical and mental, under which they were written, and of the limitations observed in the editing of them.

'Begun,' Mr. Colvin says, 'without a thought of publicity, not simply to maintain an intimacy undiminished by separation, they assumed in the course of two or three years a bulk so considerable, and contained so much of the matter of his daily life and thoughts, that it by-and-by occurred to him . . . that "some kind of a book" might be extracted out of them after his death. . . . In a correspondence so unreserved, the duty of suppression and selection must needs be delicate. Belonging to the race of Scott and Dumas, of the romantic narrators and creators, Stevenson belonged no less to that of Montaigne and the literary egotists. . . . He was a watchful and ever interested observer of the motions of his own mind.'

The whole passage, too long to be quoted, suggests an instructive analysis of the mental qualities and disposition that go to make a good letter-writer—a dash of egotism, sensitiveness to outward impressions, literary charm, the habit of keeping a frank and familiar record of every day's moods, thoughts, and doings, the picturesque surroundings of a strange land. In these journal letters from Samoa the canon of improvisation is to a certain extent infringed, for Stevenson wrote with publicity in distant view; and the

depressing influence of remoteness is in his case overcome, for he lived in tropical Polynesia, 'far off amid the melan-'choly main,' and had speech with his correspondent only at long intervals. But it is the privilege of genius to disconcert the rules of criticism; the letters have none of the vices of the diary, the trivialities are never dull, the incidents are uncommon or uncommonly well told, and the writer is never caught looking over his shoulder at posterity.

For extracts there is now little space left in this article; but we may quote, to show Stevenson's style of landscape-painting, a few lines describing a morning in Samoa after a heavy gale:—

'I woke this morning to find the blow quite ended. The heaven was all a mottled grey; even the East quite colourless. The downward slope of the island veiled in wafts of vapour, blue like smoke; not a leaf stirred on the tallest tree. Only three miles below me on the barrier reef I could see the individual breakers curl and fall, and hear their conjunct roaring rise, like the roar of a thoroughfare close by.'

It is good for the imaginative letter-writer to live within sight and sound of the sea, to hear the long roll, and to see from his window 'a nick of the blue Pacific.' It is also good for him to be within range of savage warfare, and to take long rough rides in a disturbed country. On one such occasion he writes:—

'Conceive such an outing, remember the pallid brute that lived in Skerrymore like a weevil in a biscuit, and receive the intelligence that I was rather the better for my journey. Twenty miles ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours' discussion with the political interpreter, to say nothing of sleeping in a native house, at which many of our excellent literati would look askance of itself.'

The feat might not seem miraculous to a captain of frontier irregulars in hard training, but for a delicate novelist in weak health it was pluckily done. These letters would be readable if Stevenson had written nothing else, though of course their worth is doubled by our interest in a man of singular talent who died prematurely. They illustrate the tale of his life and portray his character; and they form an addition, valuable in itself, and unique as a variety, to the series of memorable English letter-writers.

Mr. Colvin mentions, in his preface, that Stevenson's talk was irresistibly sympathetic and inspiring, full of matter and mirth. It cannot be denied that between corre-

spondence and conversation, regarded as fine arts, there is a close kinship; and very similar reasons have been alleged for the common belief that both are on the decline. Whether such a belief has any solid foundation in the case of letter-writing, we may be warranted in doubting. Observations of this sort, which have a false air of acuteness and profundity, are repeated periodically. The remark so constantly made at this moment, that nowadays people read nothing but magazines, was made by Coleridge early in this century; and Southey prophesied the ruin of good letters from the penny post. It is true that the number of letters written must have increased enormously; it is also true that many more are published than heretofore, and that as a great many of these are not above mediocrity, are valueless as literature, and of little worth biographically, they produce on the disappointed reader the effect of a general depreciation of the standard. Nevertheless, this article will have been written to little purpose, unless it has shown fair cause for rejecting such a conclusion, and for maintaining that, although fine letter-writers, like poets, are few and far between, yet they have not been wanting in our own time, and are not likely to disappear. There will always be men, like Coleridge or Carlyle, whose impetuous thoughts and humoristic conceptions cannot perpetually submit to the forms and limitations and delays of printing and publishing, but must occasionally demand instant liberation and prompt delivery by the natural process of private letters. And although the stir and bustle of the world is increasing, so that quiet corners in it are not easily kept, yet it is probable that the race of literary recluses—of those who pass their days in reading books, in watching the course of affairs, and in corresponding with a select circle of friends—will also continue. Whether Englishwomen, who write letters up to a certain point better than Englishmen, will now rise, as Frenchwomen have done, to the highest line, and why they have not done so heretofore, are points that we have no space here for taking up.

But it is the exceptional peculiarity of letters, as a form of literature, that the writer can never superintend their publication. During his lifetime he has no control over them, they are not in his hands; and they do not appear until after his death. He must rely entirely, therefore, upon the discretion of his editor, who has to balance the wishes of a family, or the susceptibilities of an influential

party in politics or religion, against his own notions of duty towards a departed friend, or against his artistic inclination towards presenting to the world a true and unvarnished picture of some remarkable personage. He may resolve, as Froude did in the case of Carlyle, that 'the sharpest scrutiny 'is the condition of enduring fame,' and may determine not to conceal the frailties or the underlying motives which explain conduct and character. He may refuse, as in the case of Cardinal Manning, to set up a smooth and whitened monumental effigy, plastered over with colourless panegyric, and may insist on showing a man's true proportions in the alternate light and shadow through which every life naturally and inevitably passes. But such considerations would lead us beyond our special subject into the larger field of biography; and we must be content, on the present occasion, with this endeavour to sketch in bare outline the history and developement of English letter-writing, and to examine very briefly the elementary conditions that conduce to success in an art that is universally practised, but in which high excellence is so very rarely attained.

ART. III.—*The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. Dancing.* With Musical Examples. By Mrs. LILLY GROVE, F.R.G.S., and other Writers. London: 1895.

'THE young of all creatures cannot be quiet in their bodies 'or in their voices,' says the Athenian, speaking, as we are told, from the auditorium where old age sits, a wisely indifferent spectator rather than an interested actor, in life's theatre. 'They,' he continues, 'are always wanting to move 'and cry out . . . but whereas other animals have no per- 'ception of order or disorder in their movements . . . to us 'the gods have given the pleasurable sense of rhythm and 'harmony.' So with one broad serene touch the great Greek master dismisses—not perhaps without a smile—the question of the origin, dual in its divine and physical, intellectual and material birth, and supplies a definition of that art of movement he would have regulated in its practice by laws of health, beauty, and virtue, and whose use he would advocate in the service of that ideal state reasoned of by philosophers, dreamt of by poets, and prophesied by saints.

Upon this basis of movement as a natural attribute of all animate bodies and of the sense of rhythm—the added gift of a higher organisation of feeling, perception, and intellect in man—rest the two wide distinctions underlying the series of facts, technical, geographical, and chronological, supplied by the history of dancing: the distinction, that is, between dancing as an exercise, a social exercise, as in the domestic dances of the Greeks and in the modern ball-room, an educational exercise, as in the gymnasium and the modern dancing class, and dancing as an art: in the first place an ideal art, having for its aim the presentment of movement, measured and rhythmical, in its highest perfection of grace, appealing to the eye as directly as a sculptor's statue or a painter's picture, pursuing that beauty of form after which Plato would have men follow the scent like hounds; in the second place as a composite art, affecting the senses and expressing the passions and emotions, utilising movement as the vocabulary of sentiment. To quote from the more comprehensive category of Francis Peacock, the old dancing master (the perfect gentleman, painter of miniatures in a superior style, and the associate of the best society, as a manuscript note in his book informs us—a book of which, with unconscious humour, he devotes the proceeds to the support of a lunatic asylum), dancing is an art employing 'position, attitude, gesture, ex-

'pression, contrast, and figure' as the symbols of feeling and sensation. Under this aspect the definition becomes indeed a complex one. Such dancing infringes, as in the Roman pantomime, upon the monopoly of imitation claimed by the actor. 'You see!' was the criticism of the renowned dancer Pylades upon the blind dance of his pupil Hylas. It invades the prerogative of diction appertaining to the orator. 'I 'hear!' was the equally celebrated encomium pronounced by the cynic Demetrius upon the dancer who danced in silence before him. Last, but not least, it usurps those more unqualifiable functions of music—its most intimate if not, as sometimes asserted, its inseparable ally—when sound is regarded as the medium through which the senses are stimulated to the extremes of excitement or soothed to the most enervating lassitude. Consideration of the art of dancing under this form explains, had not history itself been the interpreter, Plato's repeated injunction to dance only 'what 'is good.' It was a rule justifying in its breach the severe censures of the early Church of Chrysostom and the vindictive denunciations of England's Puritan forefathers, in whose eyes the broadest path of destruction would seem hardly wide enough for the passage of wayfarers engaged in that prohibited pastime. But, while these abstract divisions afford a method by the aid of which so exhaustive a subject may be rendered thinkable, it is scarcely necessary to point out that phases of this art theoretically separable are in practice continually combined one with another; that while one typical quality of distinction may be dominant in any given dance, all may, even must, be to a certain extent present. Dancing, not excluding the posture dancing of the East, cannot be well conceived that does not in some manner, remote or not, imply motion—that is, exercise and action—nor any, however grotesque, as in the dances of savages, that does not, according to the perceptions of the country and period to which it belongs, presuppose a correspondence to some idea of symmetry and rhythm in its execution—that does not, in fact, predicate some appreciation of artistic excellence—nor, finally, is it possible to divorce from such movements, or approximations to measure and symmetry, the expression of some feeling, it may be imitative or it may be personal, on the part of the dancer, nor, on the other hand, to divest the effect on the mind of the sensitive spectator of some degree of reciprocal emotion.

Viewed from the first standing-point—that is, as an exercise—dancing owes a primary and unpicturesque interest to

the physiological and educational developement and discipline of the body. In this rudimentary phase Socrates becomes its apologist and Locke its apostle. 'I think,' the latter philosopher declares, taking his opinions with the undue seriousness characteristic of his day, 'that they [children] should 'be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning 'it.' But he is careful scrupulously to discriminate and to commend the acquisition of the accomplishment only in so far as it will conduce to the propriety and ease of a man's deportment in the conduct of far different matters. 'As for 'the jigging part and the figures,' he counts them but little. In which opinion, as doctors who disagree, we may compare his heresy with the doctrine of his Greek predecessor.

Yet even the 'jigging part' has aspects not wholly unworthy of the diligent regard of the most artistically unappreciative utilitarian; for there are truly dance records serious and formidable of import, shedding strange gleams and colours upon the ever-recurrent problem—the vexed enigma whose riddle is still to read—of those subtle relationships existing between mind and body, exemplified long ago in another art by the exorcism of Saul's infirmity by the music of David's harp, and symbolised in the *rhythmical* flow of the remedial water springs in the Temple of Æsculapius, alluded to by Mr. Pater when he recounts the boyhood episode of the sickness and healing of Marius the Epicurean. Of such records are the chronicles of those terrible frenzies, the dancing manias, whose history Hecker has summarised in his 'Epi-'demics of the Middle Ages.' Few scenes can equal in fantastic horror those that he describes occasioned by the eruption of that mental pestilence—as he denominates it—which from the thirteenth century onwards bore the alternate names of St. John's or St. Vitus's dance. In vain priests exorcised the victims of whose cure physicians despaired. Shrines were consecrated, saints—was it some memory of Salome's death-bringing dance that associated the Baptist's name with the unholy mania?—were invoked for the mitigation of the plague; but the stricken men and women danced on. Town after town of Northern Europe became the theatre where migratory hordes of frantic dancers assembled together. The cities of Germany and Belgium and the Lower Rhine caught one by one the infection. In Metz at one time it was reported that eleven hundred dancers, with their camp followers, gangs of vagabond mimics and bands of hired musicians, held their hideous revels in the city streets, while in each place of their sojourning hundreds of curious

onlookers succumbed to the contagion and broke out in sympathetic extravagances. The whole incident reads like the story of a waking nightmare. It was not only a transitory episode. From year to year the pest raged nearly unchecked; at so late a date as the beginning of the sixteenth century the season of St. John's festival was still the prelude to renewed outbreaks. A last pilgrimage of the victims was recorded in 1623, one of the pilgrims being then on her thirty-second visit to the shrine of St. Vitus. From that time the mania as an epidemic may be said to have become extinct, although its tradition may still linger, as Mrs. Grove hints, in such ceremonies as that of the 'dancing 'procession' to the shrine of St. Willibrord at Echternach, where, in 1892, 14,000 dancers were gathered together to celebrate the ancient rites. Other countries were not exempt from the affliction. France had its own 'danse de 'St. Guy,' and Italy, in the mysterious hysterical malady known as tarantism, rivalled, if it did not eclipse, the melodramatic scenes enacted in the German towns. This disease, like its sister plagues, found its one cure or alleviation in the wild and varied rhythm of musical sounds.

'In Italy from the middle of the fourteenth century,' says Hecker, 'the furies of *the Dance* brandished their scourge over afflicted mortals. . . . Nothing but the flute or cithern afforded them relief. At the sound of these instruments they awoke as it were by enchantment [their state, erroneously attributed to the sting of a poisonous spider, being one of extreme and often mortal lassitude], opened their eyes, moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, and were, as the time quickened, hurried on to the most passionate dance. . . . Country people ignorant of music evinced on those occasions an unusual degree of grace . . . cities and villages resounded throughout the summer with the notes of fifes, clarionets, and Turkish drums . . . patients everywhere looked to dancing as their sole remedy.'

Nor, be it observed, was it movement alone that brought relief in the paroxysm; it was movement to measure and rhythm; even the music, to be efficacious as a part of the remedial agency, was subject to special classifications. 'There 'was one kind of tarantella . . . lively and impassioned, to 'which wild dithyrambic songs were adapted; another set 'to idyllian songs of green fields and shady groves,' and each mood of the sufferer craved its corresponding melody. These are surely startling pictures of tendencies which may lie dormant at the root of a pastime Western educationists regard as a trivial amusement and Puritans condemn as a debasing frivolity.

It is a curious fact that dancing and sickness have always from time to time and in different countries appeared in a closer connexion than their respective characteristics would seem to warrant, and, though it is a digression, it is interesting to place side by side with these mediæval records the accounts of forms of dancing closely associated with the cure of sickness in some eastern countries. There the dance itself has no remedial or curative character; it is not, as in Europe, either as a symptom or as a healing exercise that it appears; it is apparently a mere appendage to the other propitiatory offerings made by the priest, or devil dancer, to the demons. For an old Cingalese poem upon the subject declares, 'Should the sickness be a mis-'fortune [*i.e.* from natural causes], and not a devil's sickness, 'the capua's [devil dancer's] labour is vain.' Yet, perhaps, his invocation to his darker deities is not without analogy and resemblance to those we can imagine to have been uttered by priests and patients at the altars of their patrons, St. John and St. Vitus. 'O thou great Black God, preserve 'the sick person by cheering him. . . . He (the Black God) 'loves the smell of the flowers. Thou Black Devil, see the 'light of the candles this night. Dearly thou lovest white and 'clean things!' So runs part of the prayer ascribed to the priest who, 'dancing like a mad dog' for twenty hours in a white dress amidst the god-beloved flowers and the burning lights—those catholic adjuncts to altar worship of all the world over—makes intercession for the sick, while 'the 'patient beholding bows her head.'

More mediæval still is the poem following in the same volume, containing a descriptive narrative of a masquerade referred to by Mrs. Grove, which, we must observe, is a ceremony totally distinct from the devil-dancing rites. This entertainment, the opening verses inform us, was given for the encouragement and distraction of a sick queen who was anxiously expecting her son's birth. In a great phantasmagoria masker after masker here appears upon the scene, each apparently executing an appropriate dance. Masks of men and of women; masks of demons, whose name was certainly legion; masks of the beautiful woman, five in one, entwined like embroidery, perfectly embracing, shining in loveliness like images of gold; masks of tigers and wolves, of monstrous birds and ferocious beasts; masks of devils and of the devil king; a mask suitable to the special occasion of the mother of the beautiful new-born son, and to end all the mask of Death himself, who enters, as

in some old mystery play, to join in the revels; and after Death (it is not difficult to attach an allegorical significance to the circumstance, but hard strictly to define it) comes one last laggard, solitary living figure, bearing the distinguishing badges, emblems with which we are familiar—the wallet and the shell—the figure of a pilgrim.

But setting aside both the educational and the hygienic aspect of the question, it is, to proceed further in the subject, undeniable that pleasure, and pleasure of the keenest kind, in the measured exercise of the limbs is an inborn and universal instinct in man, woman, and child. Movement for movement's sake, the rudimental form of all dancing, is a love akin to the love of free air and open space, and this instinct is the raw material, as it were, out of which the art in all its more perfect developements has sprung into being. Even its lowest manifestations have a charm and attraction of their own, and we cannot ignore them. It is not, despite many assertions to the contrary, only the excitement of the attendant risk that fascinates the spectator in watching the exploits of the acrobat or the often revolting exhibitions of the contortionist. No doubt the danger lends a barbarous zest to the rope-dancer's achievements or the mountebank's skill—'*salto mortale*, the 'sombersault, the deadly leap,' Florio's old dictionary indicates how close was the association of peril with the very commonest of the tumbler's feats. But there is undoubtedly a more salutary and a totally independent gratification in viewing the cadence of motion (to borrow the term) inseparable from their performances, combined with the grace of posture a perfection of balance seldom fails to produce, unless —the proviso is unfortunately needed—the limbs are intentionally distorted to satisfy the gross taste for the disfigurement and caricature of the human form. This, however, is a taste, one may add, not restricted to the world of the professional acrobat, nor confined to the lower grades of civilisation, nor to those periods we are too ready to name the dark ages, though it is a curious trait of mediæval art that the girl Salome, 'of terrible renown,' for whom the pitying heart of one poet—Charles Turner Tennyson—has pleaded in one of his most plaintive sonnets, should be represented acrobat-wise dancing upon her hands.

On this fundamental joy in motion rests likewise how much of the delight of a children's game! In games of action the impulse to movement finds itself provided with an aim and a rule; many, indeed, are indistinguishable in their nature from dances properly so called.

'Kiss in the ring,' 'Nuts of May,' to quote those most familiar of all, have each their song-accompaniment and dance measure, while their circular form may possibly place them amongst those figures claiming for ancestry the sun rites of ancient days. Indeed, it would seem, if we may make bold to accept the hypotheses of experts in such lore, that the banished godhead of 'day's great star' has stamped the whole earth over with relics of its foregone and forgotten worship, and that what Pizarro's historian, Arthur Helps, has graphically denominated the idolatry of idolatry, the inevitable astral worship, which held its last great stronghold in the Peruvian Land of the Sun, is still symbolised in every land—in Spain, in France, in England and Germany, in Celtic sword dances, and in the blazing fires of St. John's Eve. Has, we are tempted to inquire, the ring of the fairies' dance, round whose greenest circles of trodden grass so many traditions of elf-life linger, any connexion with the myth?

Between the acrobat's feats and the child's game there is no marked transition stage dividing the dance which is mainly an exercise from the dance which is mainly an art. A greater degree of intricacy in figure and form, a stricter and more exact compliance with laws of rhythm and symmetry—the narrower limits art sets for the attainment of more definite if more infinitely varying effects—these conditions constitute the chief difference which makes movement not only a direct pleasure to the performer but a source of indirect pleasure to the beholder. With this in mind it is not surprising to find, in periods when social life had always in it something of the nature of a pageant where men and women served as part of the decoration of the scene, that dancing as a social exercise should touch hands with dancing as an ornamental art, and become, as it were, part of the play. In the West the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth century dances of Italy, France, and Spain, such as the pavane and the minuet in all their varieties, appealed, by their pictorial qualities, no less to the spectators than to those who took active part in them. To excel in these was, according to numerous anecdotes, a highroad to honour in other courts besides those of love. Indeed, rivalry in the excellence of dancing seems persistently to have occupied an important place in the jealous heart-burnings of all times and ranks and nationalities, of rich and of poor, of peasant and of courtier,

proving the art to be as conservative in its elements as it is democratic in its endowments.

> 'Let him give her gay gold rings,
> Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so gay;
> Or were her lovers lords or kings,
> They should not carry the wench away!'

But, alas! the discarded lover of the old ballad dialogue printed amongst the Alleyn papers goes on to say that the fickle-hearted maiden's new love 'daunces wonders well,' and with his dancing has done what lords and kings might have striven fruitlessly to accomplish. By which complaint we may place one of the odes of the great Persian heretic Háfiz. 'Alas, that those bold Lūliāns [the strolling dancers and 'singers of his time] should have borne off my heart's con-'tent!' is the lament of Dante's Eastern contemporary, the half mystical, half material fourteenth-century poet of Shīrāz.

Most, however, of what one may call tableau dances, save where employed for a stage spectacle or an exhibition of amateur display, are become or are fast becoming, as far as the wealthier classes are concerned, a feature of bygone days. Are, one speculates, the national dances, the dances of the people and peasants still observed in accordance with traditional customs, also predestined in the near future to lose their significance by the intermingling of races, and to forfeit their individuality by the innovations of newer fashions? Are the Scotch reels, the Irish jigs, the English hornpipes, the innumerable dances of Spain and its provinces, fandangos and the notorious sarabands, alternately censured and prohibited, tolerated and countenanced (and witnessed if not practised) by the prelates of Church councils; are the mazurkas of the Pole, the csārdās of the Hungarian, all doomed to undergo the same fate and to find their representation confined to the theatrical stage? Or is it a possibility that, viewing the tenacity of figure some of these dance histories before us register, an art, almost more than any other art the property of all, should retain a certain degree of permanence in its simpler modes and more conventionalised features? that being rudimentarily an art, one may say, of the body, it may possess some stereotyped because mainly physical qualities, thus contrasting with the more fluctuating tendencies of painting and poetry, which, being primarily conceptions of the mind and imagination, mirror forth century by century the fundamental changes in habits of

thought and fancy consequent on successive phases of education and culture?

Curious enough, certainly, are the histories of some of these so-called national dances, but even more interesting are the wanderings of others, dances which have acclimatised themselves, now here, now there, in corners of the earth most distant from the land of their birth, discarding one by one their original features, and gradually assuming the costumes and adapting themselves to the demands and manners of the country of their final adoption. Of such migratory and eventually nationalised dances the morris, so often referred to as the national dance of England, affords a conspicuous example. It is, at all events, one concerning which we have the most ample and elaborate details, carefully collected and compiled by Francis Douce, Shakespeare's commentator, in his 'Essay on the Morris.' Taking for granted, despite the disputes of the learned (Mrs. Grove would assign it a Portuguese origin), that its derivation is correctly indicated by its name, morris, moresque, Moorish—the blackened face of its earlier performers corroborates the accuracy of the assumption—the first picture we have of the dance when it had fairly started upon its northern pilgrimage is drawn by Tabourot, priest and canon of Lengres, the most authoritative exponent of the art of dancing in the Middle Ages. Tabourot's early memory of the morris, as he describes it, was of a little boy, with blackened face and jingling bells and yellow dress, dancing up and down a hall of early sixteenth-century France. Such is the quaint prefatory portrait of the famous morris-dancer, who down to comparatively recent times has played so prominent a part in English feasts and festivals, at Whitsun-ales and on May Days, at Christmas mummeries and marriage merry-makings. The little boy, with his black face and yellow dress, seems shortly, at least in Flanders and England, to have ended his solitary reign; for soon we learn that he has become but one member of a gay and very motley company, and the dance has varied its form and its appendages according to the variation in the number of the players. New accessories appear. Besides the jingle of the little boy's bells the clash of swords is heard as the dance borrows these weapons from the dance of matachins (fools), the matachins themselves being possibly the inheritors of the arms borne by the priests of Mars. From this dance also may have been taken the figure of the jester, who shortly seems amalgamated as one of the *dramatis per-*

sonæ. Next comes the hobby-horse. This, it is suggested, was one of many loans from the 'Feast of Fools,' the 'Lord of 'Unreason,' and other carnivalesque extravaganzas of the period. And, most important of all the new recruits, the May games, of which the morris was at first a subordinate adjunct, lent it on a long lease a May-lady, a May-lord, and the inevitable Piper Tom. Then Robin Hood himself, the crowned king of outlaws, with all his greenwood train, Friar Tuck, Little John, Will Scarlet, and Maid Marian (identified with the May-lady), take their part singly or collectively among the mummers, and the legitimate morris dance becomes more or less inextricably confused with May's own special observances, in which the green boughs of the May Day of ancient Rome made a new link with the long past and the dead gods of lost centuries. Thus enlarged and intertwined with past and present, the morris became the peculiar object of the anathemas of the Reformers of the Great Rebellion, when kings, papists, and merriment were abolished and excommunicated. In this form too it was resuscitated at the Restoration, to outlive, with new and numerous transformations, its old England-wide popularity, lingering for many years in precarious survival, here and there to be seen in remote villages and among the dwellers in northern and midland counties, with its nosegays and ribbons a trifle faded and its swords somewhat blunt and rusted, but still lingering among us to this very day. Walter Scott, in his note on the disastrous episode of the Shrovetide revelry in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' after quoting Handel's testimony as to England's peculiar attachment to this dance—Scotland evidently shared the affection—describes minutely the morris-dancer's costume, treasured among other civic relics in the town where the scene of his romance is laid. Two hundred and fifty-two little bells were, he tells us, fastened to the dress; these were divided into sets of twelve, and each set was tuned to a musical interval. What skill on the part of the dancer was required, whose business it was, by his regulated movements, to ring these mimic chimes in something approaching harmony, one can barely imagine. One may observe in passing that such arts were not without their market value; so late as the end of the seventeenth century the price of a dancing girl sold in Scotland by her mother (her rescue was the work of Sir Walter's grandfather) was thirty pounds Scots.

The Betley stained glass window, reproduced in Mrs. Grove's book, is a pictorial representation of the anglicised

morris-dancers; the period to which Mr. Douce assigns the actual window is Henry VIII.'s reign, the costumes, however, belonging to Edward IV.'s period. In Reid's edition of Shakespeare's 'King Henry IV.,' part i., an engraving taken from the same window is given, with a supplementary commentary of many pages upon the nine figures it contains, in connexion with the Shakespearian allusions to the May Day celebrations of his time. Here we have all the traditional characters depicted — Maid Marian (Maid Myriam, as one too ingenious writer spells her name, a spelling intended to recall the Miriam dance of the Red Sea passage), Tom the piper, a friar, a hobby-horse, and various anonymous dancers, conjectured, according to divers authorities, to stand for a lover (by the flower in his cap), a clown, a squire, a Fleming, a Spaniard, and a Morisco. Lastly and unmistakeably is a fool, though here too is trouble for the anxious critic's mind. For the fool, the artificial, allowed, or fool counterfeit, with his jester's livery of office—the office 'none but he that hath wit can 'perform, and none but he that wants it will'—has a twin brother, a fool superfluous, possibly a Bavian (not Barian, as by a slip Mrs. Grove misprints it), or idiot fool.* But of far more intrinsic interest is the design for goldsmith's work, from an engraving on copper by Israel von Meckenen, given in Mr. Douce's volume. It is a signal instance of the adaptation of the common features of contemporary life to decorative use. For grace of action and delicacy of construction this design, to employ an appropriate phrase, 'bears the 'bell,' besides illustrating those figures in the morris which were not the monopoly of its English version. The exact number of the figures represented is the same as in the Betley window. Six of the dancers are poised, with an exquisite sense of lightness and gaiety expressed in their postures, qualities wholly lacking in the somewhat clownish attitudes of the English design, amongst the interlaced branches of a widely spreading tree; the pointed foliage of the boughs conveys a suggestion of holly. Upon the forked central stem stands a sedate May-lady, placed thus in the midst of her attendants, in all the quaint childish dignity of her tall head-gear and narrow trailing gown. Nothing more totally unlike the Maid Marian of general, if slandered, fame than this Flemish morris queen could be conceived.

* See 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' act 3, scene v., 'Enter four countrymen and the Bavian.'

Below her are placed the jester and the pipe-player. Is it, one questions, remembering other emblematic designs of the 'Dance of Death' by the same hand, with an intentional touch of irony that these two alone of all the nine figures have their footing upon the solid earth-ground? Also, if one may venture upon the investigation of a side issue, is there any allegorical meaning in the causeless introduction of the dog who lies at the feet of the fool? Has it—it may be only one of those chance coincidences which are the will-o'-the-wisps of thought—any connexion or kinship with that other dog who in the old pack of fortune-telling cards follows at the heels of the 'matto' (the mad fool), or in another card of the same gipsy Tarot, bays at the moon, of which the beams, according to the wide-spread belief or superstition, are the source of many of mankind's lunacies? And once again, to pursue one more link in the chain, is it by mere accident that the ancient Saxon 'Idol of the Moon' is represented, in that curious work of Richard Verstigan 'The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,' published 1605, clothed in a jester's dress and wearing upon its head the familiar fool's cowl, where the so-called ass's ears indisputably must have been intended to represent the horns of the crescent?

But to return from this digression. Leaving this brief sketch of the migrations and transformations of one individual dance, which must serve as a general type of others of like kind, we pass on from that midway station where dancing from its rudimental condition as a mere exercise has become part of a social pageant, to a different region of thought—to the inquiry of what dancing has been, or may still be, as an art, boldly claiming its place in the ranks of the arts which are its fellows, as the ideal presentment of beauty in movement and the complex presentment and expression, realistic or symbolic, by movement, of emotion and sensation. It is naturally to the historians and critics of Greek arts that we turn for testimony concerning the height of perfection attainable in the art which is of all arts pre-eminently the art of youth; and 'you Greeks,' cried Egypt's priest—the quotation is made by John Addington Symonds—'you Greeks are always young!'

Yet where, the initial difficulty encounters us at the very first step, can critic or scholar seek for inscribed images of that most transitory of things a movement? It is on the face of it an almost hopeless quest. To demand such an image would be the demand—to steal the phrase—of an

ambitious beggar. True we can look at a statue or study a vase, gaze on a dancing bacchante, or a Greek frieze, but the despondent conviction remains with us that the survey conveys to our imagination little more than, to use a metaphor, is conveyed to our ear by the single shattered note of some exquisite melody. For is it not in the succession of movement to movement, of posture to posture, as in the succession of note to note in melody, that the essence of the art is hidden? Whereas in these dead images the sequence of the dance's pulse is lost, the expansion of its vitality is caged, crystallised into an attitude, and frozen into a posture. The voice of the singer does not leave less trace behind it than do the movements of the dancer, and the executant artists of either art can bequeath to posterity nothing more solid than the descriptive legend of their skill, the tradition of their fame, the barren register of technical method, or the scientific analysis of the rules and figures of their invention.

Although it may seem a devious track to follow, perhaps the perusal of books such as that of Mr. Symonds upon the Greek poets may bring the unclassical reader to some kind of imaginative conception of the heights to which this art of movement, dedicated in countless rites to the sacred service of the gods, may have attained in those days when choral song and choral dance went hand in hand, when 'separate forms of music and of metre 'were devoted, with the unerring instinct of a truly 'æsthetic race, to the expression of the several moods and 'passions of the soul,' and when, as the same writer asserts in another place, the Greek temperament was 'no less 'sensitive to the refinements of rhythmical movement than 'to the beauties of the human body.' To us Northerns, to whom, for the most part, the associations of the very word of dancing are the antitheses to the associations of beauty in art, and whose powers of sympathetic imagination are even more inflexibly rigid than the moral code inherited from Puritan and Covenanter, in which the doctrine of the sanctity of ugliness rivalled the catholic creed of the sanctity of dirt, the realisation of daily life in a world permeated throughout by an active sense of beauty—beauty of form, beauty of sound, beauty of motion—has become almost an impossibility, opposed as it is to the experiences of our own time and country. 'How shall we,' Symonds himself questions in his concluding chapter on the 'Genius 'of Greek Art,' 'whose souls are aged and wrinkled with

'long years of humanity,' bridge over the gulf dividing us from that Greek-land he depicts so vividly, picturing it, perhaps, in rose-coloured tints, but in a picture surely drawn with the clear insight of a true love, and making plain even to the understanding of the unlearned the width of the chasm, a spiritual distance transcending the distances of time and space, that lies between us and it? How shall we, indeed, cross the abyss separating the new world which is old from the old world which was young? Yet, as we read the songs or view the statues, records present with us of arts to whom the power of self-record belongs, some feeling may come to us of that other art of rhythmic movement, of whose continual abiding amongst them poet and song-maker render us constantly, if indefinitely, aware: some vague perception may steal into our minds of the third harmony in the great triumvirate—the trinity of song, melody, and motion—whose rule was honoured in the land. What was the air when filled with the 'sounds of the stirring to and 'fro of the dances of maidens'? What were the rhythmical foot-beats to which night by night old Pindar listened as before his door the girls moved in dance and song, honouring the mother of the gods and Pan, the well-beloved of the poet, in the temple he himself had reared for their worship? To multiply such quotations would be but a senseless repetition, yet it is by the very frequency of such chance allusions that we, reading, gain for ourselves a faint impression of that rippling cadence of the dancers' light footsteps, as it drifted by and passed or paused, which must have been as familiar to the hearing of the Greek as to the ear of the city-dwellers of to-day are the noise of the tread of wearied and busied men upon the stone pavements, the roar of the vast city thoroughfares, and the jarring cries of the city streets. What the contrast must have been to that sense of hearing alone one can only dimly speculate. In those days, surely, half the dread of sleepless hours must have been taken from the night, and that worst of maladies, insomnia, must have been robbed of half its terrors. These are doubtless but misty impressions, gathered, as it were, from the side touches of the brush of unconscious painters; they are but shadowy images, of maidens' raiment that fluttered and limbs that moved, seen through the haze of all the countless sunsets that lie between us and them; yet possibly they bring home to us more the sense of what that pervasive beauty of movement may have been than all the efforts of writers who have endeavoured to portray it in

definite form and shape. Many such attempts have been made. All readers of Charles Kingsley will at once recall his description of the revival of the mystic dance of Venus Anadyomene in the arena of the thronged theatre at Alexandria, stained with the blood of boys and men, in the scene where the child-sinner Pelagia, beautiful, gay, and brave, first becomes aware of her soul and her shame in the arms of her newly discovered brother, Philammon the monk. Her dance, says Kingsley,

'was a miracle of art, such as was only possible among a people of the free and exquisite physical training, and the delicate æsthetic perception, of those old Greeks even in their most fallen days—a dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was manifested not, as in the coarser comic pantomimes, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-restraining grace.'

And Wieland too, Kingsley's forerunner in the pseudo-classic romance, has made the dancing scene of the Greek courtesan Danae, in her impersonation of the fugitive Daphne, a downward turning-point in the history of his Platonist hero. Agathon—beautiful as Apollo, spiritualised as a sylph, to whom the snares of sophist and sensualist have been as broken cobwebs—is doomed to fall a victim to the beautiful dancer who, we should remember, has dismissed her previous lover for his insensibility to the loveliness of her soul.

Yet neither in the German nor in the English romance—with the classical accuracy of either we are not here concerned—do we gain any real conception of what was indeed the source of rapture to the Alexandrian crowd, or of what, in Danae's performance, so bewildered the senses of Plato's disciple. Each book is written by the hand of a master in the craft, and in each case the writer is narrating, in studious detail, an episode of moment in the developement of his plot, and one upon which, therefore, he may be assumed to have put forth to the full what power of narrative description lay in him. Yet to our mind, if we may use the expression, neither of the dancers moves. We are told that Philammon, watching, could see nothing in heaven or earth but the twinkling of Pelagia's white feet over their white image in the polished greenness of the marble floor of the open-air stage. We are told that among the luxurious surroundings of her foreign home Danae's

dance might have tempted spirits to assume a body. By faith, but not by sight, though it were of the most excitable retrospective fancy, the reader accepts both assertions. But the fact remains that the only realities conveyed to the mind are Philammon's agony at his sister's disgrace and Agathon's half-conscious awakening to the joy of life in Danae's supreme loveliness. Nor, so far as we know, have other authors succeeded where these have signally failed.

Episodes where dancing, Greek and Egyptian, classical and modern, civilised and savage, has played a prominent part, have always been a favourite theme in prose and verse. Madame de Staël in 'Corinne'—Mrs. Grove quotes the passage at length—has bestowed upon the tarantella, tamed and civilised to the usages of social life, its literary apotheosis. Those who witnessed it were, she tells us, transported 'dans une existence idéale où l'on rêve un 'bonheur qui n'est pas de ce monde.' Victor Hugo has his dancing-girl heroine of 'Notre-Dame de Paris;' George Eliot introduces her Spanish gipsy, Fedalma, dancing, to the scandal of her noble lover, in the public market-place; and, to cite no more, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the fandango of the serpent-woman, Elsie Venner, has given perhaps the most graphically painted dance of all, as he describes the rattle of the castanets, the cobra-barred shirt, the undulation of the lithe body, the wreathing and unwinding of the round bare arms, and the vibrant tips of the slender fingers, the diamond glitter of her narrowed eyes, and the passionate fierceness of the dancing, till, exhausted, she reels backwards and falls in a coil upon the floor. Nor can we help mentioning Anatole France's happiest sketch, that of 'Le 'Jongleur de Notre-Dame,' who, performing his most dexterous feats of agility in the solitude of the monastic chapel, recalls to our memory the historical bequest of money for 'a dance to be danced in honour of the Blessed Virgin.' Yet, with these writers, who deal with circumstances more nearly approaching those of our own time, we are only more firmly persuaded that such attemps at description are fruitless, and that we must be content to fall back upon more purely imaginative conceptions if we would seek to grasp what was the Greek perfection of an art thus obviously indescribable. That there was to this perfection another side—as there were two sides to Greek life itself—a side unbeautiful enough both in form and spirit, is, of course, a fact known to all. Whether it were or were not, as Mr. Symonds maintains, that the instincts of the Hellenes were

'vitiated by contact with Asiatic luxury,' and that 'the 'orgiastic cult of Dionysus and the voluptuous worship of 'the Corinthian Aphrodite,' with their attendant rites and festivals, among which dancing took its place, were intrusions from without, is not here the question under discussion. But this much is assured, that by inherent tendencies or by foreign contagion dancing suffered at the hands of the Greeks no less than at the hands of other nations, both in secular games and religious observances, its own indignities and degradations, and that the most fair-seeming ceremonies were not without their increeping element of moral declension.

If it is too sweeping an assertion to make the Orientals wholly responsible for the invention and introduction into Europe of the species of dancing associated with Eastern custom, it is undeniable that it is in the East, and by races of Eastern blood or Eastern proclivities, that this form of the art is brought to its highest point of good or of evil. It is the school before defined, in which movement is used, realistically or symbolically, as the medium for expressing and exciting emotion or sensation, and it is a task of extreme difficulty to arrive at a just understanding of the position and nature of this particular developement of an art of which such dissimilar accounts are given by conflicting testimonies and variously prejudiced witnesses. Disparities of impression are on all subjects inevitable; how pre-eminently fallacious the impressions of the uninterpreted aims and objects of an unfamiliar art are likely to be, one is able to guess. There is a curious instance illustrating such divergencies of opinion in the descriptions of the celebrated red tiger dance of the Lamās, by Mr. Frank Knight, in his book of travels, 'Where Three Empires meet,' and by Mr. Austine Waddell, the author of 'Buddhism in Thibet.' The former concludes his account of the religious ceremonial —the dance is part of it—with the following sentence: 'Thus, with a blasphemous caricature of all these people are 'supposed to hold sacred, the festival ended.' Mr. Waddell, a scholar, views the same spectacle from another standpoint. 'The performance,' he tells us, 'concludes with the appear-'ance of the Chinese priest, attended by boys. They go 'through a form of worship of the images, *but being un-'orthodox it is ridiculed by the spectators.*' In fact, what seemed 'blasphemy' to the one appeared to the other only an excess of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. Such discrepancies may reasonably incline one to think twice before committing

oneself blindly to the guidance even of eye-witnesses, when their evidence concerns the religious rites or social customs of races whose rites and customs are alien to the experience, if not antagonistic to the sympathies, of Western convention. To accept without hesitation the crude statement that a great national art—as such undoubtedly one must regard dancing, both theatrical and domestic, in the East—is, broadly speaking, degraded and immoral in the practice of the *bayadères* and nautch girls would be obviously irrational. Mountstuart Elphinstone, whose integrity is beyond dispute, writing of the Hindus, has made the candid assertion that in comparing their purity of manners with those of his own nation, 'the superiority is left on the side least 'flattering to our self-esteem,' and he proceeds to explain the apparent inconsistency of this opinion with other facts adduced, by adding that the Hindu possesses 'that sim-'plicity that conceives that what can exist without blame 'may be named without offence,' a statement of whose fairness the perusal of such a Hindu drama as the famous 'Toy Cart' convinces one, though, as the editor of the English translation observes, 'the tenderness and devotion 'of Vasantasēna [the courtesan heroine] seem little com-'patible with her life, the piety and gravity of Chàrudatta '[the Brahmin hero] still less so with his love.' Without, however, dwelling upon a sentence in which much of the modern controversy regarding the subjects admissible in art is summed up, it may well be that it affords the clue to many moral misjudgements. Nor is a passage quoted by the same authority less enlightening. 'The native 'singers and players, whom Europeans are in the way of 'hearing in most parts of India, are regarded by their 'scientific brethren as a ballad-singer at a street corner 'would be by the primo soprano of the Italian Opera.' It is unnecessary to say that verdicts given upon such limited experiences are not suited for general application.

On the other hand, to proceed to a different part of the subject, it is not credible that the slow dance-movements the Hindus of all classes contemplate with delight for hours, are the dull and monotonous performances some European onlookers would have us believe. Here again we are disposed to inquire if the witness was in the position, or possessed the capacity, to form a correct estimate of the qualities and nature of the art criticised; for, whatever may be the custom of Western and Northern nationalities, to whom painting, poetry, music, and the drama proper have served

as the natural art-mediums for the expression of feelings and ideas, the East and the South have apparently recognised in dancing another and an equally definite vehicle for such expression. In movements and gestures and postures they have formulated and established an alphabet and grammar of sensation and thought. We have only to reflect upon the extraordinary extent to which the Buddhist system of symbolism has been carried, in the mystic attitudes of the body, in the locking or unlocking of the feet, in the lifting of arms and hands, and in the very curves of the fingers, to find some clue to a probable counterpart, an analogous system of symbolism, to be observed in the actions of dancing. On this supposition the sequence and shades of the dancer's movements must be as unintelligible to the uninitiated eye as would be the progression of the several parts of an intricate fugue to the musically untrained ear.

This hypothesis is corroborated by the information supplied by the courtesy of M. Grosset regarding the contents of the Indian text-book on dancing, the Bhāratīya-Mātya-cāstra, where it deals with 'la *mimique* concourant avec les 'paroles ou le chant à traduire par la "*gesticulation*" les 'différentes situations dramatiques.' Here we have indicated the same elaboration and precision in the symbolism of the body.

'On y voit qu'il y a 32 angahāras [comportments] reposant sur 108 karanas [acts] ou combinaisons de mouvements des pieds, des mains et autres parties du corps. Les diverses positions combinées des mains (qui ont dans cette mimique un rôle essentiel) reçoivent tel ou tel nom, suivant qu'elles sont samyuta [*joint*] ou a-samyuta [*disjoint*], qu'elles concourent toutes les deux ou isolément à la manifestation de l'idée, du sentiment, qu'il s'agit d'exprimer. Nous savons également dans quelles circonstances ces *figures* sont de mise. Il est question, dans le même adhyāya, des diverses postures de la main, usitées pour la danse en elle-même: elles sont nommées et définies. . . . Il n'y a pas moins de dix chapitres consacrés à l'exposé des règles de cette mimique ou manifestation dramatique par le geste, l'attitude, etc., des sentiments et des idées.'

From this we may easily conceive that while dancing of the highest order would seek to effect its aims by due observance of the idealistic or symbolic code, the dancers of the class corresponding to English street singers would be likely to appeal to their audience by a coarser and more realistic representation of the passions and sensations — the song-accompaniments deal mostly, Mrs. Grove states, with the vicissitudes of love—it should be their office, by the beauty

and perfection of their art, to transfigure and idealise. Was it likewise, if we may hazard the conjecture, by some such process of gradual descent from symbolism to realism that the art of older Egypt also suffered degradation? From ancient days, we are told, the Egyptian dancers bore the title of 'the women who are wise.' By what steps of slow decline has that wisdom forfeited its honour in the fantasias of the hired ghāwāzees of to-day? Yet even in these how true it is that people find only what they are looking for! How vividly the description given of such dancers by Lady Duff Gordon, clear-brained, clean-hearted, and open-eyed, contrasts with what other writers have found to say! 'I 'could not call it voluptuous any more than Racine's '"Phèdre;" it is "Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée," 'and to me seemed tragic. It is far more realistic than the 'fandango, and far less coquettish, because the thing repre- 'sented is *au grand sérieux*, not travestied, *gazé*, or played 'with.' Surely in Lady Duff Gordon's impression we may trace some relic of the 'wisdom' of the elder Egypt's art.

Truly, as we look back, dancing comes before us as a player with many divers masks, tragic and comic. It assumes the alternate features of malady and remedy, of good and evil, of mirth and mourning, of wisdom and folly; it carries in its hand at once a garland and a sword. It has asscciated itself with every conceivable aspect of life, with funerals and marriages and births; its memories are interlinked with every imaginable image, with the rites of the profoundest religious creeds and the sacrileges of the most extreme profanity. The ancient world found no better semblance for death than the skeleton figures which dance upon the sarcophagus. In such dancing guise death was perpetually exhibited to mediæval Europe in those 'curious pageants of 'mortality,' as Douce calls them, engraved in the *danse macabre*, frescoed on church walls, and serving for the decoration of bridges, found appropriately on the steel of the dagger's sheath in the Middle Ages and upon the fragile surface of the nineteenth-century fan. There is no epoch in time and no locality in space where, if we search long enough, we are not confronted with some image, rudimentary and savage, or elaborate and civilised, as the case may be, of this all-pervading art of movement. If Western faiths have discarded this adjunct of past forms of worship, the world and its market-place have adopted religion's outcast art. And if the monotonous repetition of one isolated form has

become the etiquette of the modern ball-room, recalling the nursery refrain—

> ' Ainsi font, font, font les Marionnettes !
> Ainsi font, font, font les Marionnettes ! '—

the stage and the street still retain vestiges of older traditions. The solemn rhapsody of motion, once anointed to the service of the gods by priest and vestal, may be spring after spring found burlesqued almost beyond recognition in the coarse ribaldry of a London May Day ; the mystic ecstasy in which the Eastern sought the manifestation of the ideal symbol of human nature's deepest instinct, the love of woman and man, may be supposed to find its modern reflection in the poses of a Spanish ballet-girl.

May not such a panorama serve almost for an epitome of life's most paradoxical juxtapositions ? May not one ask if it has been the fate of any other art to suffer such antagonistic variations of custom or to undergo so many metamorphoses in the annals of time ?

It is not a matter of surprise that an English treatise on dancing should take its place in a series such as that of the ' Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes,' for there is no doubt that it is as a social ' pastime ' that the art of the Greek —the rhythmic perfection of form in movement, and the art of the East—the rythmic, symbolic, or realistic expression of thought and sensation in posture and action—has taken root in modern England. Little trace, indeed, of the broader and deeper relationships to life, which in other countries and at other periods it has possessed, is now manifest; the mystery and the glamour are gone; it has become a social plebeian among the fellow arts of music and poetry, whose blood-royalty it once shared. This fact has made Mrs. Grove's task one of singular difficulty. Considering as a whole the manner in which she has laboriously carried out her enterprise, our ungracious complaint would be that she has tried to do too much. Conscious that to treat dancing as a mere ' pastime ' was to deal but with a somewhat insignificant fraction of the subject before her, she has attempted, with the help of her coadjutors, to produce a work which should serve not only, as do the other volumes of the ' Badminton Library,' as a practical and technical manual of a common pursuit, but likewise as a detailed and elaborate historical and geographical art handbook, and to carry out such a scheme efficiently would require not one but many volumes. It is a matter

of regret that no such work seems yet to have found its way into English art literature; its absence is a significant testimony to the exotic character, anti-national and anti-racial, that dancing as an art seems to bear in Saxon lands of to-day. Mrs. Grove, in doing her utmost to fill the breach, has perhaps overstrained her limits, and, while acknowledging to the full the zeal with which she has multiplied facts, we are disposed to wish she had restricted the area of her inquiries and dealt more at length with fewer geographical and chronological phases of a subject covering so extensive a field of research. Small slips, such as the reference to 'Tollet's picture,' by which is meant the Betley window; the attribution of the words (occurring in the 'Grand Sultana' of Lope de Vega)—

> '. . . There ne'er was born a Spanish woman yet
> But she was born to dance'—

to Cervantes, and other small errors of a similar kind would have been obviated by a more leisurely revision, and it is no ill compliment to an author to desire that a book, written evidently with conscientious zeal, should not here and there be wanting in the more prosaic quality of conscientious precision.

ART. IV.—1. *Reports of Congested Districts Board, Ireland*, 1894–5.

2. *Facts from Gweedore.* Compiled from notes made at various times by the late Lord GEORGE HILL. Fifth Edition. London: 1887.

WHEREVER the Romans extended their sway, from Somerset to Parthia, or from Scotland to Carthage, they drove great roads straight through the country from city to city. Along these roads towns sprang up, and the wealth of the conquered increased under peaceful rule, even although manufactures and mines were alike unknown. The Roman road is the silent witness to civilised rule; but in Ireland it is unknown, and the history of a continual driving of weaker populations, by new-comers from the East, into the bogs and barren mountains of the West, is marked by the line of border castles which, from the time of Strongbow, divided the good lands from the bad.

It is, fortunately, no longer a question of party opinion whether it be the duty of the richer and more powerful island to help and educate her sister of the West for the common good of Great Britain. A policy which is mainly due to Mr. Arthur Balfour has been accepted by both parties in Parliament, and is clearly intended to prevail under the present Government. It is not a policy of pauperisation or of bribery, whatever be the opinion of political agitators, but one of just and energetic administration for the good of Ireland, without reference to race or creed, without expectation of popular gratitude, and without fear of misrepresentation or interested clamour. The only question which arises is how best the country may be developed, and in what manner public money may be so spent as to be really useful in giving permanent results. Irishmen who have seen the wealth of our great manufacturing cities, in the North of England and in Scotland, ask why there are no factories, no mines, and no coalfields in Ireland. The more ignorant are convinced that it is due to a selfish Saxon policy, and never pause to ask whether nature has provided coalfields or metals; nor will they allow that the absence of possible manufactures may be due to want of persistent effort and of business habits among themselves. Yet, if Ireland is to be developed and enriched by administration, it is only by working on natural lines, and by developing existing possibilities. We must

consider the country itself, its population, and its products before we can feel sure what public works in Ireland should be, and in what manner they should be, carried out.

Only about a third of Ireland can be regarded as naturally poor—namely, the western shores and inland bogs in Donegal, parts of Sligo, Mayo, West Galway, Clare, Kerry, and West Cork. Poverty, no doubt, exists in other counties, but in those mentioned it is general and perennial. The character of the country itself accounts for its poverty. In Connemara, and in the Rosses of Donegal, the desolate moors and bogs cover the granite, and the mountains are formed of metamorphic limestone and sandstone. In Clare the wind-swept plateau, above the limestone cliffs, presents a treeless country with a poor soil all along the promontory which forms the right bank of the Shannon. In Kerry and Cork a carboniferous shale rises into rugged ridges of picturesque outline, and the slopes are wild moor and bog-land unfit for tillage. These formations are not rich in minerals—excepting a few copper mines—nor do they produce coal. For the most part they are suited only for summer grazing, and the higher ridges are without inhabitants. The contrast between these regions and the fine ploughlands and grass-fields of the Emerald Isle, as seen further east, is remarkable. The only products of the Far West which have any real value are peat, kelp from the sea-weed, and the harvest of the sea.

It is well known that the fisheries of the west coast teem with mackerel and herring, with ling and cod, with lobsters and oysters. The Irish peasantry are often reproached with their neglect of their opportunities in this respect; for the hardier Manx and Arklow fishermen invade the south-west, and on the west the shore population is timorous, leaving the islanders to do such fishing as is attempted. But it must not be forgotten that the Atlantic waves beat on these coasts with full force, and, during the terrible winter storms, these mountainous breakers dash before them great rocks, sometimes strewn over the fields like shingle; while the fishers have neither experience nor capital to invest, beyond their ancestral use of the curragh or coracle, which carries us back to the times of Cæsar. The skill and valour with which they will fight the ocean in these keelless canoes, of hide or canvas, stretched on oak beams and willow framing, are remarkable, and may be mentioned later; but between Bantry Bay on the south, and Lough Swilly in Donegal on the north, the West of

Ireland possesses no natural harbour of the first class. The open bay at Galway, and the shallow roadstead at Blacksod Bay in Mayo, could only be made really useful by large works. Between these, in the north of Connemara, is the wonderful Killery fiord, running up between the mountains, but the entrance is difficult and blocked by a rock. With these exceptions, there is hardly any shelter for fishing-boats in stormy weather, when they are exposed to the full force of the open ocean. Small harbours for boats might be made on various parts of the coast, but very little public money has, so far, been expended on this improvement.

The population of this wild part of Ireland is not, as a whole, purely Celtic; nor does it live in complete ignorance of the outer world. In considering its character we must not forget that its habits are influenced by religion and by language. We must remember the effects of emigration and of annual migratory labour; and we must also bear in mind that the Irish peasant possesses an intelligence quite equal to that of the Scotchman or North Englishman, and abilities probably far greater than those of the Saxon peasantry on the south coast of England. The Irishman has good reasons not only for emigrating, but also for returning to his home, and probably a shrewder idea of his own interests than those who attempt to instruct him at all suspect.

Throughout Ireland the original Celtic stock—in all classes—is mingled with Teutonic elements of population. On the coasts and islands the Danish blood still marks a racial type, and in Kerry Spanish colonisation has left its mark. The pure Celt is probably only found in the most remote parts of Connemara. In Donegal the Scottish admixture has improved the race, which is however mainly Irish in the remote glens on the south-west of that county. In Ireland generally three-quarters of the population is Roman Catholic, the Protestants including 12 per cent. of the Church of Ireland, and 9 per cent. of Presbyterians. But in the poor counties Protestants are to be counted by tens, and the prejudices of the peasantry preclude any success of Protestant efforts to organise industries which they might direct. Wherever found the Protestants are more prosperous and enterprising than their Roman Catholic neighbours; and, speaking generally, this is the case—whatever be the reason—in all parts of Europe. The Irish priesthood look with distrust on every movement which tends to separate from themselves the more energetic and thriving members

of their flock. They dislike emigration, and the association of Catholics with those of any other creed. They control education, and although they allow the English language to be taught in National schools, English history is no part of the elementary course. The Irish language is fast dying out, although many children of the present generation are able to speak it as well as English. In parts where the population is still Irish-speaking, migratory labour is impossible for that reason; and these districts are in consequence the most congested and poorest. But in another generation or two the disabilities due to language will probably have disappeared for ever.

The returns of the recent census of 1891 are instructive as showing the comparative destitution in various parts of Ireland. In 1767 the population of Ireland was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and by 1801 it had increased to more than 5,000,000. It continued steadily so to increase after the Union till, in 1845, it had reached $8\frac{1}{4}$ millions. A sudden drop to $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions followed the famine years, and the decrease has gone on year by year until, in 1891, the total was only 4,700,000 souls. The average of emigration during the last ten years has been 62,000; but in 1883, in consequence probably of the disturbed state of Ireland, the number of emigrants (the large majority of whom go to America) rose to 105,700 souls. Even with the present reduced population we have an average of 148 souls per square mile. In England the average is 500 per square mile, but in Scotland it is 134 only. Great as is this disparity, Ireland is more fully populated than Scotland, because it contains less uninhabitable land; and we must not forget that the population of Turkey in Europe shows a density of only 70 souls per square mile, and that of Turkey in Asia only 25 per square mile. The question is how Ireland was ever able to support a population of 8,000,000; but it must be remembered that this occurred at a time when corn still commanded a high price, and when agricultural occupation could still be found where now the land is wholly laid down in grass. Ireland has suffered like England from this change, and, but for the outlet afforded by emigration, would now be twice as poor as it is.

It is remarkable, however, that while the poor lands amount in area to about a third of Ireland, the population in these districts also amounts to 30 per cent. of the whole, which is a result rendered all the more unsatisfactory because this poor population, according to the census returns, does not

diminish, but in some cases actually increases. The reason appears to be that, with the decrease of corn production and the establishment of grazing farms, the agriculturists have been gradually pushed out—or encouraged to retreat—to the western bog lands, where they have by great exertions won a scanty living from the reclaimed moor or swamp.

If we take as a criterion of prosperity the rateable value per head of population, of which two-thirds is agricultural, we find that Ulster, with its linen factories and other industries, stands first, Leinster second, Connaught third, and Munster last. In Munster the population is most congested, or, in other words, too thick for the character of agricultural land available. It is remarkable that in Ireland generally the percentage of poor relieved from the rates is only $2\frac{1}{4}$, as against $2\frac{1}{2}$ in Scotland, or in England and Wales; but the difference is probably due to the high proportion of emigrants. In Munster the proportion of the poor is greatest, and in Kerry the percentage of emigrants is highest, as will be seen from the following table :—

County	Acres per head	Valuation per head	Percentage of emigrants	Percentage of poor
		£		
Clare . .	6	2·5	1·8	3·2
Cork . .	4	2·8	1·9	3·7
Kerry . .	4	1·7	2·3	2·8
Mayo . .	6	1·4	1·6	1·2
Galway . .	7	2·2	1·6	1·7
Donegal . .	$6\frac{1}{2}$	1·5	0·9	0·7
Antrim . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	3·0	0·7	0·7
Dublin . .	$0\frac{1}{2}$	3·6	0·3	2·3

In this table Antrim (including Belfast) and co. Dublin may be contrasted with the poorest counties, of which the first three are in Munster, the next two in Connaught, and one only (Donegal) in Ulster. Taking emigrants and poor together, we have 5 per cent. of population in Clare; and in Kerry, where the density of population is greater, 5·1 per cent. In Cork (with 5·6 per cent.) the poverty is to some extent town poverty. Mayo is relieved by migratory labour, though the valuation of the land is less than in Kerry. Galway includes East Galway, and, if Connemara alone were taken into account, would perhaps be the poorest of all the counties, and in parts the most congested. That emigration is

due to poverty seems clear, from the fact that in Antrim, where the valuation is 3*l.* per head, only 7 per thousand emigrate; whereas in Kerry, with a valuation of 1*l.* 14*s.*, the emigrants number 23 per thousand. The proportion of the poor relieved from the rates is in about the same ratio in these two cases.

The above comparison of the conditions in various counties also shows us that, in consequence of natural causes over which no government has had much control, population is now distributed in such a manner that the poor lands are more thickly peopled than they should be. The present administration of the Land Act tends in some measure to remedy this evil, and the growth of a class of yeomen proprietors is in some cases fostered. The evil of constant subdivision of the land needs, however, to be checked by very strict stipulations in all new properties. This has been enforced by land agents in the case of good lands, but in the poorer districts—such as that of Swinford in Mayo—it has either not been enforced or has been evaded. The old abuses whereby the landlord profited by the labour of the peasant driven out to reclaim the bogs have become impossible under the Act; but the ruin of landowners has left the peasant without any aid from capital; and the increase of rates, which fall more heavily than ever on the landlords, is now the main grievance of the occupiers also. In even the poorest parts of England private enterprise, and the wealth of landlords, still aid the peasant. In Ireland he has no such resource, and private enterprise is paralysed by religious prejudices and by suspicion. Without the aid of the State these regions, where destitution is the normal condition, must continue to grow poorer and more congested, becoming finally a source of danger as well as of public scandal.

Among independent and more fortunate populations, in England and Scotland, the Irish are regarded as a lazy race, content to live on alms, and notoriously drunken. But such an estimate, though perhaps once not unjust, has ceased to be true of the struggling population of the West of Ireland. The help given to them has been small and occasional. The danger of starvation has forced them to help themselves; and drink in Ireland is not as great an evil as in Scotland or in the North of England. The first resource was emigration; and the money constantly sent home from America, by sons and daughters, keeps perhaps half of the poor out of the workhouse. But the Irishman has no great desire

to emigrate if he can find work at home. His affection for his native land is such that he returns to it as soon as he can. The emigrant, in a large proportion of cases, comes back from time to time, and often finally buys land and settles down in Ireland, bringing with him new ideas learned in America, which, since the famine, have gradually changed the whole relation of classes to each other, and have done much to undermine the power of the priests. In parts of Mayo (Achill Island especially) the whole able-bodied population departs annually for the harvest to the lowlands of Scotland and to the North of England. Their labour is cheap; and since they return year by year to the same employers, it is presumably found satisfactory. In such districts the men work hard to put in the potatoes in spring. They earn fair wages in summer, and in winter they rest in their own homes, where the family has lived meanwhile in comfort. A small sum provides them with good fuel from the bog; the winter is less severe than in Scotland, and the cost of living much lower. The change of scene and of occupation is also agreeable to the Irishman, whose greatest fault is want of steady persistence. In Donegal this migratory labour is yet more serviceable, as the Donegal men work in factories, and earn high wages in Scotland. The people of the West Donegal coast will send their children to farm service in the better lands of the Lagan round Letterkenny, as the Cavan people send theirs to till the fields of Leitrim. It cannot justly be said that these peasants do nothing to help themselves. The poorest parts of Ireland, in Connemara, in the Maamtrasna district of South Mayo, and in South-west Donegal, are glens and coasts where the people are purely Irish-speaking, and have neither emigration nor migratory labour as a resource.

It must again be remembered that Ireland has made steady progress during the past half-century in material prosperity and civilisation, however far she may have been distanced by England and Scotland. The account published by Lord George Hill of the good work done by him at Gweedore, in Donegal, presents to us a picture applicable to other poor parts of Ireland, which have struggled more slowly and with less generous aid towards civilisation. In 1838 there were 9,000 persons in the Gweedore parish, who had among them one cart, one plough, twenty shovels, six cow houses, three turkeys, twenty-seven geese, no pigs, no fruit trees, no vegetables, except potatoes and cabbages. They had one school and one priest; the people slept naked,

and had very few boots or shoes. The cattle and sheep were then dying of hunger or killed to feed the starving people. The peasants paid hardly any rent, and were eight to twenty years in arrear. They were divided into 'tribes,' which held pasturage in common, and by the system of 'Rundale' a man might be allotted his proportion of the townland in thirty or forty places, according to the quality of the soil, each villager, according to the primeval village tenure, taking his share of good and bad. Even horses and cows were held between joint owners. A family lived on potatoes, clothed itself from its few sheep, and paid three to thirty shillings to the landlord by the sale of a little corn. The land was constantly subdivided, until half an acre was in one case held by twenty-six people. Law was unknown, and the strong bullied the weak. Poteen was made to such an extent that grain had to be brought from Sligo and Mayo for the illicit distillation. The condition of Gweedore was that of the prehistoric ages, and inferior in civilisation to that of Kaffirs or any Oriental peasantry in our own times. Yet it was not worse than that of other poor districts in Ireland.

The natives were, however, fearless boatmen, and even brought cattle from the islands in their coracles. It is recorded that Paddy M'Bride, sole lord of the small island of Dovey between Tory Island and the coast, conquered by main force a bull which broke loose in his coracle; and in another instance a man actually recovered a horse which fell out of the coracle into the sea. Those who have seen, or taken passage in, one of these canoes will understand the extraordinary nature of such adventures.

In 1839 Lord George Hill built a corn store, and caused carts and barrows to be made for the peasants. A general village store followed, and prospered. With much difficulty the system of 'Rundale' was suppressed in favour of definite holdings, and 20,000 acres were so distributed. Fences were built; prizes were offered for improvements in agriculture, and for neat cabins and better stock. New ground was reclaimed, and bore good crops of oats and potatoes. The knitting of stockings, the weaving of cloth and flannel, occupied profitably the women of the family, and by 1843 the advance made was equal to that of centuries. In 1866 roads and bridges had come into existence, the carts numbered thirty-four, and two ploughs were used (although the population had decreased), there were three post-offices in the district, and a daily mail. A model farm and an hotel had

been built, and a quay and landing-place at Bunbeg for vessels of 150 tons. The arrears of rent had fallen from 1,000*l.* to 40*l.*, and the tenants owned 1,700 cattle, 4,000 sheep, and 300 horses. At the present time, in spite of the poverty of the soil and the remote situation of Gweedore, the people are far more prosperous than they are in Connemara. The struggle with prejudice and suspicion was severe at first, and the relations of tenant and landlord were rendered difficult about 1882 by the schemes of hired agitators and the false statements of interested persons; but the work done remains as an example of what is possible for the bettering of the condition of a population living even on the most barren and uninviting spots.

The progress of such districts is, however, impeded by the occasional failure of the potato. It is often said that the potato is a curse to Ireland. Certainly, as regards nutriment, analysis shows that it is only less inferior than cabbage; but the potato will grow where no other crop—even oats—can be cultivated, and consequently a population condemned to live in the bogs is forced to depend on the potato. Whenever they are able the peasantry sow oats, and in some cases use oatmeal. They purchase flour in the towns, and depend less on the potato than used to be the case. It is, however, still the staple food not only of the peasant, but of his stock as well. The failure of the crop thus threatens immediate ruin and famine, only averted by the prompt intervention of Government. A system of relief of this kind tends to demoralise the peasantry, and to discourage their efforts to help themselves. The arrangements made for the distribution of such grants were also in the past open to criticism, since they led to jobbery and waste, the money being in great measure diverted from the poorest class into the pockets of the well-to-do, while no permanent results, in the shape of public works useful to all, could be discovered. But by the abolition of the contract system, and by special arrangements, these scandals have now been abolished by Government, and any money now spent in the relief of distress is so managed that it goes straight to the pockets of the poorest, and results in the permanent improvement of the district, by the making of roads, bridges, small jetties, and other useful works. Even with this improvement in system it is clearly unsatisfactory that Government aid should be spasmodic, and applied only when the evil is apparent. A system of prevention is much to be preferred to one of

temporary aid, which is liable to upset the gradual progress of the country towards better conditions.

The work of the Congested Districts Board represents the first serious attempt to grapple with this difficulty by a general and constant action for improvement of existing means of livelihood. But the sum which they can command (about 45,000*l.* a year) is small; the department is isolated and new to its work, the districts in which it acts are not co-extensive with the whole poverty of Ireland, and the subjects treated are numerous and diverse. But, in spite of misrepresentation and inexperience, the Board has done some years of excellent work; yet it is to be regarded as a germ only of a permanent department, which should be organised more powerfully, and allowed to extend its operations further afield. The work of the Board includes improvements in agriculture, in stock, in fisheries, in forestry, and public works, such as new roads and bridges. Its operations extend over the greater part of the poor regions in the West of Ireland. A few words may be devoted to each of these departments of the administration which Ireland owes to Mr. A. Balfour.

As regards agriculture the most important discovery has been that of 'Strawsonite' for spraying the potato. Experiments are said to have shown that this mixture of sulphate of copper and lime, pumped on to the plants twice in the season in a very fine spray, not only protects the potato from disease, but also increases the yield by about a third. The new system is already beginning to find favour with the people; and, should experience prove that it really protects the plants from disease, the danger of periodical famines will disappear, and spasmodic votes for relief of distress will no longer be required from Parliament. Regarding improvements in stock, which were sadly needed, the Board have already been successful with horses and sheep, and are arranging for the improvement of breed in cows and pigs and poultry. No greater boon can be bestowed on the peasantry than increased price for stock in the market. The work done in aid of the fisheries also begins to tell, especially in the curing of ling and cod, which can be seen at Teelin, near Carrick, in Donegal. Not only are the fishermen sure of a fair price at the pier-head, but their families are fully employed at home in curing the fish, and the quality of dried salt-fish so obtained is excellent, and has already become a source of profit to the Board. The habits of industry, order, and cleanliness which have thus been

taught to the fisherfolk in Donegal, in the Arran Islands, and elsewhere are also of the greatest value for the improvement of the people. The attempts made at forestry have so far led to doubtful results; and, if Ireland were extensively reforested, the probable result would be an increase in the rainfall which is hardly desirable. As regards public works, the action of the Board has been restricted by want of funds, and those carried out have for the most part been small and unambitious (except in Donegal); the developement of the Light Railway system forms no part of the work of the Congested Districts Board.

We have thus glanced at the natural conditions, at the progress made, and at the causes of failure in the past; and it remains to describe how, in the future, the interests of the poor in Ireland may be best furthered. Nothing has been said so far of existing industries, because these are of a microscopic nature. When we are considering the affairs of a million and a half of people, it is futile to point to a stocking factory which can employ 150 hands, such as Mayo boasts at Foxford (which is not a poor place), or to the lace-making in Sligo, and basket-making in Connemara, which employ only a few boys and girls. It is probable that the wool industry of Donegal might be much improved and extended; and it would seem natural that, in a country where agricultural wages rarely exceed eighteenpence a day, manufacturers would find it profitable to establish themselves. Yet, with the exception of the linen trade in Ulster, such manufactures are conspicuous by their absence in Ireland. Attempts to start creameries, and similar undertakings, have failed, because the work done was so slovenly as to command only a very low price in the market. Until the Irish people learn the necessity of steady perseverance, careful work, cleanliness, and strict honesty in their dealings with the public, all attempts at the encouragement of manufactures will fail, as they have failed in the past, and capital will find better fields for its employment elsewhere.

We turn, therefore, to the consideration of public works carried out by Government, such as the making of light railways, of roads, bridges, piers and harbours, the drainage of rivers and of bogs, the encouragement of the fisheries and of the kelp manufacture, and the improvement in housing of the poor. There is a prejudice among many against public works in Ireland, which arises from causes already mentioned—from the scandals of the contract system, from the errors of the Board of Works, and from the expensive nature

of the supervision in other cases. But in these attempts the Irish Government learned by experience, and their most recent undertakings have shown that public works are among the most important means of permanently improving Ireland.

Among public works in the Far West the construction of light railways ranks first. These railways, 236 miles in total length, have now been carried into Connemara and South Mayo, where they are of the ordinary gauges, while in Donegal they are strictly light, with a narrow roadway. By this means the towns of Clifden, near the west shore of Connemara, and of Ballinrobe, east of Loch Mask; the Island of Achill, whence so many migratory labourers go yearly to Scotland, and which is connected with the mainland by a bridge; the town of Swinford, in the middle of a very poor district, and the towns of Killybegs and Glenties, in West Donegal, have been joined to the main railway system of Ireland. To complete the scheme a line running north through Connemara, and a line to Blacksod Bay near Belmullet, in the north-west corner of Mayo, are required, and a coast line to Dunfanaghy, in Donegal. In West Cork and Kerry lines have been extended to Bantry Bay and to the vicinity of Valentia; and a line to Berehaven is also needed. By this scheme the whole of the West is placed in touch with the richer part of Ireland, and a great boon has been conferred on the poor and isolated populations of the coasts. These lines have not been undertaken by the existing railway companies to which they are handed over; but this is not due to want of enterprise, for at present they are unremunerative, and no company could have undertaken them. If, however, railways in Ireland prove, as elsewhere, to promote the growth of towns, and to draw the rural population to such centres, the new lines must pay in time, and will aid in drawing the congested population out of the poorer lands. Bantry Bay is one of the finest harbours in the United Kingdom, with six miles of smooth water seven fathoms deep, and with good anchorage protected from storms by Bere Island; the rocks sink sheer into the water, and not only do large war fleets here lie safely at anchor, but the largest merchant ships could moor alongside a wharf, and deliver merchandise and mails without transhipment. It is calculated that more than an hour might be saved in the time of delivery of the American mail if it were landed at Berehaven, and if a railway were made to a pier near Castletown Bere. It has also been proposed to make Blacksod

Bay a terminus for the Canadian liners, shortening the sea passage and distance to London. In this case, however, it would be more difficult to find the site for a pier which the liners could reach without the use of a tender. Even if these projects were found unattainable, the developement of such harbours by railway communication remains desirable, and trade with America and Canada would thereby probably be increased.

Roads are almost as necessary to the West of Ireland as railways. Remote populations, shut in at the head of mountain glens, sometimes with a flooded stream to cross before the market road can be reached, and without even a track to the village, are still to be found in Connemara. In Mayo the poverty is so general that the county cess is not paid, and even the existing roads fall into ruin. In such cases the peasants are unable to keep market carts, and can only with difficulty bring stock or other produce to market. In some places children are obliged to wade through streams or cross quaking bogs on the way to school, and some are reported to have been drowned in winter, through the absence of paths and foot-bridges. Funerals cannot be conducted with the decency desired by the peasantry, in cases where the graveyard has no road; and access to the chapels is in winter very difficult. Much has been done during the last five years to improve such communication, but much remains still to be done. Access to local markets is one of the great desiderata for an agricultural population.

The Irish peasants of the West are sturdy walkers, and think little of going twenty miles on foot to market, sometimes even returning on the same day to their homes. But in cases where long creeks run inland the market road is carried round them, because no money is available for building bridges. Such bridges could be constructed at small cost, and these would also be very important works. A more ambitious project would be the bridging of the narrow head of Lough Corrib, which would bring the agricultural district in North Connemara into direct communication with the richer parts of East Galway, near Tuam. At present such produce must be carried by a long *détour* or transported in boats. The erection of small foot-bridges is desirable in all parts of the country, especially in the interests of the education of children. By recent regulation all schools must stand on a high road, but the scholars often come from hamlets reached by pathless miles across the bogs.

The construction of such roads and bridges would be very

cheap, as compared with similar work in England, because the rate of wages is low, and the roads need only be made for light traffic. Where they traverse the bogs they must of necessity be so made as to form a hard skin on the shaking surface. Tons of stone may be poured into such swamps without producing a hard surface; but proper bog roads are made by first driving heavy side drains in the required direction, and then carrying a light roadway of metal and gravel, as in the fen roads, on a wider platform of hurdles, matted heather, or turf. If this platform is carefully made it is durable and efficient, and the peasantry, through long experience, have attained to considerable skill in such road-making. Materials for roads and for the piers of bridges are, as a rule, found on the spot, and can be obtained at small cost. The bridge superstructure now commonly used consists of steel joists covered with a flooring of corrugated iron, of stone slabs, or of planks, as may be found most suitable. The choice of all such works requires to be carefully watched, for in the earlier attempts to improve the country useless roads—which led too often to the houses of single individuals—were no doubt made, and, being of no general public service, were allowed by the county authorities to fall into ruins, leaving no trace of their existence at the present day; but it ought not to be difficult to determine what works are really needed for the general benefit, and such communications would no doubt be kept up by the county.

Under the heading of harbours might be considered works ranging from important harbours for foreign trade down to small boat slips and piers for fisher-boats. It is remarkable that in so fine a position as that found at Berehaven no pier or harbour exists. It is no doubt very remote from London, but it is for that reason all the nearer to America. It is on the borders of Kerry, whence the largest number of emigrants now leave Ireland annually, and it is within sight of the ordinary course of the great American liners. The vested interests of Queenstown have no doubt to be remembered, but it is hardly possible to suppose that so fine a natural terminus is destined always to remain neglected. Railway access presents some difficulty; but a single tunnel and deep cutting for a few miles seem alone to be required to communicate with the main line to Dublin. Galway Harbour, Blacksod Bay, and Clew Bay, all urge their claims to consideration; but in these cases the works required would be more expensive, and the natural advantages are less. For the developement of the fisheries small ports are

much needed, and these could often be easily made by blasting the reefs which keep the boats from the shore, and by constructing jetties. It cannot be doubted that if such places of refuge existed near the shore villages, boats would become more numerous, and the damage done by the winter storms would be lessened. Such works would be specially useful where curing stations were established. Large quantities of Irish salted mackerel are consumed in America, and this produce competes easily with the Canadian mackerel. Herring, ling, and cod are also fish which can command a large market if carefully cured, and the work already done in that direction has been noticed above. In all cases it is necessary that good communications should be formed between such landing-places and the main roads of the country, but this has not yet been carried out in some instances, and the boats are only reached by crossing fields or bogs.

The kelp industry is, on some parts of the coast, the only resource of the small tenants. The seaweed is carried on shore in great quantities after heavy storms, but that suitable for kelp must be dredged from below the low-tide level. The price is subject to great variations, and the purchase is in the hands of a few contractors. The kelp is chiefly useful for the extraction of iodine, and the method of preparing it is probably rude, and capable of improvement. The price is often lowered by admixture of unsuitable weed gathered on shore, and in the attempt to save himself trouble by such petty fraud the peasant often ruins his own industry. The manufacture and distribution to buying centres of the kelp would seem to be a matter in which Government assistance might legitimately be given.

The question of drainage embraces two separate subjects —that of arterial drainage and the control of rivers and streams, and that of drainage for the improvement of bogs and for the reclamation of bog lands. Government aid is evidently needed in the former case, especially because legal questions must arise if certain areas are independently treated by owners without reference to the results in other properties. The whole of a river basin requires to be considered as one question, in order that improvements in some parts may not lead to damage in others. Some rivers—like the Shannon, for instance—appear to be much neglected, and good land might be reclaimed by drainage along their courses. In other parts the smaller streams are choked with silt and weeds, or the course impeded by the old-fashioned gullet-bridges, which dam up the flood-waters

and swamp the fields in the upper course. The removal of such bridges might, however, damage the lands near the lower part of the stream, and endless litigation would ensue between the owners unless the question were treated as a whole by an independent authority armed with the necessary powers. In other instances an owner who has drained and reclaimed the hill slopes near the watershed has unintentionally damaged the lower lands by the rapid filling of a channel too small to carry off the water. Small tenants have not the capital necessary for improving such streams, and land which now lies waste might be reclaimed at a reasonable cost by a carefully devised system of drainage, to the benefit of both landlord and tenant.

The great peat bogs form the characteristic feature of scenery in the West of Ireland. In Mayo a mighty bog stretches almost without a break for forty miles north and south, and thirty miles east and west—a wild, treeless expanse, with small hamlets dotted at long distances apart on the low ridges rising above the general level of the plateau. A similar bog occupies a long stretch of thirty miles inland of the north shores of Galway Bay. In Donegal the Rosses present an open moor, with granite subsoil, and Clare is almost the only county without peat in this region. The bogs are of very different values, ranging from rich deep black peat to a mere surface turf. Some of these, which have been carefully managed, cut systematically, and drained where necessary, are very valuable. In other parts a rough spongy mass of undrained turf covers a gravel subsoil at no great depth. In yet other cases what are called bogs are little better than miry swamps among the granite boulders. The bogs are probably of very different ages, but in most cases they represent the remains of former forests of pine, juniper, oak, and other trees. The bog wood preserved beneath the surface is not fossilised, and is not only available for burning, but often sound enough for making small bridges. Bogs in which skeletons of the Irish elk and early Irish ring money are found have no doubt existed for many ages, but in Mayo there is reason to suppose that even as late as the sixteenth century woods existed on the surface where no trees can now be found. In some cases successive layers of tree stumps mark the succession of more than one forest age. It is remarkable that the trees, as a rule, are all broken off at about the same levels, and various explanations have been given. It is thought that the forests were burned down either by con-

flagration or by disforesting for firewood. In other instances the marks of iron tools are said to be traceable. Some suppose the trees to have rotted near the roots in consequence of the swampy nature of the soil. Whatever be the reasons, it is apparent that the bogs have been formed by the decay of forests, by the growth of grasses in the swamps, and by slow consolidation of the matted and heavy surface soil. When deep drains are driven through the more spongy bog the surface sinks, often three or four feet, and remains dry and fit for cultivation. Considerable areas near villages have been so reclaimed, but require constant attention. The drains are soon filled in by the wet soil pushed outwards from the dry surface, and they become choked with weeds and grass. The bog in time reverts to its original condition if neglected. In land which has been cut out, leaving only a shallow layer of rotten turf above the subsoil, good crops can be grown; but the custom of burning the ground instead of using manure gradually deteriorates the cold wet lands, in which potatoes only can be grown; and the potato seems in these cases specially liable to disease. It is possible that a source of considerable wealth is to be recognised in the better bog lands, which has been little utilised, especially if recent attempts to consolidate the turf as artificial fuel should prove commercially successful. At present the peat is cut into long bricks, skilfully thrown by use of a narrow spade on to the surface above the vertical bank, and is left to dry before packing into stacks; or, in other cases—as, for instance, near Westport—the more swampy peat is pressed into lumps by hand and spread on the surface. The drainage of bogs is thus a question requiring much consideration, and depends on the local requirements and on the nature of the peat. Where this has little value, and a sufficient slope can be found, drainage would convert waste land into agricultural or grazing ground. The worst class of swamp is perhaps incapable of treatment, except at great expense in cutting channels through hard rock. In such districts the migration of the population to better lands appears to be the only real remedy for destitution.

The question of housing the poor is also one of great importance in Ireland, including the administration of the law in the case of labourers' cottages. In nearly every poor part of Ireland the cottage consists of one small bedroom and a larger outer room which is the kitchen and the stable as well. The cow, the pig, and sometimes the donkey, are

housed in the same room in which the family lives and the children sleep. The peasants are so accustomed to this arrangement that it is almost impossible to induce them to keep their animals in separate sheds. The inevitable result is typhus fever, which, although no longer the scourge which it was half a century ago, still breaks out at times, especially in winter and in years of privation. The people say that they have no money to build sheds, and sanitary regulations are not enforced as strictly as they ought to be. Were it not for the healthy air and purifying winds, the mortality from this cause would be heavy. The regulation of such habitations is a serious question which should not be forgotten in any general scheme. In various parts of the country there are signs of activity in enforcing the law as to labourers' cottages, which can be built, when the farmer refuses to improve the labourers' cabins in accordance with Government requirements. Such cottages, let at a reasonable rent, are a great boon to the poorest class, which is liable to be held in bondage by a grasping farmer under the old system which ties the peasant to the service of one master. The example set by building cottages on modern principles should also have its influence on the more backward and prejudiced among the poor.

The account thus given of actual conditions and possible improvements may tend to show that the Irish peasant is not as lazy or as ignorant as Englishmen have sometimes been inclined to think. Although the inhabitants of Bere Island allow their fisheries to be worked by Manxmen and Frenchmen from a distance, the same islanders will sometimes send twenty recruits to the navy in one year out of a population of a thousand souls. The Irishman goes where money is to be found. He has little capital to employ in developing home resources, and the village jealousies, which represent the old factions of 'tribes' and 'clans,' make co-operation at home by means of voluntary association very difficult. Attempts have been made to organise the workers who make flannel or knit socks at home, and to bring them to the market without the intervention of middlemen. Such attempts are often frustrated by the action of the shopkeeper class, whose interests are opposed, and to whom the peasantry, as in other poor countries, are heavily in debt. To this we must add other difficulties, due to the want of persistence which marks the Irish character, to the jealousies of religious origin, and to the lack of honesty and fair dealing which is unfortunately common, and which creates a general feeling

of suspicion among neighbours. But men who can never agree among themselves are quite content to be guided by some independent authority which has gained their confidence by just dealings; and although they may combine together against such authority when they fancy they can gain some advantage, such schemes can be frustrated by firmness and fair treatment, which will make the ruling authority respected when weakness is secretly ridiculed.

The task of any Government bent on improving the condition of the country is not by any means easy. Patience and persistence are needed, and much opposition, due to ignorance, prejudice, jealousy, and petty scheming, to the vested interests of the less destitute class and to the extravagant demands of those who think that they can obstruct unless they are paid off, will have to be encountered continually. Failures will discourage the workers, and success will lead to increasing demands for more help. But wise men who have set their hands to the plough must not turn back. The Government must do that which experience shows to be best, without too great indulgence shown to public opinion, and without expectation of gratitude from the people as a whole. It is a work to be steadily prosecuted year by year; but the results already obtained are of good augury for the future.

A few words on the political aspect of the question must be added, not because it really affects the subject very much, but because of English opinion, which attributes an undue influence to political ideas. The public of Great Britain have awakened from the delusion that Home Rule is needed for the contentment of the Irish people; but they suppose the Irish still to have at heart a change which is known not to be for their advantage, and still to desire separation from the richer country. Such ideas do, no doubt, exist among classes connected with professional politicians in Irish towns, but it is not too much to say that the Irish peasant not only does not long for Home Rule, but fears and distrusts the establishment of such a system. In his own heart he most desires to profit by the wealth, experience, and impartial conduct of the more prosperous populations of Great Britain. He will always ask for more than he expects to get, and will demand as a right what he should ask as a favour, if he considers that it may be most easily so obtained. But he has no desire to see the sources of wealth dried up, or to break with those from whom benefits may be obtained. He is acquainted with the progress of England, Scotland,

and America, and he knows well that the money can only come from Great Britain. Separation means the ruin of Ireland, and the fact is as shrewdly appreciated by the peasantry of the West of Ireland as it is by the middle class in England.

The peasantry trusted Mr. Parnell. They thought that he had at heart the interests of Ireland, and believed that he had the power to wring concessions from the British Parliament. Even under Parnell their minds were set not on Home Rule, but on the land question, which was within their own powers of understanding. They knew better than the English that words might be useful for concealing purpose, and that Home Rule was a cloak for the concealment of more practical aims. But with the fall and death of Parnell the whole system collapsed. They had no faith in his successors, and they became indifferent to political agitation. They were glad to be rid of a terrorism which interfered with their ordinary life, kept away from Ireland the visitors who brought money to the country, and alienated the kindly feeling of the English. They turned with hope to a Government awakened to a sense of their privations, and they look forward to material benefits in the future. They continue to return, in obedience to their priests, members to represent them whom they have judged and found wanting; but they cannot forget the ruin of Parnell, and they attribute his ruin to the priests' influence. The real parties of to-day are the clerical party in the country and the anti-clerical party in the towns. Both sections of Irish Home Rule politicians are well aware of the real feeling of the people, and though they continue to preach Home Rule, they cannot oppose a policy of material improvement. They accordingly proclaim that the Irish will accept all that is offered, but will still demand independence and separation, although they are aware that such revolutions can never come about, unless some remarkable leader in the future succeeds in cajoling or coercing a weak central Government. Meantime the material improvement of the country would tend more and more to knit together the people of the two islands, and to show the necessity of union. Much of the bitterness of American Irishmen is due to the fact that they are obliged to seek a livelihood abroad, while their hearts are at home; and any growth of home prosperity, which might tend to the reduction of emigration, would lead to better feeling in Ireland.

But in order to carry out effectively such a system of administration a more complete organisation is required. At

present the affairs of the country are carried on by numerous independent boards and departments, such as the Board of Works, the Local Government Board, the Congested Districts Board, &c.; and of these the last can only be regarded as experimental, and takes action only in certain districts while others which also require aid are beyond its limits. General schemes for railways or drainage require a more powerful organisation, and duties require to be redistributed in accordance with a growing amount of work. It has been proposed to create a department of agriculture and industry to serve the whole country, but the execution of public works is at least as important as the developement of agriculture and of fisheries, or the improvement of stock. The new organisation should provide also for this important department, and it should be armed with sufficient power, and placed in the hands of men who will devote themselves to the subject, and make themselves familiar on the spot with every aspect of the various delicate cases which must arise.

Other questions in Ireland will no doubt demand the careful consideration of Government, especially those concerned with land laws and education. Legislation has now reduced the landlord to a condition which takes from him all power over the tenantry, so long as they pay the rent fixed by Government, and which has left him little interest in the improvement of property, while still heavily charging him with rates not proportioned to his reduced income. The good will of the tenant is often purchased at a fancy price, while the landlord is unable to sell his interest except at a ruinous loss. He no doubt often obtains his rent more regularly than in the old days, but his income has often been reduced by half or by three-quarters.

It has not been for the general good that capital should be so reduced, in cases when good landlords applied their wealth to the benefit of their property. Ireland has suffered more than England or Scotland by agricultural depression, because the resources of the landed class have been more generally exhausted. In England, even in counties where agriculture is almost ruined, families are found whose wealth enables them to help the peasantry. In Ireland one may travel for a whole day through the poorer districts without seeing a country gentleman's house. In such a country improvements by private enterprise are impossible, and it becomes a question whether starvation is to be combated by occasional action in bad years, which is at best a temporary expedient to meet an emergency, or by

a steady and constant action under an organised system of administration.

In some parts of the country—especially on the south shores of Connemara—the country is so utterly desolate and unfit for habitation, that money sunk in public works may appear to be wasted. The population originally attracted by the fisheries was increased by the growth of grass farms to the north. The fishing industry has decreased, either by the disappearance of the fish—as asserted—or by a gradual change in the habits of the peasantry. In such a case it would seem that the only hope lies in the migration or emigration of the population. If the fisheries are capable of revival, it is evident that they can only succeed if fishing harbours are established, and railway communication made direct to the markets, and brought down to the piers.

What has been said in these pages may perhaps show that the poverty of Ireland is not due entirely to the indolence of its inhabitants, or to the absence of natural resources. It is due yet more to want of capital and want of knowledge. The hardy peasantry have fought a long fight against destitution and natural disadvantages. By emigration and migratory labour they have kept half the poor out of the workhouse. They require to be led and trained, but they furnish us with much good material for the navy, and in a less degree for the army, and public aid, wisely distributed, would in time dissipate a sense of wrong which is not altogether without cause, and would spread in its place prosperity and content, with a sense of the importance of union wherein lies strength.

ART. V.—1. *The Collection of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents formed by* ALFRED MORRISON. Second Series: *The Hamilton and Nelson Papers* (1756–1815). Privately printed. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo. 1893–4.

2. *Emma, Lady Hamilton.* By HILDA GAMLIN. 4to. Liverpool: 1891.

3. *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.* By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: 1888.

4. *The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson.* By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: 1889.

5. *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton.* 8vo. London: 1815.

6. *Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson.* By WILLIAM BEATTY, M.D. Crown 8vo. London: 1807; second edition, 1895.

LESS than an hour before the first shot was fired at Trafalgar, Nelson, retiring to his cabin, wrote what has been called 'a codicil to his will,' and was, at any rate, a formal document, signed in the presence of witnesses, Captain Hardy and Captain Blackwood, in which, after enumerating services rendered to his king and country by 'Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir 'William Hamilton,' he concluded: 'I leave Emma Lady 'Hamilton therefore a legacy to my king and country, that 'they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank 'in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country 'my adopted daughter Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I 'desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.' The force of the 'codicil' was strengthened in public opinion by Dr. Beatty's narrative, from which it appeared that several times after he was wounded, Nelson reverted to the subject of it—the provision for Lady Hamilton and his adopted daughter; and that nearly his last words, addressed to Dr. Scott his chaplain, were—'Remember that I leave 'Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to 'my country: never forget Horatia.' They were followed only by what may more properly be considered his legacy to his country, embodying the work of his life in his last ejaculation, 'Thank God, I have done my duty.' This dying scene, the memory of Nelson's last wishes, and the knowledge that her career was very intimately mixed up with that of Nelson, have always given a special interest to the story of Lady Hamilton. And yet, though often talked of, and differently

represented as the vilest and most abandoned of her sex, or as an erring but pure woman, scandalously neglected in her time of need by an ungrateful country, it is only of late years that the materials for a correct judgement have been within our reach; and even these, imperfectly examined, have led to strange misrepresentations.

To those interested in the matter it has long been known that Mr. Alfred Morrison was gradually enriching his splendid collection of historical manuscripts with original letters and other documents illustrating the relations of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, which, with a rare liberality, he has permitted students of Nelson history to examine and even to copy. He has now largely increased our debt of gratitude by having the text of these documents printed, so as to be at once more accessible and beyond the risk of accident. It is not too much to say that in the vast mass of literature which has sprung up round Nelson's name, there is nothing of even approximately equal interest or value, with the one exception of Sir Harris Nicolas's 'Dispatches 'and Letters of Lord Nelson,' a work perfect in itself as to the professional merits of the great admiral, but scarcely touching on his private life and the emotional side of his character. The volumes have been carefully edited and are beautifully printed, and though not published, in the technical sense of the word, are, by the generosity of the owner, to be found in our principal public libraries.

Mrs. Gamlin, whose handsome and splendidly illustrated volume stands second on our list, seems to have written rather to sustain a thesis than to elucidate the truth. Though her work was published three years before the complete issue of Mr. Morrison's, she had permission to examine the original documents in Mr. Morrison's possession, and did so with a painstaking partiality which deprives the result of all value as an historical or biographical record. We are not aware that Mrs. Gamlin possesses, or claims to possess, any exceptional skill in the appreciation of manuscripts; but, with respect to these most interesting papers, having started with a strong prejudice, she has felt neither hesitation nor scruple in pronouncing as 'for-'geries' all those letters—and they are many—which militate against her opinion. No question of paper, ink, watermark, or similar details enters into her discussion; some of the more important documents she has condemned without having even seen them. The one criterion which she accepts is agreement with a preformed estimate of

character. Anything more unscientific or unsatisfactory it is difficult to conceive. In one direction only—independent of the pictures—has Mrs. Gamlin's book any biographical value. Living in Cheshire, she has been able to collect some local traditions as to the childhood and early surroundings of her heroine; but these, when all is said, are but few and of no great importance.

Mr. Jeaffreson's two works, named above, stand on a higher level, though their excessive diffuseness and frequent repetitions render them unpleasant reading. They are based largely on Mr. Morrison's manuscripts, and may, to some extent, be considered as introducing these to the public. Mr. Jeaffreson has also examined some of the manuscripts in the British Museum,* and has endeavoured to produce pictures of a 'real Lady Hamilton,' a 'real Lord Nelson,' though we doubt whether the 'reality' of the pictures will be accepted by any independent student; whether they are not, in fact, caricatures rather than portraits. The original 'Memoirs of Lady Hamilton,' first published very shortly after her death, and frequently reprinted, is the foundation of much that has passed current as the story of her life. It has been vigorously denounced, especially by Mr. Paget,† as an infamous book; and is, indeed, written in a superior and sanctimonious tone which is exceedingly offensive. It is also throughout inspired by a feeling of savage hate for its subject, but withal it contains lies and truth curiously mixed up in a manner which suggests Lady Hamilton herself as their origin, and the probability of its author being that 'Mr.' Harrison who, after being hired by Lady Hamilton to write a Life of Nelson, and being admitted for several months to her confidence, quarrelled with her, stole a quantity of her papers, and in 1814 disgusted the country

* Quite recently the British Museum has acquired an enormous mass of Nelson's papers till now preserved in the family. So far as Nelson's own letters are concerned, most, if not all of them, were put at the disposal of Sir Harris Nicolas when he was collecting materials for his great work; but the bulk of the correspondence to Nelson was foreign to Nicolas's purpose, and the greater number of Lady Hamilton's letters were probably not shown to him. These papers, now in the Museum, have not yet been arranged or catalogued; and though the present writer has been permitted to examine them, with some interesting results, he cannot hazard an opinion as to what a closer and more prolonged search may reveal.

† Paradoxes and Puzzles; in the article which first appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' April 1860.

by the publication of 'The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady 'Hamilton,' a work severely, but not too severely, scourged at the time in this Journal.* In any case, however, the 'Memoirs' does occasionally stumble on the truth, though its unsupported testimony has very little weight. But the interest which attaches to the subject of these memoirs and papers, as a key to the composite character of Nelson, warrants our examining it in some detail by the new light which now shines on it. We wish to know, so far as possible, what manner of person this was who exercised such a strong influence over our national hero; who—it has been said—persuaded him to the commission of gross errors and shameful crimes; who—it has also been said—persuaded him to cast the soft pleasures of love behind him, and to go forth conquering and to conquer, the saviour of England and of Europe. About this a great deal of nonsense has been talked; the character of the woman has been ignored, the character of the man has been lost sight of. The nature and degree of the influence can only be understood when we have fully realised what manner of person Lady Hamilton really was.

'Emy Dr. of Henry Lyon smith of Nesse by Mary his 'wife. Bap. May 12, 1765;' 'Henry Lyon of Denhall 'smith. Bur. June 21, 1765.' These two extracts from the registers of Great Neston, in Cheshire, contain all that is absolutely known of the birth and the father of the girl, who, after calling herself Emly, Amy, Emily, and finally Emma, with a surname sometimes Lyon and sometimes Harte, ultimately acquired by marriage a legal title to the name of Hamilton, by which she is more commonly known. The date of her birth is quite uncertain. In after years she always kept April 26 as her birthday, and Mrs. Gamlin has supposed that she was born just sixteen days before her baptism. The facts of her early career show that this is extremely improbable. The legally attested certificate of her death, on January 15, 1815, gives her age as 51, from which Mr. Paget assumes that she was born in 1764, and Mr. Jeaffreson that she was born in 1763. With much greater probability the anonymous author of the 'Memoirs' puts the date of her birth as 1761. Of Lyon, the village smith, nothing whatever is known more than is said in the register. Mary Lyon, after her husband's death, crossed the Dee into Flintshire, and lived for some time

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xxiii. p. 398.

with her mother, Mrs. Kidd, at or near Hawarden. She seems to have been a capable, industrious woman, more or less able to read and write, and respectable according to the standard of her class. It is not improbable that she married again. In later life she was known as Mrs. Cadogan, and her daughter, in her will, described her as Mary Doggen, Doggin, or Cadogan. If, however, there was a second husband, he had died before Mrs. Cadogan comes into notice. She had a sister, Amy Moore, married in Liverpool, after whom the child was named—Emy being, it is said, the local spelling. A Henry Cadogan, who comes into the story, may possibly have been a kinsman of the hypothetical husband, and several Connors are described as cousins.

As a child, Amy learnt to read and write and to talk broad Cheshire; as a young girl, she was for some time nursemaid in the family of Mrs. Thomas, the wife of a surgeon practising in Hawarden. From Mrs. Thomas's she came up to London, where she is said to have been in the service of Mrs. Linley, of Drury Lane Theatre; of Dr. Budd, physician of St. Bartholomew's; of a fruiterer in St. James's; of Mrs. Kelly of Arlington Street, a woman known—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—as the Abbess, and to have lived for some time with John Willett Payne, commonly known as Jack Payne, and described as at that time regulating captain* for London. All this is very doubtful. No dates are given, and many of the details are certainly false. She is said to have left Mrs. Linley's service in grief for the death of her son Samuel, a midshipman. But Samuel Linley did not die till December 1778. Dr. Budd did not settle in London till 1780; and Jack Payne, who never was on the regulating service, was still a lieutenant in the beginning of 1779, when he may have been in London for a short time. The only fact which stands out among the vague and uncertain statements is that about the end of 1779 or beginning of 1780—when, according to Mrs. Gamlin, she was still some months short of fifteen—she gave birth to a little girl, which was taken care of by old Mrs. Kidd at Hawarden.

It is said that after this she was in utter want and reduced to the lowest degradation, from which she escaped, in the summer of 1780, to appear as Hygeia or the Goddess of Health, in the exhibition of the notorious James Graham.

* A 'regulating captain' was a captain in the navy appointed to some station on shore for the duty of impressing or entering seamen.

We first get on something like firm ground in the beginning of 1781, at which time she had attracted the notice of Sir Harry Fetherstonehaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, 'a dissolute 'and hard-riding baronet,' with whom she lived for some eight or ten months, and, it is said, nearly ruined him 'by 'the extravagant profusion into which he plunged for her 'sake.' By Christmas 1781 her reckless extravagance and faithlessness had disgusted her protector, and he abruptly dismissed her, though within a few months of a second *accouchement*. It may well be, indeed, that the discovery of this, added to the knowledge of her misconduct, was the cause of what has been described as Fetherstonehaugh's heartlessness in sending her away, with no more money than sufficient to pay her travelling expenses to Hawarden.

Among her too intimate friends at Up Park was Charles Greville, second son of the first Earl of Warwick (of that creation), who possibly had reason to consider himself the father of the expected infant. It was at any rate to him that the girl, now signing herself Emly Hart, turned for assistance and support. These Greville gave her, with much good advice as to her behaviour. He put it fairly before her that if she came to live with him she must drop all her connexions and old friends. He pretended to no sentiment, though, at the same time, he was prepared to act liberally. 'As to the child,' he wrote on January 10, 1782 —the first certain date since her baptism—'Sir H. may be 'informed of circumstances which may reasonably make 'him doubt, and it is not worth while to make it a subject 'of altercation. Its mother shall obtain it kindness from 'me, and it shall never want.' It would seem probable, however, that the child was stillborn, as nothing further was heard of it; and before the summer of 1782 Miss Harte was living with Greville in a small house immediately adjoining Paddington Green—a 'ringless bride,' in the euphemistic language of Mr. Jeaffreson, or, as Mr. Paget prefers to put it, 'his wife in everything except in legal 'title to the name'—words surely grossly misapplied in reference to a woman of Miss Harte's antecedents.

It may be that in course of time she became genuinely attached to Greville. Her letters to him during their occasional separations read prettily—despite their barbarous spelling—couched in language often almost childish in its *naïveté*. It has been suggested that Greville had, at one time, the idea of marrying her. For this there are no grounds whatever. Greville was fond of her as of a beautiful

toy; but neither in his letters nor in his demeanour towards her, from first to last, does there appear any touch of sentiment. For his own comfort and gratification he had her instructed, and especially in music and singing, which she studied with marked success, her voice being delicious, though her ear, it is said, was by no means accurate. It was early in this companionship that Greville introduced her to Romney, who was captivated by her beauty and became her slave for life. With Greville's knowledge and approval, the acquaintance grew to friendship, and though the statement that she sat to Romney and other painters as a professional model is unfounded, she did sit frequently for portraits, or for pictures which are virtually portraits. The number of these which Romney painted is very great—twenty-four, taken at this period or later, have been enumerated, and there are probably more. Of one of them the private history peeps out in Greville's letters to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton. Writing in October, 1784, he says: 'Let me know how the Bacchante is to be paid. 'I will have it packed when an opportunity offers. The 'dog was ugly, and I make him paint it again;' and a few months later, in January, 1785: 'Emma's picture shall be 'sent by the first ship. I wish Romney yet to mend the 'dog.'

Many, if not all of these, are highly idealised: she posed in character, and in most of them—notably in that in the National Portrait Gallery—the expression is one of childlike innocence, which can scarcely have been the characteristic of a woman of from twenty to twenty-five, who had been leading a public life almost from childhood. Her surpassing beauty, as it still shines out from Romney's canvas, and her later association with Nelson, have cast a glamour over her memory and led to much ill-timed and ill-placed gush; as when Mr. Jeaffreson speaks of her—the mother of two illegitimate children, the year-long associate of Fetherstonehaugh and his dissolute companions, the waif of the streets—as 'a delicate and pure-minded girl.' It may, nevertheless, be conceded that, for a young woman of her class, the four years spent in the intimate society of Greville, a man of cultivated and refined taste, was a very great advantage, and that during this period her mind received a veneer of cultivation, her manners an outward show of refinement, and her beauty assumed a more delicate or even ethereal expression. With a staff consisting of two maid servants and her mother —Mrs. Cadogan—who acted as duenna in Greville's absence,

she had charge of the household, which was kept up at the modest cost of about 300*l.* a year. Greville's whole income would seem not to have exceeded 500*l.*

In 1784 he was visited by his maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton, for many years English ambassador at the Court of Naples, and then home on leave. Though twenty years older than his nephew, there was little restraint or dignity in their intercourse; and though Hamilton occasionally addressed his nephew as 'My dear Charles,' Greville always addressed his uncle as 'My dear Hamilton.' Lady Hamilton, who had brought her husband a handsome estate of 5,000*l.* a year, and who was still passionately in love with him after twenty-five years of marriage, had died in 1782; and it was currently supposed that Hamilton, now fifty-four, but with the appearance of forty, had come to England to look out for a second wife. The idea was not pleasing to Greville, who had learned to consider himself as his uncle's heir; and it may be supposed that he was not sorry to notice Hamilton's undisguised admiration of Emma's beauty, or to listen to the rapturous expression of it. According to a conversation more or less imaginary, reported by Mr. Jeaffreson, Greville assented to his uncle's enthusiasm, adding, 'She is, I think, 'about as perfect a thing as can be found in all nature.' 'My dear Charles,' replied the uncle, 'she is better than 'anything in nature. In her particular way she is finer 'than anything that is to be found in antique art.' 'I 'agree with you,' answered Greville; 'I don't think that even 'art has done anything so good.' Hamilton easily fell into the habit of calling in every afternoon and spending some time in easy conversation with Emma, whom he taught to address him as Pliny; and gradually the girl, who at first spoke of him as 'an old man,' began to forget his age and to think him charming. In this, however, there was nothing underhand; she told Greville frankly enough that next to himself she loved Hamilton, and in a letter of June 15, 1784, wrote, 'Tell Sir William everything you can, and tell 'him I am sorry our situation prevented me from giving 'him a kiss.'

The progress of this friendship and the story of the transfer of Emma to the protection of Sir William is a curious study of human nature, and, in a more particular sense, of human nature in the eighteenth century. Greville's affairs were already embarrassed, and he seems from the first to have had three objects steadily in view: to get rid of an encumbrance which might be a stumbling-block in the

way of his making a good marriage; to prevent Hamilton marrying again; and to secure his aid in extricating himself from his present difficulties. After Hamilton's return to Naples he wrote to him, in January, 1785:—

'Emma certainly is much improved since she has been with me. She has none of the bad habits which giddiness and inexperience encouraged, and which bad choice of company introduced. She has much pride, and submits to solitude rather than admit of one improper acquaintance. She is naturally elegant and fits herself easily to any situation, having quickness and sensibility. . . . If I was independent I should think so little of any other connexion that I never would marry. I have not an idea of it at present, but if any proper opportunity offered I should be much harassed, not know how to manage or how to fix Emma to her satisfaction.'

A couple of months later he went a step further and wrote on March 10:—

'They say here that you are in love. I know you love variety and are a general flirt, and of the sixty English, what with widows and young married ladies, an amateur may be caught. . . . If you did not choose a wife, I wish the tea-maker of Edgeware Row was yours, if I could without banishing myself from a visit to Naples. . . . I should not write to you thus if I did not think you seemed as partial as I am to her. She would not hear at once of any change, and from no one that was not liked by her. . . . I am not a dog in the manger; if I could go on I would never make this arrangement, but to be reduced to a standstill and involve myself in distress further than I could extricate myself, and then to be unable to provide for her at all, would make me miserable.'

Several other letters of a similar character followed, and on December 3, after nearly a year's negotiation, if it may be called so, he wrote: 'As you have fully communicated 'your sentiments to me, and you know mine relative to 'Emma, I shall not enter further on the subject than to 'explain to you the occasion of your receiving the inclosed.' The 'inclosed' was a letter from Emma, saying that as Greville was obliged to be from home for six or eight months, she would be glad to pay him a visit 'if you are 'agreeable.' At the end of the time Greville would come and take her home. Mr. Jeaffreson expresses a strong opinion that Emma wrote this in ignorance and innocence. The idea is scarcely supported by Greville's letter of January 20, 1786, in which, after speaking of the preparations for the girl's journey, he goes on:—

'She talks of the chances of our not meeting again, and that on the least neglect she will accept your offers and that she will by her conduct merit your kindness. She must have in her mind a stronger

impression of the chances than she expresses, but she says that she would not put herself in the reach of chances with any person but yourself, and she does not say this from compliment but from her heart.'

To us nothing can well appear more cold-blooded than Greville's behaviour in this matter, and it can only be explained on the supposition that, notwithstanding his protestations of affection, he regarded her simply as one of the frail sisterhood, void alike of feeling or sensibility. And yet, in truth, Emma ought not to be so classed. Whatever she was before she linked her fortunes to Greville's, it appears probable that she had become really fond of him. In her residence with him there was none of that gilded splendour which so often casts a false brilliance over vice: she was housed and dressed as became the wife of a man of very limited means. Her yearly allowance for dress and pocket money was only 20*l.*; and in other ways her life was retired, almost solitary, with, in Greville's absence, her mother for her sole companion, Romney her sole friend, reading and singing her sole amusement. Anything approaching to gaiety or dissipation was unknown. Such a manner of life was certainly as foreign to her later as it was to her earlier character, and may be taken as evidence that she honestly loved the man for whom she endured it. When he deliberately sold her to his uncle he robbed her of that guiding principle which had ruled her for the last four years; and her future conduct, if restrained by prudence, appears in a widely different light from that which shone on it in the modest house by Paddington Green. On April 30, four days after her arrival at Naples, she wrote:—

'I dreaded sitting down to write, for I try to appear as cheerful before Sir William as I could, and I am sure to cry the moment I think of you. . . . To live without you is impossible. I love you to that degree, that at this time there is not a hardship upon earth, either of poverty, hunger, cold, death, or even to walk barefooted to Scotland to see you, but what I would undergo. Therefore, my dear, dear Greville, if you do love me, for my sake try all you can to come here as soon as possible. . . . I respect Sir William, I have a great regard for him . . . and he loves me. But he can never be anything nearer to me than your uncle and my sincere friend. He never can be my lover.'

And the next day she added:—

'I have had a conversation this morning with Sir William that has made me mad. He speaks—no, I do not know what to make of it. But, Greville, dear Greville, write some comfort to me. . . . For God's

sake write to me and come to me, for Sir W. shall never be anything to me but your friend.'

It may, of course, be said, 'the lady protests too much;' but, making every allowance for emotional exaggeration, we are tempted to believe that at the time she really fancied that she felt all this. And later letters tell the same story. Absence made the heart grow fonder, and her appeals to Greville read like those of a love-sick village maiden. On July 22 she wrote:—

'I am only writing to beg of you, for God's sake, to send me one letter, if it is only a farewell. I have been from you going of six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much beloved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands. You don't know how thankful I shall be for it. . . . . Life is insupportable without you. Oh! my heart is entirely broke. Then, for God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. . . . I am poor, helpless, and forlorn. I have lived with you five years, and you have sent me to a strange place, and no one prospect but thinking you was coming to me. Instead of which I was told I was to live, you know how, with Sir William. No; I respect him; but no, never! Shall he perhaps live with me for a little while like you and send me to England? Then, what am I to do? What is to become of me?'

And between whiles she described the various lords, princes and the king himself who were paying their court to her—always to emphasise the conclusion that 'there is not a 'king or a prince on earth that could make me happy with-'out you.' 'Pray write,' she added to a long letter on August 1, 'pray write, for nothing will make me so angry, 'and it is not to your interest to disoblige me, for you don't 'know the power I have here. Only I never will be his 'mistress. If you affront me, I will make him marry me.'

It was her last protest; but having accepted the position, Emma lost no time in working towards the end with which she had threatened Greville—the making Hamilton marry her. In no other way can we explain the exuberance of affection in her notes to Sir William, which, coming within a few months of those to Greville, would seem to show that she had a stock of such declarations on hand and ready for her purpose. Thus on January 18, 1787, she wrote:—

'Oh, my dearest Sir William, I have just received your dear sweet letter. It has charmed me. I don't know what to say to you to thank you in words kind enough. Oh, how kind! Do you call me your dear friend? Ah, what a happy creature is your Emma!

Me that had no friend, no protector, nobody that I could trust, and now to be the friend, the Emma, of Sir William Hamilton.'

And again, apparently a few days later:—

'I can't be happy till I have wrote to you, my dearest Sir William, though it is so lately I saw you. But what of that to a person that loves as I do? One hour's absence is a year, and I shall count the hours and moments until Saturday, when I shall find myself once more in your kind dear arms, my dear Sir William, my friend, my all, my earthly good, every kind name in one. You are to me eating, drinking, and clothing—my comforter in distress. Then why shall I not love you? Indeed, I must and ought, whilst life is left in me, or reason to think on you. . . . Pray, one little line, if you have time, just that I may kiss your name.'

Of Emma's life at Naples during the next few years it is needless to say much. The public sense of morality, less cogent in Naples than in London, did not feel aggrieved when the sinners were—on the one hand, the English Ambassador, handsome, wealthy, and with an agreeable fund of wit and humour, and on the other, an exceedingly beautiful woman, who sang delightfully, had a remarkable histrionic and mimetic talent, with a pretty turn for bantering and sprightly conversation. She had the best masters in Naples and she worked hard, so that she soon acquired a fluent knowledge of Italian and improved in her singing and music. She was not received at court, but society was less punctilious and readily yielded to Hamilton's insistence. 'Sir William,' she wrote to Greville on August 4, 1787, 'is 'very fond of me and very kind to me. . . . He is never a 'moment from me. He goes nowhere without me. He has 'no dinners but what I can be of the party. Nobody comes 'without they are civil to me.' Her letter gives an interesting account of the world around, as it appeared to her; and though considerable allowance must be made for her vanity, her habitual exaggeration, and the fact that in writing to Greville she was not unnaturally desirous of letting him know what a treasure he had so lightly parted with, its essential truth is confirmed from many independent sources.

'We have been at Sorrento,' she wrote, 'on a visit for ten days. . . . The last night I sang fifteen songs. One was a recitative from an opera at St. Carlo's, the finest thing you ever heard, that for ten minutes after I sung it there was such a clapping that I was obliged to sing it over again. And I sung after that one with a tambourin, in the character of a young girl with a raree show, the prettiest thing you ever heard. In short, I left the people at Sorrento with their heads turned. I left some dying, some crying, and some in despair.

Mind you, this was all nobility, as proud as the devil. But we humbled them.'

After this they went to Ischia, on a visit to the Countess Mahoney, who, she says—

'came down to the seashore to meet us. She took me in her arms and kissed me, and thanked Sir William for bringing her the company of so beautiful and lovely a woman. She took us to her house, where there was a full conversazione, and though I was in undress, only having a muslin chemise, very thin, yet the admiration I met with was surprising. The Countess made me sit by her, and seemed to have pleasure to distinguish me by every mark of attention, and they all allowed they had never seen such a *bellissima creatura* in all their life.'

After which she went on to say that she had refused an offer of 6,000*l.* to go to Madrid for three years as 'first 'woman in the Italian Opera,' and was in treaty with Galini for a season in London, for which she was to get 2,000*l.*, on which terms Sir William would allow her to sing at Hanover Square. Some months before this Goethe had visited Naples, and in a letter dated March 16, 1787, has given the earliest account of the celebrated attitudes:—

'Sir William Hamilton,' he wrote, 'after long love and study of art, has at length discovered the most perfect of the wonders of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him; an English woman of about twenty years old. She is very handsome and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this and letting her hair loose and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and look, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds here in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious—all mental states follow rapidly one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of headdress. The old knight holds the light for her and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul.'

He was, indeed, very well content with his bargain and the expressions of love which Emma lavished on him. On December 18, 1787, he wrote to Greville from Caserta:—

'I am out almost every day on shooting parties, but I find my house comfortable in the evening with Emma's society. You can have no idea of the improvement she makes daily in every respect—manners, language, and music particularly. She has now applied closely to singing five months, and I have her master (an excellent one) in the house, so that she takes three lessons a day; her voice is remarkably fine, and she begins now to have a command over it. . . . I can

assure you her behaviour is such as has acquired her many sensible admirers, and we have a good man society, and all the female nobility, with the queen at their head, show her every distant civility.'

Some eighteen months later he had realised what Emma was aiming at, and expressed his doubts about it to Greville. On May 26, 1789, he wrote:—

'Emma often asks me, do you love me? ay, but as well as your new apartment? . . . Certainly she would be welcome to share with me, *on our present footing*, all I have during my life; but I fear her views are beyond what I can bring myself to execute, and that when her hopes on that point are over, that she will make herself and me unhappy.'

In the following winter the Duchess of Argyll came to Naples. In age and failing health she still preserved the remarkable beauty and the gentle temper which had won for her two successive ducal coronets; and whether from believing the rumour of a private marriage, which we may not uncharitably impute to Emma herself, or from genuine goodness of heart, she set the example of visiting and receiving her, which other English ladies were not slow to follow. Mr. Jeaffreson is probably correct in his suggestion that this had great weight with Hamilton, although it was not till nearly a year later that he finally decided to marry her. In May, 1791, with Emma in his company, he returned to England for a few months, during which Romney had a last opportunity of painting the portrait of his 'divine 'lady.' They visited Hamilton's cousin, William Beckford, at Fonthill, and there, for the first time in England, Emma exhibited her 'attitudes' to an admiring crowd of guests. On September 6 they were married at Marylebone Church, and almost immediately afterwards started for Naples, passing through Paris, where they stayed for a few days, and where, according to the story which Emma told more than twenty years later, she was presented to Marie Antoinette, from whom she carried a letter to the Queen of Naples. This is extremely doubtful. Emma was not in the habit of keeping her honours secret, but Marie Antoinette's name has no place in her correspondence, though no sooner was she settled again at Naples than, on December 20, she wrote to Romney:—

'I have been received with open arms by all the Neapolitans of both sexes, by all the foreigners of every distinction. I have been presented to the Queen of Naples by her own desire; she has shown me all sorts of kind and affectionate attentions; in short, I am the happiest woman in the world. . . . We have a many English at Naples, Ladies

Malmesbury, Malden, Plymouth, Carnegie, Wright, &c. They are very kind and attentive to me; they all make it a point to be remarkably civil to me.'

A week later, December 27, Lady Malmesbury wrote to her sister, Lady Elliot:—

'We dined at Caserta yesterday with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. She really behaves as well as possible, and quite wonderfully, considering her origin and education. The queen has received her very kindly as Lady Hamilton, but not as the English minister's wife; and I believe all the English mean to be very civil to her, which is quite right.'*

This was the beginning of the acquaintance between these two celebrated women. During the following years it gradually developed into what had every appearance of intimacy; and Emma, the favourite of the Queen, the wife of the English minister, was recognised as the leader of the Neapolitan society, which conveniently ignored her antecedents and remembered only her beauty, her singing, her acting, and her good humour. All the English who visited or passed through Naples had the same story. Emma's beauty, singing, dancing, attitudes are described as the most noteworthy features of the place. A few days after her former letter Lady Malmesbury wrote again: 'You never 'saw anything so charming as Lady Hamilton's attitudes. 'The most graceful statues or pictures do not give you an 'idea of them. Her dancing of the tarantella is beautiful 'to a degree . . . the most lively thing possible.'† In August 1796, the 'Petrel,' a small brig of war, came to Naples, and on the 12th, the Prince of Wales's birthday, her captain, Bartholomew James, gave a dinner which was honoured by Prince Augustus and the principal people then at Naples, including, of course, Hamilton and his wife. Captain James has left us an amusing account of the festivity, in which, after the prince had seen over the ship,

'we sat down to dinner, agreeable to the custom of the country, at the early hour of 1. . . . Royal toasts, songs, and every kind of mirth filled up the time till 5 o'clock, in which the tars were not forgotten, for they in their turn drank their royal master and success to the family in their favourite liquor, grog, and afforded the company much entertainment from their songs and their variety of sea amusements; but the loyalty of that exquisite and charming lovely woman, Lady Hamilton, out-

* Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, 1st Earl of Minto, vol. i. p. 402.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 406.

shone then, as upon every other occasion, the whole party; for in the ecstasy of singing "God save the King" in full chorus with the whole ship's company, she tore her fan to pieces and threw herself into such bewitching attitudes that no mortal soul could refrain from believing her to be an enthusiastic angel from heaven, purposely sent down to celebrate this pleasant, happy festival.'

In the evening the prince gave a ball, to which, says James,

'attended by all the officers of the "Petrel," I went about 8 o'clock, and was extremely entertained at the appearance of the company, which consisted of about 700 of the most fashionable people of all nations in Naples, as well as with the politeness and attention of his Royal Highness and the affable goodness of Lady Hamilton, who did the female honours of the evening, and with whom I had the pleasure of dancing the second dance, the prince having opened the ball with her ladyship.' *

Here is another notice of her from a more exacting critic, Sir Gilbert Elliot, who, after the evacuation of Corsica, was at Naples in December 1796:—

'Lady Hamilton is the most extraordinary compound I ever beheld. Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful; she is all nature and yet all art; that is to say, her manners are perfectly unpolished, of course very easy, though not with the ease of good breeding, but of a barmaid, excessively good-humoured, and wishing to please and be admired by all ages and sorts of persons that come in her way. But besides considerable natural understanding she has acquired since her marriage some knowledge of history and the arts, and one wonders at the application and pains she has taken to make herself what she is. With men her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere.' †

It might, of course, be expected that a man like Elliot would form a less rapturous opinion about Emma and her charms than an enthusiastic naval captain; but there can be no question that during these years she was a great social power, though it may be doubted whether she ever had the influence with the Queen which she loved to claim. On December 18, 1794, she wrote to Greville:—

'No person can be so charming as the queen. She is everything one can wish—the best mother, wife, and friend in the world. I live

* Journal of Rear-Admiral Bartholomew James (Navy Records Society), p. 294.

† Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, 1st Earl of Minto, vol. ii. p. 364.

constantly with her and have done intimately so for two years, and I never have in all that time seen anything but goodness and sincerity in her, and if ever you hear any lies about her contradict them; and if you should see a cursed book written by a vile French dog with her character in it, don't believe one word.'

It is, however, certain that in this there is much exaggeration, and that the Queen, whilst recognising her beauty and ability, and receiving her as a friend and *confidante*, did so mainly from political motives. As the fury of the French Revolution extended, as her brother-in-law and her sister were remorselessly sacrificed to it, her hatred of the Jacobins became more and more bitter, at the same time that she felt and knew herself to be surrounded by spies in the French interest. She leant for support on the English government and the English minister, but her private communication with him was necessarily restricted. The appearance of intimacy with Emma removed the difficulty. She could see and speak with her whenever and wherever she liked; their secret converse was supposed to be in the interests of immorality rather than of politics. The Italian Jacobins and French agents did not love the Queen or her *confidante*: to them the Queen was Messalina; Emma, a vulgar courtesan; but the part of confidential agent between the Queen and the English minister, which Emma was really playing, does not seem to have been suspected. Probably at the time Emma persuaded herself that she had a much more important share in the business; certainly in after years her representations of it continued to get more and more grand, till in the end she appeared in her own story as the moving power and guiding spirit of the Queen and the court. That she was nothing of the sort is capable of simple demonstration. Here is one case which has often been referred to. In March 1813, she drew up a statement of the services which she had rendered to the Government, and in it appears the following:—

'By unceasing cultivation of my influence with the queen, and no less watchfulness to turn it to my country's good, it happened that I discovered a courier had brought the King of Naples a private letter from the King of Spain. I prevailed on the queen to take it from his pocket unseen. We found it to contain the King of Spain's resolution to withdraw from the coalition and join the French against England. My husband at this time lay dangerously ill. I prevailed on the queen to allow my taking a copy, with which I immediately despatched a messenger to my Lord Grenville, taking all the necessary precautions; for his safe arrival then became very difficult, and altogether cost me about 400*l.* paid out of my private purse.'

The statement is perfectly clear, but is false from beginning to end. Mr. Jeaffreson has shown, by a detailed examination of Emma's private accounts,* that she had not and could not have 400*l.* in her 'private purse.' No date is given for the service claimed to have been rendered, and, while the mention of the King of Spain's resolution 'to join 'the French against England' would place it in the late summer of 1796, the resolution 'to withdraw from the 'coalition' would throw it back to the previous year, and the distinct reference to Hamilton's serious illness brings it, with certainty, to April 1795. On April 28, 1795, Hamilton wrote to Lord Grenville: 'I only got out of bed yesterday, 'after having been confined to it for thirteen days;' and on the 30th he wrote again, enclosing a copy of a ciphered despatch from the Marquis Galatone, the Neapolitan minister at the Court of Spain, which announced, not any resolution of a war with England, but merely Galatone's suspicion that the Spanish Court was treating for a peace with France.† He gave also the history of the copy :—

'Her Majesty's billet,' he wrote, 'with the copy of the despatch, was sent to Lady Hamilton on the 28th in the afternoon; but as that despatch was to be returned directly, I could only take a hasty sketch of its contents. However, Lady Hamilton having had the honour of seeing the queen yesterday morning, and expressed my wishes of having a copy of that paper to send immediately to your lordship, her Majesty was pleased to promise me one, which was sent to Lady Hamilton yesterday evening. I thought these papers of such importance at this critical juncture that I determined to send off a courier with them directly to your Lordship; but as it would be dangerous to cause any suspicion here, I send this packet by one of my servants to Rome, and have directed Mr. Jenkins to send off a trusty messenger with the utmost secrecy to your Lordship with this packet, and I can depend on Mr. Jenkins's prudent and able execution of this commission. . . . I have only to add, in confirmation of the probability of Spain's being in actual negotiation with France for a peace, that the Queen of Naples told Lady Hamilton yesterday that the King of Naples had received a letter from his brother, the King of Spain, dated April 7, in which he said that he was now seriously thinking of giving peace to his subjects and of putting an end to the effusion of blood. . . . My late fever has left me so exceedingly weak that I am unable to apply long, but I am truly thankful that I have strength enough to send off this despatch.'

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* Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, vol. i. pp. 316–17.

† Public Record Office: Foreign Records, Sicily, vol. 41. A fairly full abstract of this correspondence—not previously known—was contributed by Professor Laughton to the 'United Service Magazine' for April and May 1889.

It will be noticed that Emma neither saw this letter of the King's, nor sent a copy of it to England, and that her share in transmitting Galatone's despatch was merely that of a go-between, the Queen sending her the copy, in the first instance, of her own free will. Of more importance and greater notoriety is the service which Emma is said to have rendered to the English fleet previous to the battle of the Nile. Her claim, in the statement already referred to, is an extraordinary tissue of imaginative falsehood. It has often been given at second-hand, but it is only now that we have it direct from Emma herself. In a few words, it amounts to this—that in June, 1798, Nelson, having been to Egypt in a vain search for the French fleet, came off Naples and sent Troubridge on shore with a note to Hamilton to say that he was short of provisions and water, and that if his wants could not be relieved in one of the ports of Sicily, he must go down the Mediterranean to Gibraltar and leave Naples to its fate. That Hamilton took this note to the Prime Minister, General Acton, who immediately convened a council, at which the King was present, when they came to the resolution that it was impossible to accede to Nelson's request. But that, meanwhile, Lady Hamilton had gone to the Queen, had begged and prayed, and insisted, and finally dictated an order, which the Queen wrote, addressed to all the governors of the ports of Sicily, directing them to give the English fleet every possible assistance; that she sent this order to Nelson by Troubridge; and that, by virtue of it, Nelson was able to water his fleet and go again to Egypt to win the battle of the Nile.

We will not now lay stress on the errors of patent fact further than to point out that when Nelson lay-to off Naples, on June 17, he had not been to Egypt, was not short of water, and said nothing whatever about going to Gibraltar; and, though he asked for clear answers to the questions, 'Are the ports of Naples and Sicily open to his Majesty's 'fleet? Have the governors orders for our free admission, 'and for us to be supplied with whatever we may want?' he asked still more urgently for information, for frigates, and for pilots. With all this Emma had nothing to do, and her memory may have played her false. It is different when she speaks of what she herself did: her misstatements about that were not due to a faulty memory, but to a too vivid imagination or to downright lying. We prefer to think that it was to a lively imagination acting in conjunction with excessive vanity, and that the lying was in a great

measure unconscious. However this may be, we can say positively that there was no council either with or without the King present, and consequently no resolution that they could not then break with France. The truth was, indeed, told by Clarke and McArthur, who, years before Pettigrew wrote, quoted Hamilton's letter to Nelson:—'I went with 'him [Troubridge] directly to General Acton, and Captain 'Troubridge has an order to the commanders of all the 'Sicilian ports that will fully answer your purpose.' It is now, however, put still more clearly in Hamilton's letters to Lord St. Vincent and to Lord Grenville. In the latter he says:—

'As Sir Horatio, in his letter to me, said that his friend, Captain Troubridge, knew his mind and would explain it to me, I thought the shortest way would be to carry him to General Acton; and we did more business in half an hour than we should have done in a week in the usual official way here. Captain Troubridge went straight to his point, and put strong questions to the General, who answered them fairly and to the satisfaction of the Captain. As no time was to be lost, the Admiral being now informed of the position and strength of the enemy and desirous of attacking them as soon as possible, I prevailed upon General Acton to write himself an order in the name of his Sicilian Majesty, directed to the governors of every port in Sicily, to supply the king's ships with all kinds of provisions. . . . When Captain Troubridge had received this order from the General and put it into his pocket, his face brightened up and he seemed perfectly happy.' *

So far as is known, Emma's share in the business—and it seems she was determined to have some—was limited to writing a gushing note to Nelson.

'My dear Admiral,—I write in a hurry, as Captain Troubridge cannot stay a moment. God bless you and send you victorious, and that I may see you bring back Bonaparte with you. Pray send Captain Hardy out to us, for I shall have a fever with anxiety. The queen desires me to say everything that's kind, and bids me say with her whole heart she wishes you victory. God bless you, my dear, dear sir. I will not say how glad I shall be to see you; indeed I cannot describe to you my feelings on your being so near us.' †

It might, perhaps, still be thought that, after all, the Queen did send secret orders. Fortunately, we have in our Foreign Office Records a copy of the letter from the Governor of Syracuse to Acton,‡ giving a detailed account

* Foreign Office Records, Sicily, vol. 44; 'United Service Magazine,' May, 1889.

† Nelson MSS. ‡ Sicily, vol. 44.

of the arrival of the fleet on July 19, of the perplexity he was in on account of the somewhat vague and yet wide sense of the order 'scritto in nome di S. M. e sottoscritto 'dal Capitano Generale Cav^re^ Acton con le più vivi pressanti 'sovrani incaricamenti per accoglienza ed assistenza della 'tale squadra Inglese, estendosi al di là delle solite pre-'venzioni, ed individuando molti nuovi e non previsti casi 'ed occorrenze in contesto dell' armonia ed amicizia di 'S. M. per la Nazione Inglese,' of his accepting the position because the fleet had come into the harbour without waiting for his permission, and because it was utterly impossible for him to turn them out again.

From first to last, in the contemporary letters of Hamilton, Nelson, the Governor of Syracuse, and even Emma herself, there is no mention of any action taken by the Queen in the matter, nor anything which can lead us to suppose that secret orders were sent; and Emma's statement is positively contradicted by every authentic detail. But it has received general credence because confirmed by Nelson in the last sentence he penned, little more than an hour before he was shot down. To any one who can calmly consider the evidence, it will be clear that as Nelson certainly did not receive the Queen's order, which Emma says he received, and did not, while at Syracuse, know of any secret order, he could afterwards know of it only from what Emma told him—that is to say, that his evidence is of no greater value than Emma's, which is worthless. When Nelson spoke of his own knowledge, his word carries unquestioning acceptance. When he merely repeated Emma's assurance, his testimony on other points may be compared with his reiterated assertion that Emma was a good and virtuous woman.

In September 1793 Nelson, then captain of the 'Aga-'memnon,' was sent to Naples with Lord Hood's despatch to Hamilton, desiring him to urge the King to strengthen the force of the allies at Toulon with 10,000 men. For a few days he was a guest in Hamilton's house, and carried away pleasant memories of Hamilton's wife, who had been very kind to his stepson, and whom—in a letter to his wife—he described as 'a young woman of amiable manners, 'who does honour to the station to which she is raised.' During the following five years he was not once at Naples, and though he not unfrequently wrote Hamilton friendly letters about the course of events, and commonly concluded them with 'my best respects to Lady Hamilton,' there

was certainly no intimacy; nor does it appear that Emma had any recollection of him more than she had of the hundreds of other people who passed across her horizon. In the summer of 1798 things were different. Naples had been sorely pressed by the French. Emma, with all the emotional enthusiasm of her nature, flung herself into the Queen's quarrel, and was eager for the overthrow of the Queen's enemies.

When she learned from her husband that the admiral now sent to the Queen's support was one whom she had formerly known, she immediately prepared to gush over him—to make him believe that she had never forgotten him. The letter which she wrote to him as he was on his way to Egypt has been quoted. When she had the news of the battle she wrote again—a letter addressed, it must be remembered, to an almost total stranger, which is as extraordinary, as monstrous as any that even she ever penned. It is very long, but some sentences of it may serve as a sample :—

'My dear, dear Sir,—. . . I fainted when I heard the joyful news, and fell on my side and am hurt. But what of that! I should feel it a glory to die in such a cause. No! I would not like to die till I see and embrace *the Victor of the* NILE. . . . My head will not permit me to tell you half of the rejoicing. The Neapolitans are mad, and if you was here now you would be killed with kindness. Sonnets on sonnets, illuminations, rejoicing. Not a French dog dare show his face. How I glory in the honour of my country and *my countryman*. I walk and tread in air with pride, feeling I was born on the same land with the victor Nelson and his gallant band. . . . Little dear Captain Hoste will tell you the rest. He lives with us in the day, for he will not sleep out of his ship, and we love him dearly. He is a fine good lad. Sir William is delighted with him and says he will be a second Nelson. If he is only half a Nelson he will be superior to all others. . . . We are preparing your apartment against you come. I hope it will not be long, for Sir William and I are so impatient to see and embrace you. I wish you could have seen our house the three nights of illuminations; it was covered with your glorious name; there were three thousand lamps, and there should have been three millions if we had had time. . . . God bless you, my dear, dear friend. My dress from head to foot is *alla* Nelson—ask Hoste—even my shawl is blue with gold anchors all over; my earrings are Nelson's anchors; in short, we are be-Nelsoned all over. I send you some sonnets, but I must have taken a ship on purpose to send you all what (is) written on you.' *

Such outrageous flattery, if Nelson could read it, which may be doubtful—for the writing is even worse than the

* Nelson MSS.

spelling—must have prepared him for his reception when he arrived at Naples, and Lady Hamilton, going on board the 'Vanguard,' threw herself fainting on his breast. As she was a woman of large frame, and during the last few years had got exceedingly stout, the trial to a small, slight-built man, with only one arm, must have been severe. Physically, however, he stood up against it manfully. Morally, he succumbed, and was led captive at the victor's chariot wheels. The rest is a story which we need not repeat. It belongs to the history of Nelson rather than of Lady Hamilton. By a curious reversal of the ordinary position, it is the man's character that is held to be at stake rather than the woman's; but the presentment of the 'real' Lady Hamilton—as a woman beautiful, sweet-voiced, and tender; of a kindly nature and a soft heart, yet capable and energetic; but withal excessively vain, boastful, and an unblushing, irresponsible, perhaps unconscious liar—joined to the story of her previous career, goes far to explain the extraordinary influence which she obtained over a man of Nelson's character.

At Naples, Nelson—who was still suffering from the effects of the wound received in the battle of the Nile, and from the mental strain of the long search for the French fleet—lived in the Hamiltons' house, and Emma nursed him, fondled him, flattered him, fêted him. When the court moved to Palermo, Nelson and the Hamiltons kept house together, and, according to report, which was certainly exaggerated, plunged into reckless dissipation. Lady Minto at Vienna was told that

'every sort of gaming went on half the night. Nelson used to sit with large parcels of gold before him and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from the heap without counting, and playing with his money to the amount of 500*l.* a night. Her rage is play, and Sir William says when he is dead she will be a beggar.' *

But as many of the details which reached Lady Minto at the same time were grossly inaccurate, the testimony of her witness is tainted, though the consensus of evidence from other sources must be accepted as proof that the scandal of their relations was widely talked of. A little earlier, March 23, 1800, Lord Minto himself wrote:—

'I have letters from Nelson and Lady Hamilton. It does not seem clear that he will go home. I hope he will not for his own sake, and he will, at least, I hope, take Malta first. He does not seem at all

* Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto, iii. 139.

conscious of the sort of discredit he has fallen into or the cause of it, for he writes still not wisely, about Lady Hamilton and all that. But it is hard to condemn and use ill a hero, as he is in his own element, for being foolish about a woman who has art enough to make fools of many wiser than an admiral.' *

On their journey home from Naples in September and October 1800, Nelson and the Hamiltons, after passing through Vienna and Prague, stayed for some days at Dresden, where they made the acquaintance of Mrs. St. George, a lively young widow, who noted in her journal her impressions of the hero, and, more fully, of Lady Hamilton.† Emma was essentially a man's beauty, and Mrs. St. George was an exacting critic, but her descriptions, unflattering as they are, are consonant with the enthusiasm of Captain James or the severer judgement of Sir Gilbert Elliot. Under date October 3, she says:—

'Lady Hamilton is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud yet not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity. . . . Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have seen. . . . After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure and snuffs it up very cordially.'

Four days later, October 7, she noted: 'Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant.' Her description of the attitudes closely resembles that of Goethe, written nearly fourteen years before, and the well-known drawings of Rehberg. But having exhausted her enthusiasm, she resumes the functions of censor.

'It is remarkable,' she says, 'that though coarse and ungraceful in

* Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto, iii. 114.

† Mrs. St. George, by her second marriage, Mrs. Trench, was the mother of Archbishop Trench, by whom her journal was privately printed in 1861.

common life, she becomes highly graceful and even beautiful during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her usual dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress, which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes, she sung and I accompanied. Her voice is good and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has no shake, no flexibility and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion with the eyes fixed on a book and the person confined to a spot must always be a poor piece of acting *manqué*. She continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says, "She will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England."'

As to which, apart from the vulgarity, Nelson agreed with him, and was sorely troubled during the following spring lest she should actually do so. Although he was never tired of extolling her goodness and virtue, the letters which he wrote to her about the Prince of Wales were couched in very unconventional language. And not only did he write to Emma; he wrote also to Hamilton, expostulating with him—it would appear—on the impropriety of admitting the Prince to his table. To which Hamilton replied:—

'A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which I received yesterday and which I immediately committed to the flames; for although I agree perfectly with your Lordship in opinion as to the character of the person who was the chief subject of your letter, I would not have it fall into other hands by any accident.'

It was after the peace of Amiens that the Hamiltons and Nelson lived together in the extraordinary *ménage à trois* which has so often been commented on. At Merton, in London, visiting or travelling, they lived as members of one family, the housekeeping bills being equally divided between Nelson and Hamilton, the cost of Emma, for whose pleasure the chief part of the very large expenditure was incurred, being shared between them. Early in this interval of repose

from active service, Nelson was visited by his old friend, Lord Minto, who wrote:—

'The whole establishment and way of life is such as to make me angry as well as melancholy; but I cannot alter it, and I do not think myself obliged or at liberty to quarrel with him for his weakness. . . . Lady Hamilton is in high looks but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with trowelfuls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes to him is not only ridiculous but disgusting.' *

That the two should keep up the pretence of a pure and platonic affection was a necessity of the situation; but that Nelson's friends and relations should accept the pretence, that his brother, the Dean of Canterbury, his sisters and their daughters, should pay lengthened visits to Merton, should associate with and correspond with Lady Hamilton on terms of perfect intimacy, cannot but seem most extraordinary. It is almost more so that Hamilton himself accepted it. He was a man who had a large experience of the world, and some—though probably imperfect—knowledge of his wife's antecedents; yet he could write a few months before his death: 'I well know the purity of Lord 'Nelson's friendship for Emma and me.' But in fact this purity was non-existent. That Emma was Nelson's mistress in the ordinary sense of the word; that she was the mother, that Nelson believed himself the father, of Horatia, born on January 29 or 30, 1801, is placed beyond possible doubt by the letters now before us. It appears also that there was another child, born in the end of 1803 or beginning of 1804, of which Nelson wrote on March 18, 1804: 'Call him what 'you please; if a girl, Emma. . . . I have been very rest-'less for these several days and nights, and shall not be better 'till I hear you are quite recovered.' As no further mention is made of this, it may be supposed that the child was still-born, or died shortly after birth.

The paternity of another bantling, which has also been attributed to Nelson, is now, however, settled otherwise. It is well known that on the night of April 2, 1801, after the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson addressed to Emma a set of verses, which Pettigrew and others have assumed to be his own composition. There is no direct proof that Nelson had the faculty of rhyming in even the smallest degree, and the evidence of the style, as well as the known intimacy, has suggested that the actual author was Lord William Gordon.

* Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto, vol. iii. p. 242.

This now appears to be the fact. The verses, it will be remembered, begin—

> 'From my best cable though I'm forced to part,
> I leave my anchor in my angel's heart' . . .

But on January 21, 1801—that is, rather more than two months before—Nelson wrote to Emma: 'Pray send me the 'last lines wrote by Lord William Gordon, and Henry's 'anchor's fixed in [undecipherable hieroglyphic] heart.'* 'Henry,' it may be remarked, was Gordon's usual rhythmical equivalent for Horatio, and 'guardian angel' a frequent synonym for Emma.

On Hamilton's death in April, 1803, he left to his widow an annuity of 800*l.*, together with a capital sum of 800*l.*, and his plate, pictures, furniture &c. to the value—as estimated by Mr. Jeaffreson—of 5,000*l.* He had hoped, and Emma had hoped, that the Government would give her a pension of at least 500*l.* She had already taught herself to believe that while at Naples or Palermo she had rendered important services to England, and till her death she continued to memorialise the Government concerning them. Nelson, too, attempted, without success, to get her claims recognised; failing which, he himself allowed her 1,200*l.* a year till his death, when she inherited, under his will, an annuity of 500*l.*, a capital sum of 2,000*l.*, and the Merton estate, with the house and furniture, valued at from 12,000*l.* to 14,000*l.*, as well as the interest of 4,000*l.* settled on Horatia. The famous 'codicil,' which Nelson signed only a few hours before his death, was duly laid by his brother—Earl Nelson—before the First Lord of the Treasury; but this, unluckily for Emma, happened to be Lord Grenville, who, as Foreign Secretary from 1794 to 1800, was the one man in England who could best appreciate her services, and refused to take any action in support of Nelson's request. It may perhaps be thought that, in any case, Nelson's last wishes were sacred; that the woman whom Nelson had loved, and had so solemnly entrusted to his country, had a claim far beyond any scruples of a morality tinged, it may be, with the self-esteem of the Pharisee. Still, it must be remembered that both Nelson's codicil and Emma's memorials were based solely on her claims to have rendered great public services; that these claims were known to be unfounded; and that, from her husband and paramour, she inherited money and property equivalent to an income of about

* Egerton MS. 1614 The sign, which has some resemblance to ≯, may perhaps denote 'angles,' as a punning cipher for 'angel's.'

2,500*l.* a year, which the Government, when considering her memorials—if, indeed, they were not dismissed with contempt—may reasonably have thought sufficient for a woman of her antecedents.

At the time of Nelson's death, however, she owed large sums, apparently gambling debts; and the payment of these, added to reckless and profuse expenditure, quickly ran through the property. Within a little over two years the 2,800*l.* had disappeared, she had raised 10,000*l.* secured on Merton, and she was 8,000*l.* in debt. It is needless to follow the miserable story in its details. Her friends, and especially Nelson's faithful friend Davison, attempted to help her; but to help a woman against herself is impossible, and the attempt proved futile. When the establishment at Merton was broken up she lived for some time at Richmond; in 1810 she was living in Bond Street; in 1813 within the 'rules' of the King's Bench Prison, from which, in the spring of 1814, she escaped by the generous assistance of Alderman Joshua Jonathan Smith, and took refuge at Calais, where, free from the importunity of her creditors, she lived with diminished splendour, but not uncomfortably, on the income arising from Horatia's 4,000*l.* At Calais, in 1814, 200*l.* a year was far removed from poverty, nor does it appear that Emma endured it. There is only one letter of this period, dated September 21, the postscript to which has—

'The best meat here five pence a pound; two quarts of new milk, 2*d.*; fowls, 13*d.*; a couple ducks, the same. We bought two fine turkeys for 4*s.*; an excellent turbot for half a crown, fresh from the sea; partridges, 5*d.* the couple; good Bordeaux wine, white and red, for 15*d.* the bottle, but there are some for 10 sous, halfpence.'

On January 15, 1815, she died. Of her illness, or the circumstances of it, we have no account. It does not seem to have been long or painful. Some time before she had sought consolation and pardon for her sins in the bosom of the Church of Rome. On her deathbed she received the last sacraments according to that communion, and was decently buried in the cemetery at a total cost of 28*l.* 10*s.*, which was defrayed by Mr. Smith. In death, as in life, almost every circumstance respecting her has been persistently misrepresented. The atmosphere of falsehood in which she enveloped herself clung to her even in the grave; but to examine in detail the several misstatements put forward about her during these later years would lead us far beyond all practicable limits of space. With the death of Nelson her career ceases to have any public interest.

Art. VI.—1. *Steam Locomotion upon Common Roads.* By William Fletcher. London: 1891.

2. *The Autocar*, and *The Automobile.* Two weekly journals published respectively in London and Paris.

3. *The Locomotives on Highways Bill*, 1896.

It is a melancholy reflection that most of the great improvements which have been introduced into the world, whether in religion, science, or art, have at first been received with incredulity and derision. Even those mechanical discoveries which have proved most valuable have not escaped, and almost down to our own days the verdict of the public upon a new invention has been—first, that it will not work, next, that it is too dangerous, and finally, that every one knew it before. The developement of mechanical road carriages has offered no exception to these general principles. They were invented towards the close of the last century; they were made completely successful about the year 1857. As soon as there was no doubt that they would work well, they were prohibited as dangerous by an Act passed in 1861. This law, however, permitted them to run at about two-thirds of the speed of a stage coach, and as they still continued to progress towards perfection, a further Act was passed in 1865 which had the effect of rendering their use impossible. For thirty years they were lost sight of; but in 1893 they were again revived by the French and Germans, and having been proved to be neither dangerous nor impossible, they are now recognised as matters of common knowledge, possessing in principle but few features of novelty.

No useful purpose would be served by tracing in detail the series of steps which led from the first crude ideas of early inventors to the more perfect machines of later days. Cugnot in France and Murdoch in England were among the pioneers of the movement. Murdoch, who was at that time one of the foremen in Boulton & Watt's engineering works, was severely blamed by Watt for wasting his employers' time in useless experiments. In France society seems, in the case of Cugnot, to have been irresolute whether to treat him as a malefactor or as a genius. So both plans were adopted. In 1770, after an accident which occurred to a machine which he was driving in Paris, he was sent to the Bastille, from which, however, he was soon afterwards liberated with a pension.

It may seem strange to us now to reflect that one of the

great difficulties which in early days beset the inventors of locomotives, whether for use on road or rail, was to believe it possible to drive a carriage effectively without either pushing or dragging it along. To propel it by placing a machine inside it arranged so as to twist the wheels round appeared altogether an error. This prejudice was no doubt increased by the ill success of the early attempts at velocipedes, and in consequence many primitive machines were provided not only with wheels, but with iron legs and feet, which were designed to push them forward with an action resembling a walking man. By the year 1820 it became recognised that carriages could be propelled by causing the pistons of steam engines to work cranks affixed to their wheels, and in the period between 1820 and 1830 the rail locomotive was perfected.

No idea at first seems to have been entertained of the speeds which would soon be reached. On the hearing of the case for the first railway Bill by a parliamentary committee in 1822, 4½ miles an hour was urged as the utmost that could be expected, and a leading periodical which reflected public opinion very accurately, published the following passage in 1825:—

'As to the persons who speculate in making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. . . . It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour by means of a high-pressure engine to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick when on shore; . . . but with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. . . . We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways which it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured upon with safety.'

The speed fixed by the early railway Bills as a maximum was twelve miles an hour.

The contest between road and rail locomotives which occupied the first thirty years of this century was ultimately terminated by the complete victory of the railways, but road locomotives were pronounced perfectly practicable by a parliamentary committee which sat in 1832. In the year 1834 a road car made by Messrs. Summers & Ogle attained a speed of thirty-two miles an hour, and ran

long distances at an average speed of twenty-four miles an hour. In the same year also, Hancock organised a regular steam-coach service at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. But these performances were altogether eclipsed on rails. For in 1834 Hackworth, the foreman of George Stephenson's works, whose name will be for ever connected with railways, ran a locomotive on the Stockton and Darlington Railway at fifty miles an hour. It is true that four years afterwards the boiler of this engine burst; but about the same time a road locomotive designed by Scott Russell, who afterwards became celebrated as the designer of the 'Great Eastern' steamship, was overturned, and the boiler burst, and killed five people. This circumstance demonstrates, what without demonstration is sufficiently obvious, that boilers at high pressure and containing large volumes of water may prove very dangerous if they are suddenly subjected to the strain caused by an overthrow.

The complete and decisive superiority of railway lomocotives not only in speed, but also in the weights which they could draw and the far smaller consumption of fuel which they required, led after the year 1840 to a temporary cessation of the manufacture of road cars. It is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise, when it is remembered that to drag a weight upon wheels along an ordinary road requires the expenditure of about seven times the energy necessary for an equal load upon rails. But in 1857 fresh interest was aroused in road engines. There were many routes too unimportant to warrant the construction of a railway, and yet sufficiently frequented to require regular coach service. Accordingly, Rickett and others constructed some excellent carriages designed to run at a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. At this date it may be said that the problem of road-engine locomotion had been solved. Much remained to be done in points of detail, but a possible speed of over thirty miles an hour had been reached, and regular coach services had been run. It is difficult to single out as deserving of special recognition any one name from among the multitude of engineers whose efforts led to the above results. What had been attained had been due rather to a great number of small improvements than to any radical change introduced by a master-mind. But if it be thought necessary to associate any one man with the success of road cars, Hancock will probably be considered to have done more than any other individual. Even at this

day his coach would serve as an excellent point of departure for modern improvements.

No sooner had the possibility of road-engine locomotion been demonstrated, than all the opposition which had been fruitlessly exerted to prevent the developement of railway engines became concentrated upon their unfortunate rivals. They were hooted at; they were refused admission into inns; stones were placed to impede their progress, and holes dug in the roads over which they were to pass. Even the local authorities joined in the attack. Such methods, of course, were insufficient of themselves. The engines were, according to the law as it then stood, perfectly legal, provided they were so run as not to constitute a nuisance. They had been proved to be safe and cheap. It was necessary, therefore, to devise some more effective measures to suppress them. At last it was discovered that they were not subject to the Turnpike Acts, which only related to vehicles drawn by horses. This gave the supporters of horse traffic their opportunity. Although it could not be shown that the coaches were dangerous to life, they were represented as causing the most extraordinary wear upon roads and destruction to bridges; and in 1859 a Bill was introduced imposing heavy tolls upon them. The Bill was in due course referred to a committee, which only examined three witnesses, among whom was the celebrated Mr. Macadam. Mere tolls alone, it was felt, would be easily borne by coaches which could run at half the cost of horse-hire. The report of the committee was somewhat hesitating. There occurred, therefore, a brief period before the first epoch of persecution; but in 1861 the blow fell, and the first Act for regulating the use of locomotives upon common roads was passed. It placed the making of regulations for these vehicles in the hands of a Secretary of State, but provided, in addition, that the tires of the wheels were to be three inches wide, that the engines were to consume their own smoke, that they were to have at least two drivers, and were not to exceed ten miles an hour in the country and five miles an hour in towns. The Act concluded that no locomotive might be used so as to be a nuisance.

This law seemed sufficiently severe. Under it, however, further progress was made, and Fisher and Rickett continued to construct successful coaches. But in 1865 it seems to have been determined to destroy all prospect of ever driving coaches or carriages by steam. The power of a

Secretary of State to make rules was abolished; three persons were required to conduct each locomotive, one of whom was to precede it on foot with a red flag; no whistles were to be sounded, no steam to be blown off. Any person in a carriage drawn by horses had, by merely putting up his hand, a right to require the locomotive to stop. Four miles an hour in the country and two in towns was specified as the maximum speed. Added to this, the name and residence of the owner were to be painted upon it in a conspicuous manner, and the hours during which it might be used in any borough or town were to be subject to the control of the local authority.

The work of legislation was virtually completed in 1878 by additional restrictions upon points of detail. The Act passed in that year enabled local authorities in counties to make bye-laws, as well as those in boroughs, and also conferred upon them the power, which they have liberally exercised, of charging a fee not exceeding 10*l.* for a license to use a locomotive in their counties, to be applied as part of the county rate. By this time the progress of invention had rendered it possible that steam engines would not be the only means of propelling locomotives. Gas engines had been invented, and petroleum engines proposed. Even the prospect of electric traction had dawned. In order, therefore, to prevent the possibility of any of these new powers being tried in road carriages, it was thought expedient to widen the application of the Acts which hitherto had only applied to steam engines. Therefore, in the Act of 1878, a locomotive was defined as 'a locomotive propelled 'by steam or by other than animal power.' Thus armed, the county authorities (which then were the justices of the peace) proceeded vigorously to work. They did not, apparently, consider it necessary to consult any experts, or even to take counsel with one another with a view to common action. The only point upon which they seemed all agreed was to levy in each county the very highest licensing fee which the law would allow.

It is difficult to divine the reasons which, in the present depressed condition of agriculture, induce the local authorities still to maintain these fees. One would have thought their desire would be in every way to encourage the new locomotives. In France, so far from taxing the use of agricultural engines, they are bought at the county expense and loaned out to small farmers. Besides, when carts and carriages paid turnpike tolls, it might have seemed fair to place a tax

upon road locomotives; but now that roads are toll free, it seems hard that agricultural engines should be exceptionally treated.

The views of the local authorities as to the proper hours during which locomotives ought to be permitted to travel varied very considerably. In Gloucestershire traffic was only allowed at night, the roads being open from 8 in the evening till 4 in the morning. But in the adjoining county of Monmouth it was determined that the only traffic allowed should be by day, the roads being closed from 12 noon till 8 the next morning. This rendered it necessary for a car coming from Gloucestershire to Monmouth to start so as to arrive at the boundary by 4 in the morning, then wait four hours, and then stop again at noon. The car would have to pay a total license of 16*l.* for the two counties, Monmouthshire only requiring a fee of 6*l.* But such moderation was rare. In twenty-six of the counties of England the full license fee of 10*l.* was, and is still, demanded. In only six counties is the fee as low as 5*l.* So that practically, as the law now stands, a person with an autocar who desires to go from London to Newcastle must take out nine separate licenses at a cost of 85*l.* He must take a week at least over the journey. He must procure nine sets of conflicting bye-laws, which he must be careful to obey, and his groom must walk in front of him the whole way with a red flag.

Thus perished the nascent industry. From 1865 invention was entirely confined to the manufacture of heavy locomotives, and the promotion of light locomotive carts and carriages practically ceased. It is true that a few spasmodic attempts were made. In 1868 Mr. Knight, an engineer now living, the inventor of the 'Trusty' petroleum engine, made a small carriage, but it was hardly used. In 1881 Sir Thomas Parkyn (who died last year) employed Mr. Bateman (a manufacturer of emery wheels, now living) to construct a steam tricycle. Sir Thomas Parkyn was at once prosecuted; although his machine emitted no steam and made so little noise that the policeman who gave evidence respecting it was doubtful how it was driven, the magistrate had no option but to enforce the law, and the sentence was ratified by the High Court of Justice. Since the revival last year of road cars, some five or six persons have been punished for using them in different parts of the kingdom. Rarely have the combined efforts of Parliament, the local authority, the magistrates' courts, and the police been exerted with such signal success.

The revival of public interest in autocars commenced in France and Germany. It is very characteristic of the French genius that it has originated a number of adaptations of scientific ideas to practical life which have been completed by other nations. Gramme, a Parisian, developed the dynamo out of Paccinotti's machine while the Germans were encamped around Paris. Faure first showed the practicability of accumulators; and to French ingenuity we owe the bicycle. The machines used in France in 1893 were, as a rule, German petroleum engines fixed into French carriages. About the same time several of them were tried in Berlin. But the first great impetus to the movement was given by the race in the summer of 1894, from Paris to Rouen, organised by the proprietors of 'Le Petit Journal.' After several days wisely spent in preliminary trials, to accustom the drivers of the vehicles to the rules of the competition, the race came off on Sunday, July 22. Amid a large concourse of spectators, on a bright summer morning, the line of carriages placed themselves in order, five yards one behind the other, at the Porte Maillot. By eight o'clock nineteen competitors had arrived and were in line, and were started with a break containing the jury, and enveloped by a crowd of cyclists and persons on foot. Most of the cars were driven by petroleum engines, but there were several steam carriages. The day was exceedingly hot, and the road covered with the thick white dust which travellers in France know so well. It was observed that only one of the horses encountered on the route appeared frightened by the procession of cars, which must have afforded a scene truly characteristic of that light-hearted nation which can make a festival out of a trial of engineering. The mayors of the villages through which they passed fired off cannon, and the houses were adorned with flags. Proprietors of fruit gardens appeared with baskets of apricots to refresh the engine drivers. Seventeen of the carriages arrived at Rouen, a distance of seventy-nine miles, in times varying from eight to thirteen and a half hours. The first to arrive was driven by steam, but the first prize was divided between two carriages driven by the Daimler petroleum motor. The greatest speed attained by any carriage was about eighteen miles an hour. Seven dogs were run over on the route, one lady cyclist injured, and one of the boilers burst.

In the next year (1895) it was determined by 'Le Petit 'Journal' to organise another race on a larger scale. This time the course arranged was from Paris to Bordeaux and

back, a distance of 744 miles. Sixteen petroleum carriages, seven steam vehicles, two electric carriages, and two petroleum bicycles started. The first four carriages that came in were driven by petroleum motors; the shortest time taken was 48 hours 47 minutes, not counting stoppages, being an average of almost fifteen miles an hour. This was a great improvement in speed on the race of the previous year. Last autumn a race took place upon a 100-mile course near Chicago. A number of carriages entered, but not many came up to the post. The winning one was a French petroleum carriage.

It is to be regretted that the American press tolerates at present in its columns an exaggeration of which the best Americans are ashamed. The most absurd accounts have reached this country of machines which would go over sixty miles an hour on roads, of carriages driven by compressed springs wound up at starting, of absurdly light accumulators which never are produced, and of marvellous gas engines which automatically cool themselves. No one can doubt that in the future the nation which produces the best and most ingenious steel tools in the world will play a worthy part in the developement of any mechanical invention, however difficult; meanwhile America is too great a nation in mechanics to have need of all this silly bombast, which only obscures, not enhances, her great reputation for engineering skill.

Another competition has been arranged for this year in France, organised by the members of the Automobile Club. The editors of an English mechanical journal, 'Engineering,' are also to award prizes amounting to 1,000*l.* for the best carriages. They have already issued notice of the conditions of the competition. It is to be regretted that they have totally forbidden the use of light petroleum spirit, restricting petroleum engines to those which use heavy oil. There can be no doubt, as will presently be shown, that heavy oil carriages are preferable on the score of safety to those propelled by spirit, but it is perhaps a pity that some one of the prizes was not left open to light petroleum motors. By this action all chance of comparing the two is destroyed. A somewhat capricious rule has also been made, that speed over ten miles an hour is not to count at all. So that there can be no true race in any sense of the term, for it may be safely predicted that every carriage that enters for the race at all will go at a greater pace. Although, as will presently be shown, there is no such thing yet in existence as a really perfect carriage, the problem

has been solved, and it may with certainty be predicted that ere long these cars will be common in our streets.

It is now time to give some description of the different genera into which motor cars may be divided. Those which have hitherto been the most successful are driven by small engines fixed either under the seat or in front. They all have either three or four wheels. The apparatus consists of one or more cylinders, the pistons of which are driven, not by steam, but by the explosion of a small quantity of the vapour of petroleum. It is, of course, well known that all carbonaceous inflammable gases become explosive when mixed with air, and therefore at each alternate stroke a small quantity of air and carbon vapour is introduced into the cylinder and exploded at the right instant. This seems at first sight likely to be a very dangerous proceeding; but in practice there is no danger attendant on it, and the force of the explosion being all converted into work, there is no energy left to be expended in making a noise. The explosions, therefore, are quite silent. The cylinders by virtue of these explosions become heated, and require jackets of water to cool them. This is a great disadvantage, because a heavy tank of water, containing about ten gallons, must be carried in the carriage, and must be replenished with cold water from time to time upon the road. The fuel used is either what is known as petroleum spirit—that is to say, light petroleum, or 'benzoline,' or else the heavy oil which is burnt in ordinary paraffin lamps, called petroleum oil. The advantage of the former is that it is clean, it does not clog the engine with soot, it contains great working power in a small bulk, and, being volatile, the smell of it soon passes off. Any one who has used a carriage or launch driven by petroleum spirit, and also one driven by heavy oil, will easily recognise these advantages.

But all petroleum motors have grave inconveniences. In practice, the proper operation of these engines, and the due ignition of the mixture of vapour and air above mentioned, depend upon the uniformity and regularity of the speed at which they are driven. They do not admit of great changes of velocity. Hence, therefore, in order to adapt them to carriages it is necessary to have some means of varying the speed of the carriage, while that of the engine remains constant. This, as is well known, is very difficult to accomplish for machinery doing work at high speeds. Cogwheels are apt to clank and jar when thrown in and out of gear, bands upon cones slip and break; so

that it is not very easy rapidly to alter the speed of the vehicle.

Again, the high speed of the motors, say from 200 to 400 revolutions per minute, causes great vibration, and in all the carriages of this type hitherto made the whole frame trembles, and when they are standing still, the wheels being disengaged from the engines, the vibration is most unpleasant. To get rid of vibration when in motion it is expedient that the engines should be what is termed 'well balanced'—that is to say, arranged so that each rapid movement of any part is exactly counterpoised by an equal movement of an equally heavy part in the opposite direction. It is also desirable that the vibration should be horizontal, because when it is vertical it jumps directly upon the springs of the carriage, which are much more sensitive to vertical than to horizontal shocks.

There is also a further disadvantage in that petroleum engines will not start themselves. In order to start them it is necessary, just as in the case of gas engines, to get down and turn a handle rapidly round for a few times; so that if it be desired to stop the carriage without descending, this can only be done by disconnecting the wheels from the engine by a lever, and letting the engines run, doing as little work as possible, but what they do being turned into heat, or noise and vibration. Thus, when a short stoppage is made, and it is not worth while to stop the engine, it is left running, but disconnected from the wheels. All its work is therefore turned into shaking the carriage. To prevent this the best method is to give it some work to do, such as rubbing against a break. But this disadvantage will be surmounted. Several admirable inventions have been made for starting gas engines, and before long there is no doubt that they will be applied to autocars.

In those which employ petroleum spirit there is a further disadvantage, which amounts to a positive danger. Not only does benzine take fire when a match is put to it, but even when a light is brought near its vapour. So that any spilling of the liquid on the floor renders the whole building in which it is liable to be set on fire. Indeed, the vapour of petroleum spirit has been known to roll along the floor, and form a train of vapour, by which the spirit is ignited by a light a considerable distance away;* and when it burns the

* In 1877 the Regent's Park explosion was caused by a current of vapour, which escaped from some barrels of benzoline on a barge and

violence of its combustion is excessive. It has been found by experiment that one volume of petroleum spirit will evaporate into 141 volumes of vapour, which are capable of rendering 5,000 volumes of air strongly explosive, and more than three times that quantity inflammable. So dangerous is this spirit that its use is regulated by two Acts of Parliament, by which no petroleum spirit can be kept without a license, unless it is under three gallons in quantity, and kept in separate stoppered vessels containing each not more than one pint. Of course these regulations, unless they are repealed, would entirely prevent the use for autocars of engines in which petroleum spirit is employed. On the other hand, petroleum oil is not under any statutory restrictions.

When steam is talked of for driving road cars, there naturally rises to the mind an idea of a boiler with more or fewer tubes in it, filled with water, the vapour of which, when it has done its work in a small pair of cylinders, would be allowed to escape into the air. But such a contrivance would be altogether out of place in a carriage. The only boilers permissible there would be of an entirely different type. Instead of a receptacle for water, we must conceive of a network of small tubes with no water space at all. When the engine is required to start, these tubes are heated almost to a low red heat, no water being in them. If a drop of water is now introduced into the hot coils, it will at once be converted into highly heated steam, and the engines will make a few rotations. If no more water were added they would stop, but by the carefully regulated introduction of drop after drop into the boiler just so much steam is produced as is needful. The pace may be made slow or quick, and if the engines are compound there will be no snorting noise from the exhaust and but little vibration. The fire can be a furnace burning gas produced from the vapour of petroleum. This sounds a tempting solution of the difficulty. No water is required to cool the cylinders, and there is no likelihood of the engine stopping. But there are other drawbacks. If the steam were allowed to escape into the air, not only would dense clouds of white vapour be produced, but the water-

reached a fireplace on the barge 35 feet off. It was thus ignited, and the flame rushed back to the barrels, which caught fire, and caused five tons of gunpowder to explode. Several explosions in ships have also been occasioned by the leakage of vapour from barrels of paint made up with naphtha.

upply would soon be exhausted. This can be prevented by rranging apparatus for condensing the steam into water gain, and putting it back into the boiler. Unfortunately is not easy to design a condensing apparatus of a suffiiently small size to be carried in a road car. A large uantity of water and a large extent of cooling surface are equired. The invention of a good condenser of small size nd of little weight is wanted before steam autocars can be nade completely successful. In order to reduce the size of he condenser, and at the same time to cause less loss of eat, petroleum spirit has been successfully employed in the oilers, so that the vapour of benzine replaces steam. The urnace may be fed with petroleum oil, and thus be less angerous. It has been also proposed to drive carriages vith a carbonic acid gas engine, in which carbonic acid is sed instead of steam.

This whole subject is full of interest. Mr. Maxim, in his extraordinary flying machine, has shown that a steam-engine, boiler and all, can be made which will give one-horse power for every eleven pounds of weight. This engine is far lighter than would be needed for an autocar; but of course the rapid rush through the air would cool his condenser in a way that would be hopeless in a road carriage, and hence, if his engine were applied to road traction, far larger condensers would have to be added, which would considerably increase the weight. The difficulty of obtaining a metal which will bear heating to the temperature sufficient to work the boilers above described has not yet been entirely surmounted. Upon the whole it may be safely pronounced that we have not heard the last of steam for motor carriages, and that the problem of adapting them to this use presents no features of very exceptional difficulty.

We must next turn to electricity. Energy can, of course, not be originated: it can only be transformed. The energy of all electrical engines is obtained from coal, and thus indirectly from the rays of the sun in prehistoric times. As, however, it would be impossible, or hardly practicable, to carry with the carriages the engines necessary to convert the heat into electricity, some means must be found of storing or bottling up the electricity. This is done by causing it to flow into large plates of lead immersed in dilute sulphuric acid. These are called 'accumulators,' or 'storage batteries.' Each pound of the lead is capable of absorbing the energy that one horse can put out in about twenty seconds, and therefore, if we wish to store up a horse-power to last, say, for

eight hours, we must have about 1,440 lb. of lead. Whence, then, in practice a four-wheeled carriage ought not to have less than about a ton of accumulators in addition to the dynamo. This is a considerable weight; and if 600 lb. is put down for the carriage, 600 lb. for the dynamo, and 800 lb. for four passengers and their luggage, we should obtain a vehicle just weighing two tons, and capable of exerting practically about two-horse power for six or seven hours. It is calculated that for ordinary carriages about half a ton is the maximum weight that should be put upon each of the ordinary wheels with 2½-inch tires; but two-horse power would be fully required to drag a two-ton carriage at any reasonable speed over a fairly rough road. Hence, then, it is clear that the weight of accumulators is a great obstacle to their use. When, however, this has been overcome the advantage of electrical carriages will be very great. They will be quite free from vibration, from smell, and from danger. They will want no attention; they can be stopped and started at pleasure. It will require some new arrangements to enable their speed to be varied, but there seems no reasonable doubt that a dynamo can be contrived which, by suitable arrangements of switches, can be made to vary its speed at pleasure.

Here, then, we have the interesting spectacle of three forms of engine, moved by petroleum, steam, and electricity, about to compete in the solution of the problem of driving a carriage which shall be manageable, safe, economical, and comfortable. By none of them has the feat been yet accomplished; but each of these three competitors seems to have about an equal chance of success.

Up to the present time the engines which have succeeded the best are the Daimler and Benz petroleum engines; but they leave much to be desired, and will in time, no doubt, be superseded by far better ones. So far as a forecast can be made, it seems probable that some form of petroleum engine will eventually be the most successful.

There is much to criticise in all the carriages which have been hitherto constructed. In order to be economically made the wheels, frame, and engines should be uniform in pattern, and capable of being mounted with a brougham, victoria, or phaeton, as required—nay more, these tops should be interchangeable. But at present the engines are fitted into the well or boot of a vehicle by being attached to the woodwork. Not all of them have as yet been furnished with pneumatic tires, which in course of time will

be fitted to all carriages designed for pleasure. It may seem somewhat difficult to see why a pneumatic tire to a wheel produces ease of draught as well as comfort. The fact can easily be proved by letting a bicycle wheel with a pneumatic tire run down a hill in competition with a wheel with an iron tire. The true reason is to be found in the fact that when an ordinary wheel goes over stones, at each jolt the axle is raised a short distance and bumped down again. If there are no springs, and the weight on the wheel is half a ton, and the stones over which it jolts are only one eighth of an inch high, we should thus lose about one hundred and twenty-five foot-pounds at every bump, and five such bumps every second on each of four wheels would absorb a horse-power. In a carriage with springs, inasmuch as only the wheel would jump, but the body remain nearly still, the loss of power would be far less; whence well-hung carriages are easier to draw, as well as easy to drive in. But with a pneumatic tire not even the wheel would be caused to rise. The only effect would be the indentation of the rim, and thus the waste of energy would be a minimum. We may therefore anticipate the universal use of pneumatic tires for the new carriages.

It is always rash to forecast the future of a new invention. Nevertheless, it may be of some interest to endeavour to form an estimate of the future use of motor cars, and of the changes to which that use may give rise. In the first place, it will be curious to observe which out of the many hideous names that have been proposed will survive. Cycles began with the pompous name, 'velocipede,' but have ended in the slang 'bike.' The Americans call cars that are driven by electricity 'electrobats,' and for the others we may apparently take our choice of 'horseless carriage,' 'automobile,' 'autocar,' 'motor car,' 'road car,' 'road locomotive,' and 'engine carriage.' The last appears perhaps the most euphonious, and can be separated into genera by the use of the words 'engine cart' and 'engine cab.' It must, however, be admitted that our choice is a choice of evils.

Passing, however, from the name to the probable cost, it may be estimated that the price of a good engine carriage will be about the same as that of a corresponding carriage, horse, and harness. And it is probable that the repairs, painting, and lubrication of the engine will nearly correspond with the repairs and minor expenses attendant upon a carriage and horse. The stabling will be less, but the driver will probably be paid about the same wage as a

coachman. There remains, then, only the comparison of the provender and litter of a horse with the consumption of oil of the car. A horse's provender will cost about 1*l.* a week. Suppose we estimate the average day's work of the horse at twenty miles, then the week's work of six days would be 120 miles, which would work out at 2*d.* a mile. The corresponding cost of a petroleum motor of $2\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power would, however, be only $\frac{1}{2}d.$ a mile—that is to say, one-fourth of the cost of the horse. Two other advantages also remain. For the care of a horse and carriage requires special skill, whereas any servant would very soon learn how to clean and drive an engine carriage. Besides, the horse must be fed whether he works or not, whereas the engine carriage may be put away for any period. For speed and endurance the engine carriage has the advantage. Years ago, as has been mentioned, a carriage was driven by steam on a road at a rate nearly double that which a horse can attain. And as the length of an engine carriage will be about half that of a horse and carriage, its powers of turning will be much greater. It will not kick nor run away; it can be left to mind itself in the road; and if it breaks a part, a new one can be immediately procured to replace it. Besides, an engine carriage will easily run a hundred miles in seven or eight hours, which no horse could accomplish. Hence we may anticipate that within a measurable interval of time engine carts will replace the huge vans which are now seen everywhere in London, and that our hackney cabs will be replaced by engine cabs. This will probably bring about sixpenny fares.

A service of automobile cabs has been organised in Paris, but has not yet come into use. If a similar project is started in London, it is to be hoped that the company which promotes it will take pains not only to secure a fair day's wage to their men, but to punish them for making over-charges. There is no doubt that the systematic action of some cabmen in regularly demanding more than their fares, in never having change, and in refusing to say what they claim, has seriously injured the trade. If in a new engine-cab company the owners undertook to refund all cases of proved overcharge and to prosecute the men, and took pains to ensure cleanliness and civility, there is good reason to anticipate a success for them. Nor could the drivers of horse cabs retaliate. If a horse cab drove into an engine cab, the question of weight would settle the matter, and it would be 'a bad look-out for the cab.'

It is usually estimated that of the wear and tear of vehicles upon roads, 60 per cent. is due to the hoofs of the horses, and 40 per cent. to the action of the wheels. Hence, if engine carriages are adopted we might expect to see the disappearance of half such part of the mud of our streets as is composed of disintegrated stone, and all that part of it which is composed of horsedung. But if pneumatic tires are largely used, there is no reason why any mud should exist at all, or any of the poisonous summer dust which engenders throat disease.

It seems to be generally admitted that the heavy fall in value which has taken place in the better-class houses in the West End of London is due to a growing desire to make the chief home in the country. A country home and a flat in London is becoming the ideal of many of those whom business or pleasure compels to reside in the capital. This movement is partly the result of the breaking-up of London society into many sections. It is partly due to the very great increase of rates, and the feeling of insecurity produced by the prospect of vast increase in the future; partly also to the great increase in the cost of building. This exodus will probably be facilitated and accelerated by engine carriages. It is often difficult to arrange for a train to take a man from his office at any hour. He may first have to traverse a considerable distance in a cab, and then there may only be a few trains available. But with an autocar the ordinary pace of which is fifteen miles an hour, and which on emergencies could go much faster, he will be able to start when he pleases, and the vehicle during the day will easily find standing-room in some court or yard. It will take him to his door, instead of, like a train, only to the nearest station. By the aid of engine carriages many places in the country round London will become available for residence which are at present inaccessible owing to the imperfection of the train service. As to speed, although an average of more than fifteen miles per hour will not be often used, it will be quite possible even to attain a speed of thirty miles an hour upon a vehicle provided with large pneumatic tires, which will bowl along the roads like an indiarubber ball, instead of jolting over every pebble.

The great demand which there will be for these carriages, especially for use as tradesmen's carts, may be expected to develope an industry quite as important as the cycle trade. This will inevitably engender the usual crop of companies and company-promoters, and it is not improbable that a bubble

movement may take place similar to that which succeeded the invention of incandescent electric lamps. Those who are wise will recollect that in the matter of gas engines there is really no master-patent, as there was in the case of the telephone or the electric lamp, and no subsidiary patent worth any considerable sum of money. The company which is most likely to succeed is that which starts free from all patents, and prepared to work on license any that come into the market. But to agree to give a large sum of money for the use even of a good patent, in the present state of knowledge, is almost sure to lead to financial disaster. In the present depressed state of the money-market, where investments yielding 4 per cent. are eagerly sought for, it is only natural to expect that gambling will take place, and safe to prophesy that large sums of money will soon be paid for patents or patent rights which are quite worthless.

The principal centre of the new trade will probably be Coventry or some other Midland town. It is rather surprising that the cycle trade has not made more progress in London. The cost of bringing the materials to town is not very large, and the proportionate quantity of iron and coal used in manufacture is not very considerable. Hence there is no special reason why the factories should be close to the coal and iron mines. A leading promoter of a new company which is being formed to manufacture engine carriages, when asked if he intended to come to London, replied in the negative, alleging as a reason that the London workmen were entirely demoralised, and could not be depended on to work steadily. We should be inclined to question the truth of this remark, and it is to be regretted that such an idea should have taken root; for it seems certain that no new trades are coming to London, while many of those which demand special skill are leaving it.

One of the most important applications of the new machines will be in the opportunities they will give of bringing agricultural produce and market-garden produce rapidly and certainly to market. So useful will they be in this respect, that in many instances they will serve the purpose of light railways.

The above considerations led Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the President of the Local Government Board during the term of office of the late Liberal Government, to bring in a Bill for making the use of engine carriages legal. The present President of the Local Government Board was no sooner in office than he also turned his attention to light locomotives,

and a Bill is to be introduced into Parliament dealing with the subject. The Bill proposed by Mr. Shaw Lefevre was designed to enable local authorities to make rules for the use of light road locomotives. It may, however, be questioned whether the local authorities would have been able to take such united action as is necessary in the case of carriages which are to be used all over the kingdom. So long as the effect of any legislation is confined within the area of a county, the County Council may be trusted to cope with it. Upon such questions as local sanitation, or county improvements, or the care of the poor, no body can be so fit to lay down rules as the representatives of the locality in which the improvements are to be made or the unions governed. But when questions arise of a wider scope than these which merely concern the county, a legislation of a wider character is required. Carriages are designed not to be used in one county only, but to move from place to place. Any vexatious or unreasonable law made by one county may affect the comfort of all those which surround it, and it would be almost as reasonable to enable counties to determine what ships should enter their harbours as to decide upon what sorts of wagons or carts might go along their roads. It is, therefore, much to be desired that whatever rules are to be made upon this subject should be made by a single central authority, which will place all parts of the kingdom upon the same footing, only permitting such local variations as the special nature of particular places requires. It is quite impossible in the present state of our knowledge to say what the rules will have to be. If the public is careful and reasonable, probably but little restriction will be needful; but if the passing of an Act to permit the use of mechanical carriages is immediately to call into existence a number of what in vulgar language are known as 'scorchers,' determined to tear along the roads at thirty miles an hour, with no proper safety-valves to the boilers, reckless whether or no they terrify horses and run over children, provided with no numbers, and only intent upon escape as soon as they have caused an accident, then stringent regulations may become necessary.

The extraordinary speed which these carriages will attain, the fun to be obtained from the risk of running at a high speed, will probably lead to some scenes of road racing which will quite extinguish everything that has been attempted by cycles. There would, perhaps, be no particular reason for stopping these races if only the safety of the

drivers were concerned. It is no more dangerous than hunting, and not so dangerous as steeplechasing, and may be made quite as exciting as either. But in the interests of those quiet folk who like to drive a pony carriage without being overturned by a runaway engine car, it will be probably needful to devise some regulations to prevent the use of machines not properly provided with safe apparatus. Again, all petroleum engines make the most smell when they are stopped; and therefore on a hot summer's day, when there is no wind, it is probable that a large number of autocars proceeding at a slow pace in a crowded street would make the air quite unbearable with the odour of paraffin. Besides, the use of petroleum spirit would be a source of danger to the houses surrounding the place in which it was kept and the tanks of the engine carriages were filled. Not only would the insurance rate for such a building itself be raised, but an increase would be made in the insurance rate of all its neighbours.

These considerations, coupled with the fact that, according to the existing law, petroleum spirit cannot be used in autocars at all, point to the necessity of some authority being empowered to frame from time to time regulations for the use of inflammable liquids. It is impossible to frame them at present—our knowledge is not sufficient; but as invention progresses there will be no difficulty in bringing into shape a set of rules which shall allow the utmost latitude compatible with public safety.

It is not desirable to fetter this new invention by hard and fast rules as to speed which are not applied to other vehicles. The Act which has just been introduced into the House of Lords removes light locomotives which weigh less than ten tons, and are not used for drawing any other vehicle, altogether from the operation of the Locomotives Acts. They need therefore pay no tax, except the ordinary carriage duty; nor are they subject to any of the restrictions which have been above enumerated. They are exactly on the same footing as carriages and carts drawn by horses. They must be so constructed as not to emit smoke or visible vapour; and it is further enacted that if any one negligently drives them, or suffers them to be without due control, he shall forfeit 2*l*. With regard to the use of liquid and other fuel, they are subject to regulations which will be framed in that department of the Home Office which deals with the Petroleum Acts. It cannot be said of this Act that it is not framed in a wide and generous spirit; and under it

there will be the most ample scope for improvements. It is not to be expected that these engine carriages will at once be perfected. They are certainly not beautiful at present; they will probably remain as ugly as cycles and other sorts of machinery usually are; but in time they will be greatly improved. In the early days of railways a writer in a pamphlet called the 'Fingerpost' said:

'I must ask the traveller to indulge his imagination with an excursion some twenty or thirty years forward in the regions of time, when the dark, unsightly, shapeless machine that now offends him, even in idea, shall be metamorphosed into one of exquisite symmetry and beauty, glittering with all the pomp and circumstance the pride of wealth knows so well how to bestow—a machine that may regale his nostrils with exhalations, not from pit coal and train oil, but from some more genial produce of the earth, and last, but not least, may minister to his palate in a style somewhat superior to the comforts enjoyed by a mail-coach dinner-party in 1825.'

More than seventy years have passed since this was written. Engines still remain almost, if not quite, as ugly as in the days of the 'Rocket,' and we have not yet seen them perfumed with automatic scent-diffusers. The ecstatic hopes of the author appear to be still unfulfilled, except as regards his prophetic vision of a dinner in a Pullman car. But had this writer been told that by means of engines he would be enabled to dine in London and breakfast the next morning in Edinburgh, or to go in less than five days from England to Constantinople, he would have considered it as improbable as we now consider the prospects of travelling with flying machines. It is very difficult to forecast the future. All, perhaps, that can be prophesied with confidence is, that as soon as the use of engine cars has been rendered legal, progression along common roads will be improved to an extent that only those who have studied the subject consider credible.

ART. VII.—*The History of English Law before the Time of Edward I.* By Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., M.A., LL.D., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, and FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND, LL.D., Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. In 2 vols. Cambridge: 1895.

THE form and growth of English law is, and always has been, unsymmetrical; it is, indeed, conspicuously characteristic of the whole growth of English political and social institutions. Equally also a scientific investigation and study of it have always been noticeably absent in this country, and without exaggeration it may be said that the late Sir FitzJames Stephen's 'History of the Criminal 'Law' was the first real attempt to treat a substantial portion of the subject in the modern historical manner—that is to say, to investigate facts with the care and patience which have characterised the researches of scientific men during the present century. Previous writers based theories on very insufficient evidence, with the result that many unwarranted conclusions have been accepted as true, and that in many respects the accepted knowledge of English law has been alike imperfect and false. In no small degree this has arisen from a lack of material; various 'sources of knowledge 'have been published for the first time since 1800 by the 'Record Commissioners or in the Rolls Series, or by some 'learned society, the Camden or the Surtees, the Pipe Roll 'or the Selden.' The result of these publications, which in the domain of law are analogous to such materials in the more purely historical field as the so-called reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, has been to lay before the competent student a great mass of raw material, often confused and often imperfect, but which, when properly sifted, has proved of the greatest value. These opportunities have arisen when the marked advance in the manner of historical study in this country, not to speak of the scientific investigations on the Continent into the mediæval law of Europe and England, was certain within no long time to produce a similar study of English law in this country. The first large and comprehensive result has now been seen in the remarkable 'History of English Law before the Time of 'Edward I.,' for which, as the Preface states, we are chiefly

indebted to Mr. F. W. Maitland. The publication of the work distinctly marks a new era in our legal literature. It places the study of English law on the same footing as that of our history or our literature; it gives us a comprehensive and, so far as it is possible, an accurate account of the history of English law to a point which marks the end of one era and the beginning of another.

Up to this time English law had not existed: there had been Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Norman, and Roman law. There had been Norman and ecclesiastical and Roman influences at work. By the year 1272 English law, as we now understand it, had attained a definite shape; numerous changes, as well in its substance as its form, thereafter occurred from century to century; but we witness from this date not so much the gradual creation of a national law, and judiciary, which is the characteristic feature of the earlier period, as the alterations co-extensive with the growth of England of a particular and definite system. Metaphorically from this time the various streams from different sources are united into one, which, widening, varying in aspect, broken in the one place and diverted in another, has yet unmistakably one great and complete individuality. The metaphor, it is true, must not be pressed too far; it must not be supposed that English law from the time of Edward I. contained streams themselves clearly defined at that date, but it is a mixture of several systems, each being gradually modified during the course of time. 'The 'picture,' write the authors of the work,

'of two streams of law meeting to form one river would deceive us, even could we measure the volume and analyse the waters of each of these fancied streams. The law which prevails in the England of the twelfth century—this one thing we may say with some certainty—cannot be called a mixture of the law which prevailed in England on the day when the Confessor was alive and dead, with the law which prevailed in Normandy on the day when William set sail from Saint Valery. Nor can we liken it to a chemical compound which is the result of a combination of these two elements. Other elements which are not racial have gone to its making. Hardly have Normans and Englishmen been brought into contact, before Norman barons rebel against their Norman lord, and the divergence between the interests of the king and the interests of the great feudatories becomes as potent a cause of legal phenomena as any old English or old Frankish traditions can be. Nor, to take but one other example, dare we neglect, if we are to be true to our facts, the personal characters of the great men who accomplished the subjection of England, the characters of William and Lanfranc. The effects, even the legal effects, of a Norman conquest of England would assuredly have been very different

from what they were, had the invading host been led by a Robert Curthose. And in order to notice just one more of the hundred forces which play upon our legal history, we have but to suppose that the Conqueror instead of leaving three sons had left one only, and to ask whether in that case a charter of liberties would ever have been granted in England. We have not to speak here of all these causes; they do not come within the history of law; only we must protest against the too common assumption, that the English law of later times must in some sort be just a mixture, or a compound, of two old national laws.' (Vol. i. p. 58.)

This protest is necessary as against a too stringent application of the metaphor, but with the qualification to be found in the passage which we have quoted it makes the character of the early growth of our law more comprehensible.

It will be our endeavour to show, by reference to some few parts of the subject of this book, how the authors of this work have depicted the gradual growth, as well as the main characteristics, of English law to the time at which their history ceases. But one cardinal point needs at the outset to be emphasised, and that is the connexion of the law with the political and social state of the country. Nothing has tended more to divert men from a study of English law than the regarding it as a separate science; for it can never be properly studied unless it is considered in its relations to the nation generally and the national life. Law in some way is constantly affecting the daily affairs of each member of the community, and yet there is no subject which has been considered in a more detached manner and without reference to its social or political effects.

The means of attaining justice are of the highest importance in every community, and we may therefore at once direct our attention to the subject of judicial institutions. Of Anglo-Saxon law the evidence is necessarily obscure, and in such a state of society as existed in England prior to the Norman Conquest elaborate institutions of any kind are not to be expected. But, on the other hand, there may exist in rude communities a simplicity which may well be the envy of more advanced societies. And this was the case in the England of the Anglo-Saxons. The ordinary courts of public justice

'were the county court and the hundred court, of which the county court was appointed to be held twice a year, the hundred every four weeks. Poor and rich men alike were entitled to have right done to them, though the need of emphasising this elementary point of law

in the third quarter of the tenth century suggests that the fact was often otherwise.' (Vol. i. p. 18.)

We should be wrong, however, if we allowed our ideas of courts of law in modern times to govern our minds in regard to those of such a primitive time as the tenth century. The courts were then held in the open air. Of their procedure we know nothing; indeed, procedure scarcely existed. The judges were, of course, the leading men of the county and the hundred respectively: there was the ealdorman; the bishop too sat in the county court, since the Church claimed for him a large share in the direction of even secular justice. Probably the bishop was often the only member of the court who possessed any learning or any systematic training in public affairs. The means of enforcing judgements were rude; the subjects of these judgements were offences and wrongs common in every simple state of society—homicide, theft, more especially cattle-stealing. 'The law of contract is so 'rudimentary as barely to be distinguishable from the law 'of property.' In later years above and below the local courts are the king's courts and the private courts of lords, spiritual and temporal, of various degree. Of the latter next to nothing is to be seen in Anglo-Saxon times. That there were rights of private jurisdiction is a matter of surmise rather than of proof. It is possible, it may even be probable, that to a limited extent they existed before the Conquest. It is sufficient, however, to assume such a possibility from subsequent facts without direct evidence at an earlier date.

Of the preservation of the peace, and of the punishment of offences by the king, there is just as little evidence as of private jurisdictions; but that it existed is nevertheless not a matter of doubt, though the extent of it is unknown. But what we have to bear in mind is that in these early times 'the king's peace' does not represent a general royal jurisdiction. The phrase comes from a time 'when 'the king's protection was not universal but particular, 'when the king's peace was not for all men or all places. 'Breach of the king's peace was an act of personal disobedi- 'ence, and a much graver matter than an ordinary breach 'of public order: it made the wrongdoer the king's 'enemy.' There was a sanctity belonging to the king's house, arising from the greater respect which attached to him. His attendants and those over whom he threw his protection were entitled to be kept from hurt by means of

his authority. Thus the particular protection of the early king grew into the general jurisdiction of later monarchs.

When we reach the times of the Norman and the Angevin kings we are on both firmer and more interesting ground. The jurisdiction of the king, however, to which we have just referred, was long in forming itself into what we call courts of law under the Norman kings. 'The king's justice was 'still extraordinary; the local courts were those to which 'men went; the king's court was not in permanent session.'

'Under the two Williams the name *curia Regis* seems to be borne only by those great assemblages that collect round the king thrice a year when he wears his crown, on the great festivals of the Church. It was in such assemblages that the king's justice was done under his own eye, and no doubt he got his way; still it was not for him to make the judgements of his court. Under Henry I. something that is more like a permanent tribunal, a group of justiciars presided over by a chief justiciar, becomes apparent. Twice a year this group, taking the name of "the exchequer," sat round the chequered table, received the royal revenue, audited the sheriffs' accounts, and did incidental justice. From time to time some of its members would be sent through the counties to hear the pleas of the crown, and litigants who were great men began to find it worth their while to bring their cases before this powerful tribunal. We cannot say that these justiciars were professionally learned in English law: but the king chose for the work trusty barons and able clerks, and some of these clerks, besides having long experience as financiers and administrators, must have known at least a little of the new canonical jurisprudence. But for all this when Henry died little had yet been done towards centralising in one small body of learned men the whole work of justice.' (Vol. i. p. 86.)

We have to go forward for more than half a century before we can really find national and recognised courts of justice; for it is in what the authors of this new history of English law term, perhaps a little fancifully, the age of Glanville—in other words, in the reign of Henry II.—that the system of English justice becomes visible in distinct and clearly defined forms. Glanville was, indeed, a conspicuous figure in the reign of Henry II., but it is doubtful if he wrote the book—'A Treatise on the Laws and Customs of 'England, composed in the time of Henry the Second, while 'the Honourable Ranulph Glanvill held the Helm of Justice' —which is associated with his name. Indeed, the probabilities are in favour of the work being that of some clerk who had followed Glanville's decisions, rather than of a man who was a statesman and a soldier, as well as a lawyer—if lawyer even a chief justice may be called in the twelfth century. Glanville came of an old Suffolk family. In 1163

he was made sheriff of Yorkshire; eleven years later, being then sheriff of Lancashire, he defeated the Scots near Alnwick, capturing their king. 'From that time forward 'he was a prominent man, high in the King's favour, a 'man to be employed as general, ambassador, judge, and 'sheriff. In 1180 he became chief justiciar of England—'prime minister, we may say, and viceroy.' He went with Richard to the crusades, and died at Acre in 1190. The book which has been called after him seems to have been composed before the death of Henry. It is in the highest degree improbable that a man with the various high duties which were cast on Glanville would have the time, even if he had the inclination, to carry out a task more fitted for the scholar and the clerk than the man of action and the judge. On the other hand, nothing can be more likely than that some competent secretary or clerk should associate such a book with the name of his master—'cujus sapientia 'conditæ sunt leges subscriptæ,' says Hoveden. That legal wisdom it would be the natural desire of an industrious subordinate to perpetuate. And some one has done so, giving us a notable landmark in the history of English law, in a book in which we see procedure and substantial law gradually shaping themselves out of an early legal obscurity, and the elementary divisions of what we now term civil and criminal law also becoming apparent; it is a book, however, which helps us to realise the importance of the reign of Henry II. in the history of our law, rather than one which perpetuates the fame of a jurist.

We must resume, however, our consideration of the legal history of the time, and we may say shortly that at the end of that reign we have—still somewhat uncertain in its character, but yet clearly established—a central and permanent court, where the king dispensed justice through the agency of skilled men; and we have also a system of itinerant courts held by justices who were acting for the king. The number and *personnel* of these justices was uncertain, the procedure of the courts was not established, but yet

'we may say that before the end of the reign there is a permanent central tribunal of persons expert in the administration of justice—of sworn judges. It can be distinguished from the courts held by the itinerant justices, for though every such court is *curia Regis*, this is *capitalis curia Regis*. It can be distinguished from the exchequer, for though it often sits at the exchequer, and though its principal justices will be also the principal barons of the exchequer,

it has a seal of its own and may well sit away from Westminster, while the fiscal business of the exchequer could hardly be transacted elsewhere. It can be distinguished from those great councils of prelates and nobles that the king holds from time to time; questions too great for it are to be reserved for such councils. Probably it is already getting the name of "the bench," and its justices are justices residing at the bench. Though it is *curia Regis* and *capitalis curia Regis*, it is not necessarily held *coram ipso Rege*. Apparently the writs that summon litigants before it bid them appear "before the king or before his justices," that is to say, before the king if he happens to be in England and doing justice, and if not, then before his justices. No doubt when the king is in this country he will sometimes preside in court, but whether the justices will then follow the king in his progresses we cannot say for certain; as a matter of fact during the last eight years of his reign the king's visits to England were neither very frequent nor very long. On the whole Westminster seems to be becoming the fixed home of this tribunal; but as yet all its arrangements are very easily altered.' (Vol. i. p. 133.)

When we arrive at another period—'the age of Bracton,' at the date at which this history ends, the beginning of the reign of Edward I.—we have reached a time when the courts of law had taken that final form which they were to retain for six centuries, until by modern lawyers they were thrown back into that cumbrous whole from which by the necessities of advancing civilisation they had gradually evolved themselves. The reforms of 1875 were carried out with perhaps too little regard to the course of history and the modern tendency to specialisation, and in the present Supreme Court of Judicature we see the form of the ruder age of the twelfth century.

If we look at what were at one time called the courts of common law, we see that there are at this time three distinct tribunals. The Exchequer was in a less defined state as a legal tribunal than the other courts to which we shall presently refer. It was 'in part a judicial tribunal, in part 'a financial bureau.' Its duty as a government department, if we may use the modern phrase, was the real reason for its action as a court of law, though it is a curious fact that the dual character which the Court of Exchequer afterwards came to possess as the forum in which disputes about the revenue were settled and as an ordinary court of law was already becoming apparent. Its duty was primarily to find what was due to the king, and to compel the payment of it. It was natural that from this more limited jurisdiction should grow a correlative one—namely, of adjudicating on claims against the king. Thus, when a man

thinks that he has a claim against the king, either in respect of some debt that the king owes him or in respect of some land that the king has seized, he will (this is the common practice of Edward I.'s day) present a petition to the king and council, and a favourable response to his petition will generally delegate the matter to the treasurer and barons, and bid them do what is right.' (Vol. i. p. 171.)

Under such circumstances the barons of the Exchequer were told to obtain the more legal assistance of the judges of the other courts. This tribunal was resorted to by ordinary suitors for very obvious reasons. It was doubtless regarded as a kind of tribunal of arbitration: it was trusted in its special disputes; it was without the drawbacks of the local courts, and those who composed it were quite willing to enlarge their special jurisdiction. In spite of the fact that attempts were carefully made to prevent this trenching on the province of the other tribunals, the general jurisdiction of the Court of Exchequer by means of some legal fictions became an accomplished fact. In the age of Bracton this Court existed, but under difficulties, though it had reached a definite form as a special and a general tribunal. But the Exchequer was not in theory the king's court; it was not the court in which justice was dispensed by the sovereign, or, in his absence, by his own selected judges. That court had by the time of Edward I. grown into two distinct tribunals, with two distinct court rolls—the Common Bench, 'the appropriate tribunal for ordinary civil suits between subject and subject,' and the King's Bench, which was, strictly speaking, 'the court of our lord the king held before the king himself.'

There is always a danger in formulating too sharply descriptions of institutions which have a gradual growth, and in some respects it would be misleading to speak of the King's Bench at the end of the thirteenth century as if it were a simple municipal tribunal for the decision of ordinary disputes, for at any moment the king might be present, and its resemblance to a modern law court would then be lost in the return of the archaic and picturesque personal jurisdiction of the sovereign. This royal presence was, however, fast disappearing: it had appeared in a fluctuating manner for years, so that at times the Bench had been non-existent; while the Common Bench, as during the minority of Henry III., had been the king's court. Nor has the distinction between the king's court as we understand it and the king sitting with his council become altogether clear. 'There remain in suspense many questions as to

'the composition and jurisdiction of this the highest of all 'tribunals. . . . The fourteenth century has to answer 'these questions; the thirteenth leaves them open.' It is enough, however, that at this particular period we are able to see in defined form the courts of law which for several centuries were to exist in the same shape and to exercise the same powers. Again, we are able to see with reasonable distinctness the despatch of justice in the king's name in the country districts. But though the itinerant judges, whether for the purpose of the trial of criminals or for the decision of civil disputes, were partly justices from the king's court, the exclusive duty had by no means yet devolved on them. Early in Henry III.'s reign 'this work 'was often entrusted to four knights of the shire; at a later 'time one of the permanent justices would usually be named, 'and allowed to associate some knights with himself.' In nothing is the ubiquity of the law more noticeable than in these species of jurisdiction. In the second year of Edward I.'s reign 'two thousand commissions of assize were issued;' in other words, the king's courts had jurisdiction in the remotest corner of the realm. But, again, we must not carry into our survey of this mediæval jurisdiction our ideas of the assize of the nineteenth century. The eyre, or iter, was much more than what we should now term a court of assize. Let us give the picture as it is presented to us in this 'History of English Law.'

'If we suppose an eyre in Cambridgeshire announced, this has the effect of stopping all Cambridgeshire business in the bench. Litigants who have been told to appear before the justices at Westminster will now have to appear before the justices in eyre at Cambridge. There is no business before the bench at Westminster if an eyre has been proclaimed in all the counties. Then, again, the justices are provided with a long list of interrogatories (*capitula itineris*) which they are to address to local juries. Every hundred, every vill in the county must be represented before them. These interrogatories—their number increases as time goes on—ransack the memories of the jurors and the local records for all that has happened in the shire since the last eyre took place some seven years ago; every crime, every invasion of royal rights, every neglect of police duties must be presented. The justices must sit in the county town from week to week and even from month to month before they will have got through the tedious task and inflicted the due tale of fines and amercements. Three or four of the permanent judges will be placed in the commission; with them will be associated some of the magnates of the district; bishops and even abbots, to the scandal of strict Churchmen, have to serve as justices in eyre. Probably it was thought expedient that some of the great freeholders of the county should be commissioned, in order that no man might say that his judges were not his peers. An eyre was a sore burden; the men of Cornwall

fled before the face of the justices; we hear assertions of a binding custom that an eyre shall not take place more than once in seven years.' (Vol. i. p. 180.)

The view which we thus get is of a wide-spreading justice, of courts of law as yet unfettered by technical rules. For what in more recent times has been known as 'equity' as distinguished from 'law'—in other words, a justice more rational because less technical—had not yet come into being, for the very simple reason that it was not yet required. The Chancery was, therefore, not a judicial tribunal at all. 'The need of a separate court of equity is not yet felt, for 'the King's Court, which is not yet hampered by many 'statutes or by accurately formulated case law, can do 'equity.' The non-existence of this 'equitable' jurisdiction indicates not only the absence of complex disputes for decision and of harassing legal technicalities, but also shows us that the functions of judges were more in the nature of those now exercised by men whom we should term arbitrators. We have reached, in fact, a period of some definiteness of jurisdictions combined with much indefiniteness of technical law and procedure. A greater complexity of civilisation was followed by a remarkable increase in the technicality of English law, and the age of Bracton was in some respects an Arcadian period, when a universal justice was dispensed without costs and without being encumbered by legal formalities.

Equally noticeable and important is the change which has now become apparent in the character of the judges of the king's courts: ecclesiastics are giving place to laymen, and among laymen a body of professional lawyers is becoming evident who are either advisers of or advocates for suitors. The change was gradual; the king's judges were not drawn exclusively from the laity for many years, and of Edward I.'s judges not a few were clerks. But before the end of Henry III.'s reign 'the lay element is beginning to outweigh the ecclesiastical,' and we have, therefore, passed out of that archaic period of society in which the priest is the judge. This is, of course, a social phenomenon of considerable importance; it marks a distinct epoch, for the more elementary a society the stronger is the religious influence in the sphere of law. The causes of this are diverse; with them, however, we are not concerned here. What has to be noted is the commencement of professional judges and of a professional class of lawyers, when precedents begin to be of validity, when technical forms gain a frequently unreasonable importance, and judicial decisions are based on a general

body of recognised and substantive law rather than on an uncertain mixture of moral and religious rules, customs, and common sense. The great work of Bracton is illustrative of this. It has been well described in a single phrase as being 'Romanesque in form, English in substance.' The influence of the canon law and of Roman law is obvious not only in its breadth of view, but in some classical pedantries, occasionally also in some actual rules which supply the absence of authority arising either from English dicta, practice, or custom. But 'the main matter of his 'treatise is genuine English law, laboriously collected out of 'the plea rolls of the King's Court.' Some of these decisions may have been grounded in the first instance on principles of the Roman law, but as they existed when Bracton took them in hand they were the gradual results of the judicial enunciations of the King's Court during the preceding periods. We must be careful, however, to guard ourselves against supposing that the modern system prevailed by which certain cases formed precedents which are binding authorities on the Court. Decisions in this mediæval age were illustrations of the custom of the King's Court, which 'is the custom of England and becomes the common 'law.' They constitute a body of recognised law, but they do not individually govern and conclude judges in regard to certain states of facts, nor were they known to all the judges or to all their clerks. They formulate the opinions of those who had had to administer the law upon all manner of subjects; these had been regarded from an essentially English point of view.* So far as Bracton was concerned, he only used his intimacy with canon and Roman law to enunciate his views gathered with exceptional industry from these decisions in an orderly and ample form and with keen point. He produced a treatise, and not a mere collection of notes and cases. His work focussed with amplitude and clearness the national law which had been growing up since the Conquest, and it enables us to realise with some distinctness the real beginnings of the English common law, and to define it in this particular age. The term 'common law' is a vague one: it has even in the minds of lawyers a considerable indefiniteness, it is regarded as something opposed both to statute and to case law, whereas this work of

* In the exceedingly important case raising the question whether a palatinate can be partitioned, the magnates reject foreign precedents, 'nec voluerunt judicare per exempla usitata in partibus transmarinis.' (Vol. i. p. 162, note 3.)

Bracton shows us that the elements are largely composed of judicial decisions. It formed also a basis for the works of future writers and for many judicial decisions in later years, as the subject-matter of English law expanded with the advance of population and civilisation. It is, in fact, a kind of legal vantage-ground, dividing two periods, from which we can look into the past and the future.

Bracton's career is also illustrative of that characteristically hybrid personality of the time, the ecclesiastic who is half a lawyer and who is the product of the combination of two ages. He can be described in a few words. His name was Henry of Bratton; he was a Devonshire man, and probably began his career as clerk to William Raleigh, a justice of the Common Bench and later Bishop of Norwich. From a justice in eyre he became a justice of the King's Court, from which position he appears to have retired about the year 1257, though at the day of his death, in 1267, he continued to act as justice of assize in the West. If this were all that could be said of him, he would be regarded simply and solely as a lawyer; but soon after he ceased to be judge of the central court he became rector of Combe, near Teignhead, and subsequently rector of Bideford, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and chancellor of Exeter Cathedral. Thus he was a lawyer and an ecclesiastic. He reached a judicial position, after the manner of the French judges of to-day, by subordinate official work. The best portion of his life he seems to have passed as a purely legal judge, and he ended it acting both as a judge of assize and a Church dignitary of some importance. He is typical of an age of transition, when a legal officer, though an ecclesiastic, was, while performing legal functions, practically wholly a lawyer and took up clerical functions rather as the occupation of the later days of life than as the work of his youth and manhood. But though both Bracton and his predecessor Glanville are noticeable figures in the history of English law it may be doubted whether it was desirable in this history to name two epochs after them. The works associated with their names enable us to understand the state of English law at the time when they were composed, but they cannot be regarded as books which influenced it in substance or in form; they are indicative rather than formative, and an historical period should hardly be named after any man unless he has had a paramount influence on his age.

In considering the growth of the legal tribunals we should naturally be led to a consideration not only of the forms by

which their assistance was obtained and of the means by which their judgements were enforced, but of the substantive law which formed the subject-matter of their decisions: to do so in detail would, however, plunge the reader into too large a mass of legal technicalities; but one feature in relation to this growth is obvious above all technicalities—that is, the native character both of English law and procedure. No doubt here and there Continental influences may be traceable, due to the learning of some ecclesiastics; but such features are isolated, and the progress of both law and procedure is marked by an individuality which has made the English common law a system of its own, not adopted from the codes or decisions of the Continent, but bearing on every part of it the impress of the national movements among which it arose and of the ruling men among whom it had its growth. Of this native character there is to be found a noticeable instance in the forms of actions—that is to say, that the nature of the relief to be given to a person who was aggrieved was shown by the writ which he obtained from the royal Chancery. This was essentially a practical proceeding; the writ was issued not in consequence of any juristic theory, but to meet an everyday want: it was the act of the sovereign, essentially the fountain of justice, standing above all his nobles and willing a right to his subjects. The system was one characteristic of a period of legal growth, during which time the writs must have embraced most of the ordinary causes of action and would thus tend to become fossilised.

'The age of rapid growth is that which lies between 1154 and 1272. During that age the Chancery was doling out actions one by one. There is no solemn *actionem dabo* proclaimed to the world, but it becomes understood that a new writ is to be had, or that an old writ which hitherto might be had as a favour is now a writ of course. It was an empirical process, for the supply came in response to a demand: it was not dictated by an abstract jurisprudence; it was conditioned and perturbed by fiscal and political motives; it advanced along the old Roman road which leads from experiment to experiment.' (Vol. ii. p. 557.)

It took nothing essential from the highly organised legal procedure of Rome; it went on its own way, administering to the needs of the people as they arose. 'Tot erunt 'formulæ brevium quot sunt genera actionum,' writes Bracton—that is to say, in other words, there was a distinct remedy, clear in its form, for every wrong. The modern lawyer is familiar with some writs, but the comprehensive character of this formulary system is scarcely to be

appreciated without a reference to the table of writs printed by the authors of this work. It shows the forms of actions brought before the justices who in the years 1256, 1269, and 1279 made an eyre in Northumberland, and also the actions on the roll of the Common Bench for Easter Term in 1271. They number sixty-one different forms in all and comprehend a list of remedies for the ordinary wrongs of everyday life. They include such writs as those of *De Nativo habendo* and *De Libertate probanda*—that is, writs for affirming villenage and negatory of it. Thus in the age of Bracton there existed a legal system very special in its character, but conducive to the advantage of the people, since it gave them a recognised series of remedies which no kind of judicial discretion could alter. It was a system, however, which, beneficial during its growth and early period of maturity, was certain to degenerate into one of undue technicality when society became more complex, and in later ages to conduce sometimes to a denial of justice and to require adaptation to the needs of later times by the administration of what is termed equity. But the very same power which in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sent forth writs in various forms was that which later was to soften the rigour of the common law by a species of judicial discretion and common sense.

A class of professional lawyers is now also becoming pretty clearly defined. Such a growth is in some respects a subject rather for the student of sociology than of legal history; but it is so connected with the latter that it cannot be passed over in any view we take of English law at the end of the thirteenth century. Before the end of it

'there already exists a legal profession, a class of men who make money by representing litigants before the courts and by giving legal advice. The evolution of this class has been slow, for it has been withstood by certain ancient principles. The old procedure required of a litigant that he should appear before the court in his own person and conduct his own cause in his own words. For one thing, the notion of agency, the notion that the words or acts of Roger may be attributed to Ralph because Ralph has been pleased to declare that this shall be so, is not of any great antiquity. In the second place so long as procedure is very formal, so long as the whole fate of a law-suit depends upon the exact words that the parties utter when they are before the tribunal, it is hardly fair that one of them should be represented by an expert who has studied the art of pleading:—John may fairly object that he has been summoned to answer not the circumspect Roger but the blundering Ralph; if Ralph cannot state his own case in due form of law, he is not entitled to an answer. Still in yet ancient days a litigant is allowed to bring into court with him a party of friends and to take "counsel" with them before he pleads. In the Leges Henrici

it is already the peculiar mark of an accusation of felony that the accused is allowed no counsel, but must answer at once; in all other cases a man may have counsel. What is more, it is by this time permitted that one of those who "are of counsel with him" should speak for him. The extreme captiousness of the old procedure is defeating its own end, and so a man is allowed to put forward some one else to speak for him, not in order that he may be bound by that other person's words, but in order that he may have a chance of correcting formal blunders and supplying omissions. What the litigant himself has said in court, he has said once and for all, and he is bound by it; but what a friend has said in his favour he may disavow. The professional pleader makes his way into the courts, not as one who will represent a litigant, but as one who will stand by the litigant's side and speak in his favour, subject, however, to correction, for his words will not bind his client until that client has expressly or tacitly adopted them. Perhaps the main object of having a pleader is that one may have two chances of pleading correctly. Even in the thirteenth century one may see the pleader disavowed. One John de Planez in his pleading for William of Cookham called Henry II. the grandfather instead of the father of King John; William disavowed the plea and the advocate was amerced for his blunder. And so before any one is taken at his pleader's words it is usual for the court to ask him whether he will abide by those words. Just because the pleader makes his appearance in this informal fashion, as a mere friend who stands by the litigant's side and provisionally speaks on his behalf, it is difficult for us to discover whether pleaders are commonly employed and whether they are already members of a professional class. The formal records of litigation take no notice of them unless they are disavowed.' (Vol. i. p. 190.)

We have here a clear and graphic description of the position of the advocate: he is just ceasing to be, to use a legal phrase, 'the next friend' of the litigant or the prisoner, and is becoming a professional and paid agent, skilled in one particular kind of work and retained for a particular purpose—namely, of acting as counsel in court. As the right of obtaining the assistance of a representative before the judges became recognised and common, the growth of a class of men to act as advocates is part of the ordinary and natural evolution of particular classes, of an advance into a more artificial state of society. As soon as we find, as is the case in the reign of Edward I., that the king has a number of pleaders who are known as his servants or 'serjeants' at law, we may at once accept the fact as evidence of the existence of this particular class and of the completion of the period of growth.

A curious and interesting point in regard to this subject, however, is the fact that, even at this early period in the history of English law, the class of attorneys was not the

same as the class of advocates. The attorney was at first merely an agent *ad hoc*; he was not a man of one profession; he was placed by the litigant as his 'agent' to gain or lose in some particular plea; the abbot appointed a monk and the baron his steward. If a more extensive agency was required, a man had to obtain the power of delegation by means of a royal writ, and he had to show some reason for his demand; the grantee of the writ must be going abroad on the king's business or be incapacitated by age or sickness. In time the same names begin to appear; it is easy indeed to understand how, in a particular locality, two or three persons should get into the habit of acting as attorneys when the justices in eyre came round, and how in time there should thus be found a number of persons familiar with the increasing formalities of the law, and willing, for a recompense, to save a litigant the trouble of attending to legal matters. But the reason for the growth of two separate classes of lawyers is not visible. In 1280 the corporation of London directed as to the civic courts that 'no countor was to be an attorney.' Of the cause of this direction we are ignorant, nor do the authors of this work give us any help. 'We see a 'group of counsel, of serjeants and apprentices on the one 'hand, and a group of professional attorneys on the other, 'and both of them derive their right to practise from the 'king, either mediately or immediately.' This is the state of things at the end of the thirteenth century, and if we were to hazard a suggestion as to this remarkable and long-continued division of the legal class in England it would be that it sprang from the same spirit of exclusive trading which produced the various gilds for commercial purposes, and from the same spirit of exclusiveness, of which self-interest was at the bottom, which gave in the mediæval times various rights to certain classes of the community, which, while they benefited those who possessed them, were a corresponding detriment to those who were without them.

Whilst justice was found throughout the country there were here and there some exceptions to its equal incidence. One instance is to be found in regard to serfdom. This subject belongs in some respects to the social as much as the legal history of our country, but in some respects also it has an important bearing on the state of English law in the Middle Ages. In legal phraseology all men were either freemen or slaves; the latter were called *servi*, *villani*, or *nativi*—the three terms representing one and the same idea.

But this serfdom was not absolute, it was relative, and in fact may well be called prædial:—

'In the first place, it rarely, if ever, happens that the serfs are employed in other work than agriculture and its attendant processes; their function is to cultivate their lord's demesne. In the second place, the serf usually holds more or less land, at least a cottage, or else is the member of a household whose head holds land, and the services that he does to his lord are constantly regarded in practice as the return which is due from him in respect of his tenement. . . . In the third place, his lord does not feed or clothe him; he makes his own living by cultivating his villein tenement, or, in case he is but a cottager, by earning wages at the hands of his wealthier neighbours. In the fourth place, he is seldom severed from his tenement, he is seldom sold as a chattel, though this happens now and again: he passes from feoffor to feoffee, from ancestor to heir, as annexed to the soil.' (Vol. i. p. 397.)

The villein was thus in relation to his lord a slave, he had no proprietary right as against him, he was in theory as much his chattel as the goods in his castle; but the serfdom was a relation between two persons: it was essentially relative, for as regards persons other than his lord, the serf had nearly all the rights of a freeman. When the lord was not concerned, the criminal law made no difference between bond and free. 'A blow given to the serf is a wrong to the 'serf.' The serf might, as regards men in general, 'have 'lands and goods, property and possession, and all appro- 'priate remedies.' But the position was essentially anomalous, for the serf could enforce an agreement made with a person other than his lord; yet if this person endeavoured to enforce a contract against the serf it was a good plea that he was the villein of X. when the agreement was made, and all that he had belonged to him. By degrees this plea seems to have become limited in its force, and while constantly urged in actions for land was not set up in purely 'personal' actions. The result of this singular position of the villein was, as is obvious, actually to place him in a better position than a freeman, for even when the villein could be sued, as in regard to chattels, yet, as the latter just as much as the serf belonged to the lord, it was hardly possible 'to prevent collusion between villeins and friendly 'lords.' His state of villeinage gave the serf what must also be regarded as other privileges, for he was exempt from onerous and unpleasant duties. 'He could not sit as a judge 'in the communal courts, though he often had to go to them 'in the humbler capacity of a "presenter." So too he could 'not be a juror in civil causes: this he probably regarded as 'a blessed exemption from a duty which fell heavily on free-

'men.' On the other hand in the manorial courts full duties fell on the serf, he could be a presenter, a juror, an affeerer of amercements, and he was commonly the reeve of the township. To discuss here how a man became a serf, and how he could be emancipated, would carry us beyond our present subject; what we must bear in mind—the central idea, as it is termed by the authors of this work—is the relativity of serfage in England in the age of Bracton. It is a juristic curiosity, produced possibly by the desire of lawyers to simplify the state of the law, possibly by other motives which are mere matter of conjecture. The lawyers recked, write our authors, 'little of the interests of any classes, high 'or low; but the interests of the State, of peace and order 'and royal justice, are ever before them.' In the transformation of a more rigorous system of slavery into the relative serfdom of the Middle Ages it is probable that motives of statesmanship had some influence. While the change produced a social benefit to the class of villeins, it created a striking and peculiar feature of English law.

If we turn from the village to the town, from agriculture to commerce, we at once meet with the Jews, the bankers of the mediæval world. At the age of which we are now writing the Jew was a person of the first importance. Though he was in a position of relative servility to the king, that status gave him, like the serf, some positive advantages. Everything that he acquires, says Bracton, is for the king, but for that very reason it was to the advantage of the sovereign to protect the Jew. Thus a department of the Exchequer was organised for the supervision of the business of loans, which was in the hands mainly of the Jews. It was 'a financial bureau and a judicial tribunal.' It

'acted judicially not merely as between king and Jew, but also as between king and Gentile when, as very often happened, the king had for some cause or other "seized into his hand" the debts due to one of his Jews by Christian debtors. Also it heard and determined all manner of disputes between Jew and Christian. Such disputes, it is true, generally related to loans of money, but the court seems to have aimed at and acquired a competence, and an exclusive competence, in all causes, whether civil or criminal, in which a Jew was implicated, unless it was some merely civil cause between two Hebrews, which could be left to a purely Jewish tribunal.' (Vol. i. p. 453.)

Thus we have here two notable exceptions to the ordinary incidence of the law, which, except in criminal cases, removed the Jew almost entirely from the jurisdiction of English law; though a slave to the king, he was free in relation to all other persons. When Hebrew went to law

with Hebrew they appealed to their own tribunal, and when Hebrew and Christian could not agree the dispute was settled by a special tribunal, where the Jew was certain of a favourable audience. In the society of the thirteenth century, immediately before their expulsion from England, the Jews take a foremost place; they are necessary to the king, to the landowner, and to the merchant; they are helping, without the goodwill of the English people, in the developement of the English nation, and, what is more to our immediate purpose, they are for the time being producing a marked effect on the course of English law by causing the establishment of special tribunals and the withdrawal of a large and important class of persons from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. But whether these special tribunals affected the substance of our modern law is doubtful. Be that, however, as it may, no review of English law in the age of Bracton, as it has been termed, is complete which does not give some notice of the relation of the Jew to the laws of the age.

If we turn from laymen to Churchmen we find in clerks and monks a third class of persons, to some extent not subject to the general law. The exception is the more remarkable because it was from among ecclesiastics that judges and attorneys in legal affairs were mostly drawn. A monk, though civilly dead, and unable to hold any property of his own, 'was fully capable of acting as the agent 'of his "sovereign," and even in litigation he would often 'appear as the abbot's attorney.' The great place which he held in worldly affairs in mediæval days is too well known to be here insisted on, but nevertheless in the eye of the law he bore the same relation to the abbot as the villein to his lord; he could neither sue nor be sued without his lord. He was, in fact, in relation to his superior in the same position as the villein to his lord. 'Every monk was the abso-'lute subject of some "sovereign"—normally an abbot, but 'in some cases a prior or a bishop.' The sovereign was an absolute monarch, and so long as he did not deprive his subjects of life or limb the temporal power in no way interfered with him. In criminal matters the position of the monk was an anomalous one. For small offences, *transgressiones*—or, in modern legal language, 'misdemeanours'—he could be punished in the temporal courts. In respect of graver crimes he enjoyed that benefit of clergy which was also the privilege of the clerk. In theory it can scarcely be called a privilege, since under it a clerk could be indicted before two tribunals. For the permission by the secular

power to the ecclesiastical power to try clerks who were accused of grave crimes in the ecclesiastical courts cannot be regarded as a relinquishing of the right of trial; it was merely the recognition of a co-ordinate and permitted jurisdiction. For it has to be remembered that at the time of which we are now speaking a preliminary investigation into the alleged offence was held, and if the jurors found that the accused was guilty he was delivered to his bishop for trial in the episcopal court.* The authors of this work regard the procedure in the bishop's court at the end of the thirteenth century as 'little better than a farce.' Thus the preliminary inquiry, though it may sometimes by the acquittal of a prisoner in the first instance have prevented unjust verdicts in the bishop's court arising out of personal motives, was much more a safeguard against the escape of ecclesiastical offenders who were really guilty of the crimes alleged against them. While in some respects it was an unrecognised protection of the monk and the clerk from episcopal or abbatical tyranny, it was more especially a check on the absolute immunity from punishment of those entitled to the protection of the Church, for the tendency of this privilege of the benefit of the clergy was to 'breed crime and impede the course of 'reasonable and impartial justice.' The temporal power, in

* In this general sketch of parts of a great subject we have abstained from details; it may be desirable, however, to print here a note of the authors of this history. It has been stated with confidence by writers on our legal history that the preliminary trial of the clerk in the temporal court was the result of the Statute of Westminster I. (1275), but this is by no means clear. 'Coke, 2nd Inst. 164, rightly observes that the change takes place between Bracton (f. 123 b) and Britton (vol. i. p. 27). He attributes it to Stat. West. I. (1275), cap. 2. But as a matter of fact the eyre rolls of the last years of Henry III. show that the change has already taken place. See, for example, the roll of a Cambridgeshire eyre of 45 Hen. III. (Assize Rolls, No. 82), *passim*. We know from Matthew Paris, "Chron. Maj." iv. 614, that in 1247 some new rule was made about criminous clerks and that the clergy disliked it, but we have not got the text of this decree. Despite the commentaries of Coke and Hale, we may doubt whether the Statute of Westminster made any definite change in the law. The new king sanctions the clerical privilege, but tells the prelates that they must be careful in the matter of purgation, and that otherwise he will be obliged to make some change. Thereupon in 1279 Abp. Peckham made some effort to improve the procedure in the spiritual court; Johnson, "Canons," ii. 267.' The certainty of the assertion of previous writers is an excellent instance of the often misleading confidence with which assumed facts were stated in regard to matters in great obscurity.

fact, could and did declare that there was a *prima-facie* case against an accused clerk: it could not and did not cause him to be punished. It asserted its theoretical right over him as an ordinary citizen, but in most cases its action allowed him to escape altogether from punishment, or only to suffer from the mild judgement of an ecclesiastical court. At the same time the admitted right and the practice of the temporal courts to punish forest offences and 'transgres-'siones' committed by clerks or monks was a tacit surrender by the Church of the whole claim to the exclusion of monks and clerks from the jurisdiction of the sovereign. It put these men on the same legal level in regard to the lighter offences of daily life as the common layman, and was a continual reminder that the clerical caste was within the limits of the municipal law. The permission of the privilege of the benefit of clergy in respect of graver crimes, even under the limitations already mentioned, was a concession to the Church of a substantial kind, and was also an admission for the time that the Church was too powerful for the withholding of all exceptional privileges from it. It was a curious compromise, imperfect, no doubt, but tending to prevent friction between the Sovereign and ecclesiastical authorities, for we have only to recollect the quarrel between Henry II. and Becket to understand the practical gravity of such disputes. The position was illustrative of that essentially transitional period in the history of English law which is marked at the end of the thirteenth century, and it is to some extent also the conclusion of a conflict of many years between the king and the Church, by which neither the temporal nor ecclesiastical powers were able to obtain a decisive advantage.

In the preceding pages we have given but an outline of portions of the great subject of this work, which lends itself more easily than others to separate description. But even in these we see how closely English law is involved in the growth of every part of our political and social system, and how in town and country, among rich and poor, in every act of life we are at every hour brought into touch with it. Not the least of the services rendered by the authors of this work is the possibility, from a perusal of their pages, of a more general appreciation of the fallacy of regarding English law as a separate science, to be studied only in the abstract, when in truth in a large measure it is impossible to separate it from the general evolution of all English institutions.

ART. VIII.—1. *Westminster.* By WALTER BESANT, M.A., F.S.A., Author of 'London,' &c. London: 1895.

2. *Memorials of St. James's Palace.* By EDGAR SHEPPARD, M.A., Sub-Dean of H.M.'s Chapel Royal. London: 1894.

3. *History of St. James's Square, and the Foundation of the West End of London.* By ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT. London: 1895.

LONDON is an inexhaustible subject, and the three books which have recently appeared upon it are full of interest and very pleasant reading. It may be that those who have made a study of the antiquities and early history of our great metropolis will learn but little from these volumes, which will nevertheless receive a hearty welcome from the general reader. Sir Walter Besant certainly adduces strong reasons for his belief that Thorney Island, the spot where Westminster Abbey now stands, instead of being a remote place amongst the marshes, chosen for a monastic foundation on the very ground of its desolation, was in truth a busy centre of trade before London existed at all. For the most part, however, he does not endeavour to present us with new theories. His object is fairly described in his preface as an attempt to restore the vanished Palaces of Westminster and Whitehall, to portray the life of the Abbey, to show the connexion of Westminster with the first of English printers, and to present the place as a town and borough with its streets and its people. His volume, embellished with many excellent illustrations, cannot but keep alive the general interest in old Westminster.

The subject-matter of Mr. Sheppard's work is very different. Here it is the author's end to make his readers acquainted with the interest that belongs to no 'vanished' palace, but to that old pile of buildings standing unchanged in the midst of modern surroundings, itself by far the most interesting object of that 'West End' which, following the Court of the Restoration, has now spread itself northwards and westwards in streets, and squares, and terraces, and gardens, such as no modern capital can show. St. James's Palace situated between St. James's Park and the angle caused by the meeting of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, the two great streets of modern clubland, stands on the highway from the west to the City, and past it ebbs and flows, morning and evening, a steady stream of population, flowing eastwards

towards business and westwards again towards home and rest. The exterior aspect of no building is more familiar to the daily life of Londoners than that of St. James's Palace. Thousands of gentlemen, moreover, at the frequent levees of every season throng the spacious apartments leading to the throne-room. Yet how little is known to most Londoners either of the history which belongs to almost every room of the Palace, or of the pictures and objects of interest within its walls! Mr. Sheppard's admirable illustrations will no doubt secure increased attention to much that the Palace contains; yet we cannot but regret that where such abundance of material exists, an author should have thought it worth his while to encumber so many of his pages with other matters and details of a character too trifling for record save in the columns of a 'Society journal.'

Mr. Arthur Dasent has made a very successful as well as painstaking attempt to describe the rise and history of St. James's Square, taking it house by house, and founding his researches largely on the series of parochial rate-books still preserved at the St. James's Vestry Hall. In depicting the life that filled the famous Square and its precincts, and for historical details, he has had recourse to the well-known diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, and Luttrell, and to the Memoirs of Walpole, Hervey, and Wraxall, to the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, to original documents in the Public Record Office and the British Museum, and to the ready assistance of householders in the Square. His narrative, moreover, is occasionally relieved by the reproduction of some old plan or picture which serves to bring more vividly before the reader the life of a bygone age.

Such books as these will always find many readers amongst the ardent London-lovers, who will exclaim with Milton—

> 'O city, founded by Dardanian hands,
> Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
> Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
> In all the earth, but it abounds in thee!'

Thousands share the feeling with which Charles Lamb wrote to Wordsworth in Westmoreland—

'I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden—the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull

in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about the crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. . . . I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called, so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of man, and assemblies of men, in this great city.'

In the general acceptance of the name London includes Westminster, which, indeed, in one sense has become its very axis, and which contains the most precious jewels of its treasury. But Sir Walter Besant is at pains to prove to us how distinct it was formerly, that it has had no citizens, that it has no civic memories. It never had a 'folks-mote.' Where the Church—i.e. the abbot—had rule, there was no room for the rule of the people.

Thorney Island, as it is usually called—though Sir Walter Besant always mentions it as the 'Isle of Bramble'—was a peninsula of dry sand and gravel, almost insulated amongst the marshes formed in early times where the Thames was joined by the little river Eye, which gave its name to Tyburn, and which still—greatly diminished in size—flows, as a sewer, under New Bond Street, the Green Park, and Buckingham Palace. The island was afterwards approached by four gates and entered by two bridges. It has been the usual theory that it was chosen as the site of an abbey on account of its seclusion, silence, and remoteness. Dean Stanley, in his 'Memorials of Westminster,' describes it as a spot 'intrenched, marsh within marsh, forest within forest, 'a "locus terribilis,"' which had 'the advantages of a 'Thebaid.' But our author endeavours to prove—by evidence of situation, excavation, ancient monuments, tradition, and history—that this extreme solitude only existed in imagination, chiefly because of the position of the semi-island on the line of the Watling Street and the highway of the river, from the discovery of remains of a small Roman station beneath the Abbey, and from the tradition of a temple of Apollo on the same site. At any rate it is certain that long before a monastic institution, a little

church existed here, probably founded by that Sebert, King of the East Saxons, a convert of Mellitus, whose traditional tomb is one of the oldest relics in the Abbey. The first historian of Westminster, Sulcard, tells how on a Sunday night, being the eve of the day on which the new church was to be consecrated by Mellitus, the fisherman Edric was watching his nets on the bank of the island. Through the gloaming he saw a bright light on the opposite shore, and, having rowed across, found there an old man, who asked to be ferried over the stream. The stranger landed on the island, and walked to the church, leaning on a staff, with which he struck the ground twice upon his way, when springs of water bubbled up. Then, above the church, appeared a ladder reaching to the heavens, with angels ascending and descending upon it. And in the church itself other angels bore candles, by the light of which the mysterious one went through all the forms of consecration. And when that old man came back to the boat he bade Edric tell Mellitus that the church was already consecrated, and by St. Peter himself.

It is Mellitus who is said to have changed the name of the place from Thorney to Westminster, in honour of the new sanctuary, soon to serve as a chapel to the palace of the Anglo-Saxon kings, which rose near it. Thus it became especially connected with all the miraculous story of Edward the Confessor, who eventually, in obedience to a vision seen by an old hermit near Worcester, pulled down the original church, which he rebuilt as 'the Collegiate 'Church of St. Peter at Westminster,' the first cruciform church erected in England.

The Bayeux tapestry, of which Sir Walter Besant gives us a very welcome representation, now alone shows us—rudely, but probably truthfully—what the church of St. Edward was like. Of the abbey which was built by its side some fragments may still be seen—portions of the refectory, dormitory, and south cloister. One relic, little known to sightseers, is of surpassing interest. In the east cloister, a little south of the entrance to the chapter house, is a double door, opened by seven keys, which, till very recently, perhaps still, can only be used by special permission signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Comptroller of the Exchequer. Here, in the dim light, we may still look upon two bays of the Confessor's work, with a massy Saxon pillar between them, upon the capitals of which the monks have made rude attempts

at carving, still incomplete. An ancient stone altar also remains, with a hollow in the slab to receive a portable altar stone. To this sacred chamber, says Dean Stanley,

'were brought the most precious possessions of the State—the regalia of the Saxon monarchy; the Black Rood of St. Margaret ("the Holy Cross of Holyrood") from Scotland; the "Crocis Gneyth" (or cross of St. Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I.; the sceptre or rod of Moses; the ampulla of Henry IV.; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar; the sword of Wayland Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor; the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers.'

Now, however, nothing remains under the heavy, low-browed arches but some old iron-bound chests, in which the king's exchequer was moved, and to which the standards used in 'the trial of the pyx' have been brought.

'The Chapel of the Pyx,' as it is called, is the most precious relic of ancient Westminster. Almost all the rest of the Confessor's work perished under Henry III., when the present glorious abbey church arose, built of stone from the Surrey village ever since called Godstone, from the service to which it was given. The abbey church erected by Henry III. and Edward I. is that which we now see; only the chantry of Henry V. has arisen over his grave, the Lady Chapel has been pulled down to make room for the splendid Chapel of Henry VII., and the western towers have been completed under Wren and his pupil Hawksmoor. Abbot Littlington in 1380 added several surrounding buildings, which still remain—the Jerusalem Chamber, the Abbot's House now the Deanery, and the College Hall.

In its early years the great feature of the Abbey was the mosaic and marble shrine of the Confessor, one of the most interesting mediæval monuments in the world, to which his 'incorrupt body' was borne upon the shoulders of Plantagenet princes, whose own sepulchres were soon to gather around it. Here it lies, iron-bound in a stone coffin, upon which we can look down from the top of the neighbouring chantry. For a long time one of the arches at the end of the shrine was left open, that sick persons might creep through and touch it. Seven recesses still remain at the sides, arranged for kneeling pilgrims. In known though nameless graves, by the side of the holy one, rest his nearest relations—his wife, Edith, 'of venerable memory,' the sister of Harold, and his great-niece Edith, afterwards called

Maud, 'the very mirror of piety, humility, and princely 'bounty,' the wife of Henry I. No other church in the world possesses the unspeakable interest, the exquisite beauty, pathos, antiquity, and colour of the chapel which contains the shrine. The monuments of the mediæval popes, or the shattered fragments of them, are either banished to the crypt of St. Peter's or stand alone in such half-deserted churches as exist at Viterbo, Perugia, Villeneuve, La Chaise-Dieu, or S. Salvatore in Lauro. Very few German emperors have worthy monuments, such as those at Bamberg and Innspruck. The magnificent tombs of the kings and princes of Spain are scattered over the peninsula, at Toledo, Granada, Avila, and ruined Poblet. The royal monuments of Naples, sometimes of the utmost splendour, are scattered amongst its most insignificant churches. The sultans lie separately, surrounded by their immediate families, in the 'turbe' of Broussa and Constantinople. The memorials of the kings of France, it is true, are now gathered at St. Denis, in most stately historic succession, but their effigies are mostly mutilated, and the monuments which support them are modern. The finest collection of royal monuments existing out of England is that of the Danish sovereigns in the beautiful church by the silent fiord of Roeskilde. But here, in Westminster, the chapel of the Confessor, surrounded with monuments, glorious in their ancient colour, with all the time-stained splendour of their many centuries, is, as John Dart says, 'paved with 'princes, and a royal race, kings, queens, and princes, who 'all wished to rest as near as possible to the miracle-working 'shrine.'

Most inspiring or touching, to those who care for English history, is the story of these tombs, the memories they arouse and the lessons they convey. First comes the great founder, Henry III., whose effigy was so splendidly attired at his funeral that 'he shone more magnificent when dead 'than he appeared when living,' who rests aloft upon the tomb for which his son Edward, so passionately grieved at his death, brought the most precious marbles from Italy. On one side of him is the simple tomb of Edward I. himself—'Scottorum malleus'—on the other the exquisitely beautiful figure of his beloved first wife, Eleanor, 'the queen of good 'memory.' Then comes Philippa of Hainault, once surrounded by seventy statuettes of her royal relations; and Edward III., who was followed hither to his grave by all who survived of the famous children still represented around

him; then Richard II., with Anne of Bohemia, whom he loved so passionately that he caused the palace where she died to be razed to the ground, that it might not remind him of his loss; and lastly Henry V. in the tomb of unequalled magnificence, before which 'all England mourned.'

Such is the great group around the Confessor's grave. But in the solemn byways of the Abbey are many other royal monuments—of brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins of kings, which call up memories, always interesting, often tender and pathetic, as in the case of the little dumb daughter of Henry III.; of Princess Mary, whose epitaph tells how she 'found joy' for herself, but 'left longings' to her parents; and Princess Sophia, in her cradle, 'a royal rosebud, plucked 'by premature fate, and snatched away from her parents, 'that she might flourish again in the rosary of Christ.'

Sir Walter Besant's book does not dwell much upon the contents of Westminster Abbey. They have all been fully described in the pages of Dean Stanley, of Mr. Augustus Hare, and of Mrs. Murray Smith. He dwells rather upon the ancient palace of Westminster and its precincts, with the crowded population of Court attendants. No less than 20,000 persons, he thinks, probably had 'bouche at court' here during the reign of Richard II. He depicts the noble old buildings of the palace, including the 'Painted Chamber,' in which the Confessor died, and the 'Norman Council 'Chamber,' where the death-warrant of Charles I. was signed. They are all gone now; 'even the ivory house of Ahab or the 'golden house of Nero has not been more completely swept 'away;' for after they were gutted by fire in 1834, though so much of the walls remained that a complete restoration would not have been difficult, the whole palace was destroyed, and the most precious memorial of our early sovereigns was lost to us for ever. Of their life here Besant gives us many curious glimpses, especially of their visits to the walled-up hermit on the south side of the Infirmary Cloister, the recluse of Westminster, 'the man of perfect life,' to whom Richard II. repaired before he set forth against his rebels, and to whom Henry V., 'the tearful prince,' came on the night after his father's death. He dwells upon what is known—and very little it is—of Caxton (named from Causton, in Kent), who brought over the art of printing from the Netherlands, and established it in the precincts of the Abbey in the time of Prior Islip.

The original circuit of Westminster contained five palaces —Westminster, Whitehall, St. James's, Buckingham, and

Kensington. Of these, under the Stuart sovereigns, Whitehall was far the greatest, forming the connecting link between London and Westminster, though nothing remains of it now but the banqueting-house of Inigo Jones.

Far the most interesting of the royal palaces which remain in London is St. James's, which enshrines the memory of a greater succession of historic events than any other domestic building in England, Windsor Castle not excepted. Its story is told at length by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, in two ponderous volumes, which, though weighted even by such insignificant and uninteresting details as the dresses worn by the ladies of the present day at royal marriages and Drawing-Rooms, contain a trustworthy record of the events connected with their subject, and are rendered valuable by their excellent illustrations.

At a very early Norman date, not precisely known, 'a 'spittal for mayden lepers' was built in a situation 'discreetly chosen, as it was as dreary and lonely as could be 'desired for the isolation of the inmates,' and dedicated to St. James. Having been rebuilt by an abbot of Westminster in the time of Henry III., it was given to Eton College by Henry VI., but continued to be used as a hospital till Henry VIII., acquiring its site by exchange, pulled it down, and built in its place 'a magnificent and goodly 'house,' with a park in front enclosed by a brick wall. Nichols, quoting Norden, the surveyor of Elizabeth's time, describes the royal manor, which retained its old name of St. James's, as standing 'from other buyldinges about two furlonges, having a farm-house opposite its north gate,' and dilates on its situation, endued with a good air and pleasant prospects. 'On the east, London offereth itself to view; on 'the south, the stately buyldings of Westminster, with the 'pleasant park, and the delights thereof; on the north, the 'green fields.' All the surroundings of the palace are changed now, but the noble old gateway which looks up St. James's Street, with six smaller turrets, survives from the countrified manor-house of the Tudor sovereigns, and, internally, the Chapel Royal and the Presence Chamber hung with old Mortlake tapestries, in which the H of Henry and the A of Anne Boleyn remain amongst the ornaments of the chimneypiece.

Mary I., who was very fond of her 'manor of St. James's 'beyond Charing Cross,' made it the principal home of her gloomy latter years. There, when she felt her death approaching, 'a few hours before break of day,' she ordered

Mass to be said in her chamber, and, at the elevation of the Host, she lifted her weary eyes to heaven, and, as the benediction was spoken, her head dropped and she expired. Afterwards she lay in state, but, by her own desire, in no royal ornaments, and in the dress of a poor nun. The palace was never constantly inhabited afterwards till the time of James I., when it was given to Prince Henry, who lived there with a household of 426 members, over whom such strict supervision was maintained that any one who used a bad word was obliged to put a fine into a box, whence it was doled out to the poor. Here, not without suspicion of poison, the beloved prince died, and hence 2,000 voluntary mourners followed his remains to the Abbey.

Charles I. lived much at St. James's, and its old red gateway may recall Henrietta Maria, who received her mother, Marie de Médicis, there, kneeling with all her children around her. The King collected in the palace many of the pictures afterwards so cruelly dispersed, and took great pleasure in beautifying its park and gardens. James I. had established a menagerie there, and Charles I. added the 'physicke' (botanical) garden, where Evelyn first saw orange trees. At the same time, on the site now occupied by Marlborough House, were made the 'two grand gardens' described by La Serre, 'one with parterres of different figures, bordered 'on every side with a hedge of box,' and filled 'with all 'sorts of fine flowers;' the other with 'divers walks, some 'sanded, and others of grass, but all edged on both sides by 'an infinity of fruit trees.' One of these gardens, too, was bordered by a cloister, where one might see 'the rarest 'wonders of Italy in a great number of stone and bronze 'statues.' Two bronze statues remained in the palace gardens till 1874, since which time (who can tell why?) they have been taken to the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

Here five of the children of Charles I. were born, and here little Princess Anne died—the fat baby of Vandyke's famous picture. Here also occurred the last interview of the King with two of his children, of which Princess Elizabeth has left so touching a description, while we know, from others, how 'he took the princess in his arms and kissed her, and 'gave her two seals with diamonds, and prayed for the 'blessing of God on her and the rest of his children, and 'there was great weeping.' Hence, too, next day, in the early morning, having put on two shirts because of the excessive cold, and after praying and receiving the Sacrament from Bishop Juxon, Charles I. 'passed through the

'garden on foot, and so into the park,' and to his execution at Whitehall.

Charles I. had liked St. James's Park, but Charles II. loved it. He employed the famous Le Nôtre to lay out its avenues, and there he was wont to play at bowls and to feed his waterfowl and run after his dogs, with a simple ease 'which made the common people adore him.' Still, his joyous nature made him prefer Whitehall as a residence; so that he left the home where he had been born, the palace of sad associations, to his brother James, who used to seclude himself there, with all his family, in deepest mourning, on the anniversary of his father's death. It was at St. James's that the three sons of James by his first wife were born and died, and there Anne Hyde herself expired, exclaiming, 'What is truth?' to the bishop who was watching her last moments. There also were born and died the little Catherine, Charles, Isabella, and Charlotte, children of Mary of Modena, and there—in the last room at the east end of the south front—occurred the birth of Prince James Francis Edward, which gave rise to so many contradictory surmises, though no less than sixty-seven persons, including the Queen Dowager, were present at the event.

The palace was fitted up afresh for Princess Anne, who, as well as her sister, had been born and married there, and who there received the news of William III.'s death from Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury, who 'drove hard' to bring it to her, 'prostrating himself at the new Queen's 'feet, full of joy and duty.' At St. James's Queen Anne's seventeen children were born and died, including the Duke of Gloucester, the preternaturally intelligent boy, who lived till he was eleven. Ere this the situation of the palace had ceased to be secluded. The Mall in the park was now crowded on summer evenings by the finest company in London, brocaded and feathered ladies with the full-wigged beaux to whom smoking was on no account permitted. Swift, writing to Stella, said, 'When I pass the Mall in the 'evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walk-'ing there.' Catherine Street, too, the highway from Whitehall, named at first after Catherine of Braganza, was beginning to be called Pall Mall, from the primitive croquet played close by with a ball (*palla*) and a mallet (*maglia*).

Walpole describes having the great wish of his childhood fulfilled by being taken, at ten, to St. James's to see George I.—'an elderly man, rather pale, not tall, of an 'aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a

'plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, 'with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribbon over 'all. . . . Just beyond his Majesty stood [the Duchess of 'Kendal] a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady.'

At St. James's, Caroline of Anspach passed most of her unselfish and charitable life. There she presided over her celebrated Drawing-Rooms, surrounded by beautiful Howards, Lepells, and Bellendens, often held on Sundays after service at the Chapel Royal, to which ladies accordingly went *en grande tenue*. And there she died, vainly endeavouring to console her heart-broken husband with her last breath, yet, when she urged him to marry again, hearing him sob out, 'Oh non, j'aurai des maîtresses.' Nevertheless he loved his wife so much that after he lost her all the queens had to be removed from his packs of cards, because the very sight of them renewed his grief so pitiably. His ebullitions of temper had always been terrible. Walpole describes him as kicking his hat about the room in his rages, and Wraxall his wig. As he had been hated by his own father, so he hated his son, utterly ignoring him on all public occasions, and when told of his death, whilst playing at cards, announcing the news to Lady Yarmouth by the simple words, 'Il est mort,' and going on as if nothing had happened.

George III. lived much at St. James's, where George IV. and many of his other children were born and married, and where Queen Charlotte held the Drawing-Rooms for which her head was dressed at Kew, though her gown was put on in the palace. And so we come to the time of our own beloved Queen, presented at Queen Adelaide's Drawing-Room in her twelfth year, confirmed and married in the chapel.

Few except those who attend levees now visit the quaint old rooms of St. James's, with their royal portraits, mostly brought from Hampton Court; but all may see the courtyard where the sovereigns are proclaimed and first presented to the people; the garden gate where George III. first received Queen Charlotte and where he was attacked by Margaret Nicholson; and the chapel where so many royal marriages have taken place, and where Samuel Johnson, as a little child, was one of those touched for the king's evil, after which he always remembered Queen Anne as 'a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood.'

That which had changed St. James's most from a country to a town palace was the acquirement of the site of the Pall Mall Field, or Close, by Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans,

the founder of West End London. He obtained a building-lease of forty-five acres, and the traveller Monconys, in 1663, describes the result of his operations as 'une très grande 'place, qui est peut-être quatre fois la Place Royale et deux 'fois Belle-Cour.' Thither the aristocracy soon began to migrate from the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Sir William Stanley being probably the first to take up his residence in the new buildings, though he was speedily followed by a crowd of 'the men of honour and quality' for whom they were intended. In 1671 Chamberlayne already speaks of 'the many stately uniform piles in St. James's 'Fields.'

The new St. James's Square enclosed four and a half acres, but they were long an open space, neither paved nor lighted, a shabby village-green with an occasional tree, a place where fireworks were often displayed, but which at other times was so ill guarded that a gentleman was robbed by a highwayman as he was crossing it in the time of William III. Thus it continued till December 1697, when a movement was made to commemorate the victories of William III., and the 'King's statue in brass' was ordered to be set up in St. James's Square, with several devices and mottoes concerning the trampling down of Popery and breaking the bonds of slaves. Yet it was not till 1727 that the accumulation of refuse, dead dogs, and cinders which occupied the centre of the space was cleared away and the square paved, and not till 1808 that a statue of William III., as a Roman emperor, was set up in the centre of a basin of water, funds being provided by a long-forgotten legacy of one Samuel Travers (1724) for 'an equestrian statue to the 'glorious memory of my master, William the Third.' The square was only enclosed and planted as a garden in the middle of the nineteenth century: the view of 1812 represents the statue standing in a swampy pool closely surrounded by an iron railing, but the rest of the space left open.

The earliest rate-book applying to the square is that of 1676, which gives the names of its thirteen first inhabitants —the Marquis of Blanquefort, Lady Newburgh, the Countess of Warwick, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Cyril Wyche, Lawrence Hyde, Sir Fulke Lucy, Lord Purbeck, Lord Halifax, Sir Allen Apsley, Madam Churchill, and Madam Davis.

Henry Jermyn built for himself the magnificent house in which he spent his closing years. Here the man who, in

early life, had been the seducer of Elizabeth Villiers, the maid of honour; the man whom Evelyn describes as always living 'in plenty, even abroad, whilst his Majesty was a 'sufferer,' continued, at eighty, and nearly blind, to lose great sums at cards, 'having one who sits by him to name 'the spots on the cards.'

It is curious to mark how many of the houses in the square—from its neighbourhood to Whitehall and St. James's—were inhabited by the mistresses and illegitimate children of the Stuart kings. In a house swallowed up by the Army and Navy Club lived Moll Davis, the sprightly actress and dancer admired by Pepys, who was already ousted from the King's affections, which she had first attracted by her fascinating rendering of the song, 'My 'Lodging is on the Cold Ground,' and whose daughter married the second Earl of Derwentwater, by whom she was mother of the Jacobite lord, beheaded on Tower Hill. At No. 21, afterwards Winchester House and the home of the pious Bishop Sumner, lived Arabella Churchill, the ill-favoured mistress of James II. when Duke of York, whom De Grammont describes as 'a tall creature, 'pale-faced, nothing but skin and bone.' And she was succeeded in the same house by Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, another of the ill-favoured mistresses whom Charles II. declared that the priests had imposed upon his brother by way of penance. At No. 15 resided the Earl of Kildare, who married the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Jones, daughter of Lord Ranelagh, supposed to have been one of Charles II.'s many loves, and who, dying at ninety-three, was buried near his grave in Westminster Abbey. To the same famous resting-place was taken Lady Williams, daughter of Sir J. Shipwith, who had lived at No. 13 and who is supposed to have been too intimate with the Duke of York. At No. 12 lived Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whose daughter and heiress married the first Duke of St. Albans, eldest son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne. Four of the natural sons of Charles II. resided in the square. At No. 5 lived Charles, Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and after him Charles, Duke of St. Albans. At No. 12 lived George FitzRoy, Duke of Northumberland, youngest son of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the best of the King's numerous family. At No. 19, Cleveland House, lived Charles FitzRoy, first Duke of Cleveland, who died in the house, and whose funeral started thence for the Abbey.

Time, which changes everything, has renovated and altered almost all the old houses of the square. Cleveland House, built by Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, and sold by him in 1722 to the first Duke of Cleveland, was only pulled down after the death of the last duke in 1891. Nos. 1 and 2, though only occupying the site of old Ossulston House, still attract attention from their street-posts, made from guns taken from the French by Edward Boscawen, who commanded the 'Namur' in the battle of Finistère. St. Alban's House, afterwards Ormond, afterwards Chandos House, has perished—the mansion which was built for Henry Jermyn by the Richard Frith commemorated in Frith Street, which was occupied by Cosimo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, during his visit to London, and which had a long succession of illustrious owners, including Lord Sunderland and his charming wife, whom Queen Anne accused of 'playing the hypocrite more than ever, running 'from church to church, and keeping such a clatter with her 'devotions that it really turns one's stomach.' The name of Ormond Yard alone now commemorates this famous dwelling. One or two houses only have remained long in the same family. No. 6 has belonged to the Herveys ever since it was built in 1677, and No. 4 to the ancestors of Earl Cowper since the time of George I.

The houses at the south-east corner of the square are the most interesting of those still remaining. Of these the most important is Norfolk House, with its stately rooms and coved ceilings, built by Matthew Brettingham for the ninth duke, and described by Mrs. Delany as finished in 1756. At the back is an older building, now used as a muniment office, which was inhabited for three years by Frederick, Prince of Wales, in which George III. was born, and where he was christened by the same Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he was married and crowned. The Duke of York was also born here, before the royal visitors left in 1741 for Leicester House.

Adjoining Norfolk House, in the same block of buildings, is London House, bought for the see in 1771, and inhabited ever since by Bishops of London, though rebuilt by Bishop Howley in 1820. The remainder of the block is taken up by Derby House, originally built by the famous cavalier Lord Bellasis, who is buried under a stately monument which still exists in the blackened churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The house was sold by the fourth

Earl of Dartmouth to the Prime Minister Earl of Derby in 1854.

Mr. Dasent's 'History of St. James's Square' tells us many curious stories of the successive occupants of its houses, and it unites, we are glad to find, with Sir Walter Besant's 'Westminster' in deploring the frequent, and often needless, destruction of historic memorials in England. It is within the memory of very many still living that the old Westminster Palace, with its ancient sculptures, its painted chambers, and delicate cloisters, was utterly swept away. As late as 1877 the house in York Street, Westminster—the 'pretty garden house' where Milton lived in his blindness, where his first wife, Mary Powell, died, and where he married his second wife, his 'espoused saint,' Catherine Woodcocke—was pulled down without a voice being raised to save it, though even its later memories, when Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb with his sister, lived there, might have given it as great a claim upon the consideration of the public as the house of Thomas Carlyle in Cheyne Row.

The charming old almshouses in Rochester Row, and St. Margaret's Hospital—the Greencoat School, have also perished in our time; the historic church of St. Margaret, where the headless body of Raleigh reposes, has been terribly mutilated and injured under the name of 'restoration.' But an even more grievous and unnecessary destruction was brought about by greed for money as lately as 1893. Till then amid the labyrinthine streets between Victoria Street and Buckingham Palace Road was an oasis of such tranquil beauty and charm as can now no longer be found in the whole of London. A fine old *grille* of richest ironwork and a mass of lilac trees, laden with flowers in spring, separated the busy street from a broad green lawn, bordered by the ancient houses of Emanuel Hospital, with their sculptured porches, brilliant flowers, and stone-paved walks. At the end rose the chapel, with an elaborate armorial pediment and picturesque bell cupola. It was built 'for 'twenty aged folk' by Lady Dacre of Hurstmonceaux, sister of the poet statesman Lord Buckhurst, and at one time maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. She had been so anxious about her foundation that she declared upon her deathbed that her spirit would always haunt it, and the Dean and canons of Westminster had to be summoned to exorcise the faithful benefactress. Her 'lovely house of 'refuge,' which 'made one glad that Dives had remembered

'Lazarus,' was doomed three years ago, that money might be made out of the site. Through a whole summer the aged pensioners might be seen sitting at their doors, often sobbing and weeping—as the writer can testify—at the cruelty which could turn them out and the folly which could imagine that an unwelcomed and unwelcome residence with their families could ever make up for this green retreat, which was theirs by right of Lady Dacre's will. All was in vain. Yet truly does Sir Walter Besant say—

'Think what a city loses by the destruction of such a place—the daily object-lesson in our duty to the friendless and the helpless, the memory of bygone worthies, the sentiment of brotherhood. That is one way of considering the loss. Another way is to think of it as a place of singular beauty, of such beauty as we cannot possibly reproduce. And we have wilfully and needlessly destroyed it. It is a national disaster of the gravest, the most irreparable kind that such monuments as old almshouses, old City churches, old schools, old gates, old foundations of any kind should be given over to any body of men, with permission to tear down and destroy at their will, and under pretence of benefiting the parish. Can one benefit a man by destroying his memory? Can one improve a parish by cutting off its connexion with the past?'

ART. IX.—*John Stuart Blackie: a Biography.* By ANNA M. STODDART. In two volumes. Edinburgh and London: 1895.

WITH Professor Blackie there disappeared a Scottish celebrity who will survive in the memory and affections of his countrymen. In every sense his was a striking personality. In the Highlands and in the Lowlands the familiar figure once seen was not easily forgotten. From boyhood onwards, although he worshipped the Greek mythology, he had never cared to sacrifice to the Graces; and in manhood the sturdy independence of his character was carried out in his habitual costume. Whether crossing a moor in Lochaber, or striding along Princes Street on his way to the lecture room, or travelling in Attica, he might be recognised by the Rembrandt-like soft grey hat, the plaid knotted carelessly round the spare form, and, above all, by the swing of the stout oaken staff, in which he vented superfluous energy and grasped in what he called his 'significant knuckles.' The late Master of Balliol, with whom we may find occasion to contrast and compare him, said once that if human life were ten years longer the world would come to a standstill—a saying thus interpreted and expanded by Mr. Tollemache: 'that this evil result would 'ensue if life were thus lengthened without youth being 'correspondingly lengthened.' Few men have approached more nearly than Blackie to the ideal which Jowett assumed to be unattainable. The bodily strength had necessarily abated, but the fire of the eye was undimmed to the last; the old man had still the freshness of boyhood which had often proved a snare and a stumbling-block, with the quick sensibility of the ardent youth who is earnestly looking forward to the far future.

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable about the man than the methods by which he endeared himself to all classes of Scotchmen, for he was the antithesis of the typical Scot. The Scot is cautious and reserved to a fault: he has an almost superstitious reverence for orthodoxy in religion as he understands it; he treats serious subjects with suitable solemnity, and he looks for sobriety and dignity in his lay and clerical teachers. It is absurd to say that he has no sense of humour, but he likes humour and wit of the native brand, and has no predilection for rollicking drollery. Whereas Blackie wore his heart upon his sleeve, and gave

voice to what came uppermost, regardless of the company. He had little reverence and less self-regard for we would not say self-respect. No man ever showed less worldly wisdom or more scant consideration for the *convenances*, and there is a characteristic story in the biography of his canvassing the burgh electors to the Greek Professorship in Edinburgh in a costume and with a licence of speech that shocked those worthy tradesmen. He discussed cherished doctrines and time-honoured dogmas with a freedom which might have sent him to the stake in Calvinistic Geneva. His paradoxical enunciations as to the benefits and advantages of war seemed to set humanity and Christianity alike at defiance. The patriotic German war-songs he translated were pagan in their tone, and had those volatile verses of his been acknowledged by a young advocate at the Parliament House, they would have been fatal to any prospects of professional advancement. Yet Blackie was not only popular, but beloved by Scots of all creeds and opinions who might have been supposed to misunderstand and mistrust him. He was welcomed in manses by fervent divines who could have denounced his views from the pulpit as damnable. He sacrilegiously intruded on the seclusion of Highland deer forests, and had a cordial reception in the shooting lodges of the keen stalkers whose sport he might have spoiled. But, indeed, it was the same when he crossed the border, for he never changed his behaviour nor tempered his language. He would abuse college dons or school dignitaries to their faces—at least, he would abuse and ridicule their teaching and systems—and he came off scatheless from encounters in which he was quietly suffered to have his say without provoking violent retort.

The fact is, there was something wonderfully sympathetic and earnest which disarmed anger and inspired regard. He was treated at once respectfully and tolerantly. If he talked nonsense, or rattled on heedlessly—as, to tell the truth, he often did, and more especially before mixed audiences on public platforms—it was only pretty Fanny's way. But, on the other hand, when he flashed out upon friend or opponent with the eloquent fire of profound conviction, the other was apt to be silenced if not convinced, and could only listen with admiration. So his shrewd countryfolk were soon persuaded that beneath an emotional and seemingly superficial temperament were deep mines of the qualities they most highly esteemed. He had a large share of practical common sense, and devoted himself to

practicable and impracticable objects with a thorough-going earnestness which invariably commanded a measure of success. Whether he was labouring to raise the standard of education, or striving to resuscitate a language which was dying a natural death, he enlisted support in unlooked-for quarters; and when it was a question of money he obtained handsome subscriptions from those who were lukewarm, or indifferent to his schemes. His very prejudices and crotchets chimed in with the Scottish humour. His paradoxes pleased them and exercised their friendly ingenuity. The fervour of his patriotism delighted them above all things—all the more that it was intensely local. He was a Scotchman first of all, and a Briton in a far less degree. Whilst he greatly doubted the wisdom of granting Home Rule to Ireland, he would have given Scotland that baneful gift, though his sober judgement must have told him that the gain would be purely sentimental, whereas the material losses would be great. He had but a slight infusion of Highland blood in his veins, yet he became more Celtic than the Celtic chieftains themselves. Blackie, in short, in our opinion, was the gifted and versatile creature of impulse, with the genius and earnestness which could achieve great things, but given to fritter away his powers by the irrepressible impulses of ill-regulated enthusiasm. His intellect and intellectual training were German; his spirit and fancy were Hellenic, but in heart and religious belief he was genuinely Scottish, and hence the sympathy he inspired to the north of the Tweed.

As we shall see, intellectually he was a self-made man. He had virtually regulated his own course of study, in obedience to his wayward tastes and inclinations. In that respect he may well be contrasted with Jowett. The almost simultaneous loss of two eminent men, who left lamentable blanks in their respective spheres, naturally invites a passing comparison. We have sketched Blackie as we have conceived him; and we may say that we had the advantage of his personal acquaintance. Though the two had obviously much in common—their passion for study, their unconventional expressions of opinion, and the heterodoxy which they somewhat ostentatiously paraded—Jowett is essentially Blackie's opposite. In the pregnant monograph by Mr. Tollemache he has been brought into the fullest possible light by a friend perhaps admitted further than any one to his inner confidence. Blackie wore no disguise; reserve was foreign to his nature, and those who ran up against

him might read him. But the innermost mind and the real opinions of the secretive Master of Balliol are still much of an enigma. Mr. Tollemache's notes and recollections suggest the idea of a Delphic oracle, giving utterance to dark and doubtful sayings, generally admitting of a double interpretation. Not unfrequently, like Johnson, he would seemingly speak to startle, and with sophistry and subtle paradox take up the weaker side when discussion was fairly set afoot. Perhaps it would have been well with him, as with Johnson, had he weighed his words more deliberately, for his opinions carried equal weight. Perhaps no man in the last half-century has exercised stronger influence on the flower of English culture. Men reverenced that phenomenal mind, not merely from a conviction of its power and grasp, but because they believed that Jowett understood himself, and that omniscience with his logical habits of thought should have brought him near to infallibility. It would be too much to say that he was insufficiently valued till he was gone; but after his death proof rapidly accumulated of the sway he had established over old and young, and of the reverence he had inspired in the most illustrious among his distinguished contemporaries. He was the most perfect fruit of English University training, systematically availing himself of its advantages, and he rose, in the natural course of things, to be the ideal autocrat among the *élite* of college dons. Though of humble birth, he seemed to have the hereditary talent of governing of the gifted Grand Seigneur. In dignity of demeanour, in deep and wide erudition, in incisive humour, in readiness of retort, and in the art of comprising a whole lecture in a single memorable apophthegm, he was unrivalled. But perhaps it was not the least of his many qualifications for his high place that he knew how to keep his own secrets, veiling doubts and weaknesses in oracular mystery. For, as Scott remarked of Reuben Butler, after all the man was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster. In this case we mean, of course, a college tutor. Where Blackie would have committed himself, Jowett was silent or reserved. It is only by collating the utterances which Mr. Tollemache's faithful memory has preserved that we can convict the subject of the memoir of inconsistencies. But we are induced to suspect that on vital questions that mighty mind was in a state of flux, and that the instinct of vividly viewing a question in all possible aspects suggested the doubts that were never satisfied. It would be hard indeed to say whether he could be fairly classed as Radical

or Conservative; and the most acute of his critics and familiars can only speculate as to his actual standpoint on revealed religion. In fact, the great English student was largely endowed with the Scottish caution in which the Scotchman was lacking. To Blackie all things were possible, and he simply followed the bent of the moment. Can we conceive Jowett lecturing on English song and the Percy Ballads to a mixed audience, chanting the merry refrains and illustrating them by the appropriate action? He was one who, in his ethical superiority, was inclined to pass over little things and concentrate all his faculties upon great objects.

What we have said of the Professor—for in Scotland Blackie was known as the Professor *par excellence*—will have led our readers to anticipate that he was original in the nursery and independent in boyhood. Never was the child more essentially the father of the man, and a shrewd observer might have forecast the general lines of his horoscope without risking character as a prophet. The child would go his own way, to the despair of anxious nurses, and the boy would only learn in the manner that chanced to please him. While still what pedants might have called a dunce, he was stirring up social revolution among his little sisters.

'He refused to be weaned from the attic where he and his sisters revelled in improvised sports, sometimes theatrical, often oratorical. He filled the house with noise; a merry, kindly child, much liked by his nurses, whom he harangued from the top of a chest of drawers. His father was fond of Shakespeare, and John picked up scraps by ear, and delivered them in the nursery with abundant gesture. But the psalms and hymns, carefully administered on Sundays, found less response until the metrical version of the nineteenth psalm pleased his ear and he learnt it by heart.'

He stuck fast at the alphabet. Even glittering ivory letters, presented as a delightful toy, failed to tempt him, and he flung them out of the window. When he was sent to a small private school, apparently about the age of ten, he could neither read nor write. The sense of inferiority to his schoolmates was a shock. He set himself to make up for lost time, and very soon surpassed them all, thanks to quickness of apprehension and a most tenacious memory, for emulation always acted on him as an irresistible spur. But the lighter accomplishments had no attraction for him; and his passion for everything Greek never extended to the classic dance. On one occasion his father dragged him forth from a cup-

board, and marched him off to the dancing class under uplifted cane; but these summary methods could not be persevered with, and the dancing was given up in despair. In those early days he never sat down to read. But then, as afterwards, he learned and studied, marching up and down through the house and chanting his tasks aloud. And to that time may be traced the springs of his overflow of patriotic fervour. Near his school, in the old-fashioned Nether Kirkgate of Aberdeen, was a statue of Wallace in a niche. Little Blackie came to regard it as a sacred image, and to worship it as the Russian peasant adores his ikon, although with very different intelligence. Memories of Wallace were naturally associated with those of Bruce, and his father used to take the boy on many a fishing expedition in picturesque Strathdon and on the banks of the Urie and the Deveron, where the feats and disasters of the struggle for Scottish independence still survived in ballad and tradition.

Precocious as the boy was, it sounds ludicrous in southern ears that he should have been sent to college at the age of twelve. It shows the low standard of educational acquirements at the period that he succeeded in winning a bursary, although the competitors must have exceeded a hundred. At that time, the students entering for the first season were made up of two classes. The great majority were mere children; the residue were grave but aspiring men who had saved by hard bodily labour, or possibly by teaching, sufficient to indulge themselves with a college curriculum. The general object of their modest ambition was a parish school, with the fainter hope, if they had fair luck and found a patron, of one day wagging their head in a pulpit. No wonder that Blackie in after years, when he had donned the professional gown, felt humiliated at having to ground schoolboys in the elements. No wonder that when his ardent spirit was damped by the breaking of clods instead of garnering a harvest after fair preparation he threw himself with heart and soul into the work of raising the standard of university education.

After his college course the choice of a profession had to be considered. It was fortunate for the wayward and impulsive lad that he was blessed with a wise and indulgent father. The elder Blackie was a banker, a shrewd man of business, and he believed in worldly success or worldly fame as the *summum bonum*; but he also believed in his brilliant son, and had full reliance on his good sense and soundness of principle. He was satisfied that John must attain dis-

tinction if he only struck into the right path. The difficulty was to decide upon the way he should go, and it must be confessed that his son tried him sorely. The occupation of an 'advocate' or attorney in Aberdeen was abandoned almost as soon as attempted. The future translator of Æschylus and Goethe could hardly be expected to settle down to deed-drawing and account-keeping, though we have a striking proof that poetry and legal business are not incompatible in the case of Sir Theodore Martin, who was the Professor's life-long friend. When young Blackie was disgusted with the office and hesitating over a change, circumstances gave a new turn to his thoughts and threatened to alter the whole complexion of his character. Some sudden deaths caused him serious thoughts, and in its oscillations the moral pendulum was swung towards an extreme. Then for a time this world was nothing to him. The guide of his conduct was the thought of Burke: 'What shadows we are and what shadows 'we pursue!' Shakespeare and Burns were thrown aside for Boston, Blair, and John Bunyan. With all his thoughts on immortality and the future, it was natural he should leave law for divinity. His father made no objection. The Church offered an honourable and tolerably lucrative career, and John, with his eloquence and lively fancy, might make himself a name as a pulpit orator, and look to be Moderator of the General Assembly. But when John had gone to Edinburgh as a divinity student—and at the age of sixteen—these fair prospects were overcast. The youth became more fantastic than ever, and carried pious scruples to absurdity. In groping for the one narrow way, and in his morbid apprehension of missing it, he was always striking into side paths, and landing himself in *culs-de-sac*. He had betaken himself to fervent prayer, in season and out of season, but no divine direction seemed to be given. When he came home to Aberdeen in the recess his father was shocked and staggered. The frolicsome, joyous youth had lost all his fun and animal spirits; sedate, and shadowed by the pale cast of thought, he took everything with aggravating and excessive seriousness. That season of storm and stress, as his biographer observes, had done him one inestimable service. It had weaned him effectually from the follies of youth, and removed him beyond the range of its customary temptations. And in Aberdeen he found himself in an atmosphere ill fitted to spiritual exaltation. Miss Stoddart has described with great truth and knowledge the chilling deadness of the orthodox school of Scottish divines. Learning

they sometimes possessed to no inconsiderable degree; but they discussed dogma and ecclesiastical history, seldom preaching on the truths of revelation, and never appealing to the hearts of their hearers. The doctors of divinity to whom Blackie had been accustomed to look up were excellent moralists but emphatically 'Moderates.' Miss Stoddart quotes a student who, throughout a four years' course of lectures by the Professor of Divinity, had never once heard the name of Christ. Much to his father's relief, the youth sought counsel from one of those unemotional gentlemen, and the advice was the turning-point in his life. From a fanatic it was for a time to change him into a free-thinker, and ultimately he was to settle down into a creed of his own, which blended the broad religion of Humanity with the indelible impressions of his early Presbyterianism. The man he consulted was Dr. Forbes, the venerable minister of Old Machar, a versatile pluralist, who also filled the Latin and Chemistry chairs at King's College. He found his old friend characteristically seated between Horace and the Hebrew Scriptures. The doctor's prescription was curt and to the point. 'What have you to do with books of 'divinity? . . . Whence should a student of theology fetch 'his theology in preference to his Greek Testament?' Blackie laid the counsel to heart, and became his own interpreter of the letter of the Scriptures. He had been told by Dr. Forbes that his jacket wanted widening, and accordingly he went to Germany to widen it, with his father's cordial approval. Thenceforward, after his return, his theological opinions, like his ordinary clothes, always sat so loosely on him that they gave him no further uneasiness.

Education in Göttingen was cheap as in Aberdeen. The young Scottish student lived in luxury for twelve shillings a week, *tout compris*. But what chiefly delighted him was the intellectual change from fasting to feasting. Eloquent professors of European fame lectured to classes whom they expected to appreciate and assimilate their high culture. Effort was stimulated by the assumption that the students knew much of what the most of them were necessarily ignorant of. The system has its obvious disadvantages with lads of only mediocre ability. But it brought Blackie's mind into vigorous action, and first at Göttingen, as subsequently at Berlin, his views underwent amazing expansion. His father was delighted by the more secular and practical tone of the letters, and felt that his money was being well expended. In Germany his thoughtful and

speculative son had found a second Fatherland. He enjoyed the convivial meetings of the jovial *Bürschen*, and in patriotic sentiment became German as the Germans. He had sat at the feet of such masters as Heeren and Raumer, who instructed him in the philosophic examination of history. He had devoted himself to the study of Schiller and Goethe, and he always regretted that on a flying visit to Weimar modesty had prevented his paying his personal respects to the immortal genius he was to venture to interpret. But that in various ways was a memorable *Wandersommer*. Deserted by his guide, he lost his way on the Brocken, and saw the mystic scene of the spectral sabbath enveloped in fantastic wreaths of mist. The recollections served him well when he came to realise the sublime dramas of the 'Faust.' No less vivid in another way were the impressions left upon him by his walks through Thuringia to Eisenach and the Wartburg. The personality of the 'solitary monk 'who shook the world' appealed to him as strongly as that of his masterful countryman Knox, and his admiration for the saintly reformers, ready to suffer or to die for conscience' sake, awakened his chivalrous sympathies for the persecuted Covenanters, whom he admired like any Calvinist or Cameronian.

But his jacket was being widened on all sides, and it was a second turning-point in his career when, at Berlin, he made the acquaintance of Neander. He had listened to the learned prelections in the class-room, but at a private gathering of the students Neander accosted him, questioning him as to Scottish theology. Rigid Sabbatarianism was in Scotland the crucial test of sincere piety. Neander said: 'You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to 'the observance of the Lord's Day.' The youth muttered something unintelligible. Relating the interview, he writes:—

'I was startled to be told for the first time that one of the most significant observances of the Scottish religious men was not Christian but Jewish. At that time, to my mind, Scottish theology and Christianism were convertible terms, and the severe notions of my countrymen, forbidding not only work but amusement on the Sunday, a point on which they go beyond the letter and spirit of the original command, were so rooted in my mind that I could on no account go to the theatre or the opera on a Sunday.' He adds, 'But I never had reason to regret my conscientiousness. Whatever is not of faith is of sin.'

No doubt that is so, and he was staggered at first by the conflict of the great scholar's authority with the convictions

he had imbibed with his mother's milk. But the authoritative dictum led him to anxious meditation, and his conversion to more liberal opinions must have been rapid, for before he left Berlin he had begun to frequent the theatres. Long afterwards, in a speech at a public dinner in Edinburgh he shocked the sanctimonious by proposing the toast of the Modern Drama, 'especially in union with the Christian 'Church.' It was flattering that Neander should cultivate the acquaintance, and there is one amusing record of a conversation which shows the illustrious historian's sense of humour. Discussing satirically the teaching of the extreme Rationalistic school, which took all possible liberties with the text of Scripture in order to rob it of its spiritual significance, he quoted Dr. Paulus on the Saviour's visit to Bethany. He described how Paulus treated the 'one thing 'needful' alluded to by our Lord in His gentle admonition to Martha: 'Dear Martha, you have indeed shown a laudable 'diligence in preparing a meal for me. I take it very kind, 'but you have neglected one dish which is better than all 'the rest: this you must now make ready.' Neander added: 'What this dish was, Paulus, who is fond of good eating, 'knows best.'

Besides the more important results of his residence in the German universities, there is another which should not pass unnoticed. We said he had found a second Fatherland, and no one of his Teutonic comrades was more fervid in German patriotism. The sacks, sieges, and massacres of the devastating thirty and ten years' wars had neither interest nor attraction for him. He went back to the heroic war-songs which celebrated the struggles for freedom, when the Germans were fighting for their swamps and forests against the arms of victorious Rome, and when Augustus had plaintively to ask, 'O Varus, where are my legions?' Those who have heard the professor in after years chant the praises of Herman, in stentorian voice and with appropriate gesture, will not soon forget the performance. Now he had been permitted to extend his travels to Italy. Neander had given him an introduction to Bunsen, who exercised even a greater influence over him, for with Bunsen he formed a lasting friendship, sustained by frequent correspondence. Italy does not seem to have impressed him like Germany or Greece, nor did the Capitol awaken such associations as the Acropolis. The Roman poets had never greatly fascinated him, nor indeed is it conceivable that the sort of genius which adores Homer and Æschylus should equally appreciate Virgil,

Horace, and Catullus. He cared as little for the petty feuds of the tyrants and nobles of mediæval Italy as for the campaigns of Wallenstein or the Great Frederick. What interested him more were the sylvan haunts of the nymphs and naïads, and the scenes of semi-mythical battles between Romans and Etruscans. Yet, with Horace and Virgil for his handbooks, he rambled through the picturesque solitudes of the Campagna and the Sabine Hills, and pushed his wanderings further into the wilder solitudes of the Apennines. At the same time he was preparing for the duties of the Humanity Chair by a conscientious study of Roman antiquities; and it was then, by the way, that his attention was first directed to what he deemed the veritable pronunciation of Greek. At first, notwithstanding his reforming enthusiasm at Eisenach, he was attracted by the splendid and imposing ritual of the Romish Church. His religious opinions were still unsettled, and it may have been the sublime frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel that tended towards the old gloomy preoccupation as to death, judgement, and eternal damnation. But he had always the fortune to find counsellors and comforters in his extremity, and now the wise Bunsen came to the rescue, as Dr. Forbes and Neander had done. Had he not recognised authority approaching infallibility in the men whose intellect he reverenced, in his fear of being misled by wandering lights he might have drifted to Catholicism, like Dryden.

As it was, he came home after his long absence a Radical and almost a revolutionary in politics, with a strong dash of Conservatism; heterodox and undecided in his religious views, though nevertheless a sincere believer. On the land question he was already something of a fanatic. Already he was inclined to adapt the conditions of the small peasant farmers of fertile Tuscany to those of the Highland crofters, who starved on their barren holdings. But his instincts and vocation were literary before all else, and he made it his immediate interest to promote the study in Scotland of the great German classics. Passing through London, he had met Lockhart and Coleridge. Doubtless he had spoken to them of his enthusiasm for Schiller and Goethe. The way had already been prepared by eloquent and enthusiastic admirers of the German dramatists. Lockhart, Wilson, and the eccentric but gifted Gillies, who enlisted the assistance of Scott for the 'Foreign Review,' which he owned and edited, had made their cultured countrymen familiar with

the beauties and sublimity of contemporary German literature. It was characteristic of Blackie that even in translations he soared a singularly audacious flight. Nothing could be more difficult to interpret and render into significant yet attractive English than the mystical 'Faust,' except, perhaps, the solemn magnificence of the tragedies of Æschylus. To say that he succeeded would be to assert that a novice had fathomed the bottomless and achieved the impossible. But he showed sound common sense in his manner of undertaking the work. He wisely shunned the perils of a too literal interpretation. His professed purpose was to convey the spirit of the original, and there, in our opinion, he was far from failing, especially in the sparkling scenes of student life and in the rustic manners with which his wanderings had familiarised him. In no translation do the stanzas go off more trippingly than those in which he describes the village dance, honoured by the condescending presence of the learned doctor. The subsequent attempt on Æschylus was even more venturesome. He had selected the most sublime of the immortal trinity of Greek tragedians. The grand strophes of the chorus of elders were the crucial test, and his version, although sometimes disfigured by familiar ejaculations, shows the delicate vibrations of a sympathetic fancy and no ordinary power of harmonious melody. To grapple fairly with the most formidable of the Greek poets is simply impossible, but even for the culminating scene of the fatal sacrifice he had generous praise from competent critics. In fact, in the free rendering of these Grecian and German masterpieces fervour and genuine poetic sympathy go for far more than pedantic exactness and profound erudition. Following the spirit rather than the letter, notwithstanding many a glaring fault, he gave evidence of force, fire, and flexibility.

Now, having definitely renounced all idea of the Church, he went in seriously for reading for the Bar. We can scarcely conceive any profession in which he was predestined to more hopeless failure. There was nothing of the legal dry-as-dust in his nature, he was no severe logician, and his habits and tastes set the formalities at defiance. The looseness of the jacket, let out in Germany, scandalised the Writers to the Signet and the solicitors who have the disposal of briefs. Even Scott and Jeffrey had discovered that a predilection for letters is a sad stumbling-block to the man who would make money by the law. Blackie, who was bound to write in some way, laboured on

in desultory fashion, dissatisfied and discouraged. Much of his time was occupied by the contributions to periodicals, to which he looked forward as his sole means of support, for the period of a fixed parental allowance was on the point of expiring. He was not altogether misspending his time. He formed valuable friendships in the best society of the Scottish capital, and he made many an interesting excursion to the romantic scenes of Scottish history and the homes and haunts of the Scottish poets. But his letters to relatives in Aberdeen are full of mourning and complaining: he declares that he has not the qualities which conduce to eminence at the Bar, and his complacent father had a final experience of the instability and indecision of his brilliant son.

For fortunately his career was at last decided, and again it was the much-enduring father who energetically came to his aid. A chair of Humanity was to be established in the Marischal College—strangely enough, Latin had hitherto been neglected—and young Blackie obtained the appointment, against formidable competitors, chiefly through vigorous local wirepulling. The question of an indispensable preliminary signature of the Westminster Confession of Faith tried his conscience sorely. He came to the compromise of a subtle dialectician, which saved the principle and gained the chair, by signing under protest by public advertisement. Yet, though the coveted prize was won, he was still, financially, in troubled waters. The chair was far from being comfortably padded. The class fees were wretchedly small, and he had to squabble for some increase of the scanty salary. Moreover, he was about to multiply his cares, for a long engagement, stubbornly opposed by the lady's family, was to end in what was to prove a singularly happy marriage. It must be confessed that few suitors could have seemed less eligible. His manners were unconventional as his dress, he had no regular income, and his prospects were of the most doubtful. Moreover, there had been a characteristic interlude, when he had fallen passionately in love with another young woman. That, however, was the affair of the lady; and now that the material objections were cleared away, there was no serious obstacle to the union. It is certain that he never did a wiser thing, nor had his wife any reason to regret his step. The biographer, who knew them well, has painted a delightful picture of a happy *ménage*. The well-mated couple thoroughly understood each other. The gifted wife, who

loved more heartily than she admired, exercised an unobtrusive controlling influence on the vagaries of her more gifted husband; and with his sage submission to the quiet worldly wisdom of his household Egeria there never seems to have arisen the shadow of a misunderstanding.

No man thought less of money than Blackie, and, so long as he could comfortably pay his way, the amount of his income was a matter of indifference. But the thorn that troubled him in the Humanity chair was the drudgery and humiliation of teaching schoolboys. The boys, who were not yet in their teens, came up from remote parochial schools to sit and gape stupidly on the college benches. So far as they had learned any Latin at all, it was to make a prosaic and grammatical translation into English, which might enable them to gain the indispensable bursary. Children like these were in the great majority. Nor were their more earnest seniors much more sympathetically impressionable. These were stolid men, often middle-aged, who had been saving and hoarding laboriously by teaching, by field labour, sometimes by a season of the herring fishing, that they might lay in the small store of learning which they hoped might advance them in life. Estimable as they were, their Professor might, for the most part, labour in vain to warm them with his own classical enthusiasm. We can sympathise, if we look on this picture and on that. Contrast the fiery scholar pacing his cramped rooms like a caged hyena—it was the greatest attraction to him when he changed to an old-fashioned tenement in old Aberdeen, into a room over thirty feet long, where he had free space for his stride—declaiming, gesticulating, and venting his classical fervour; contrast him with the impassive and untutored dunces whom it was his business to ground in the elements of grammar. We dwell upon that dreary time and upon the seething of his suppressed feelings, because it was then he was stirred to the great undertaking of his life—to the elevation of the standards of university education. But his activity was never to be restrained within the range of his actual duties. It was then he delivered his first public lecture. The chilly intellectual atmosphere of Aberdeen has since been greatly modified, and it was a hazardous experiment to take for his subject 'The Principles of Poetry and 'the Fine Arts.' But his first appearance on the platform was an unexpected success.

'My lecture . . . was a decided hit. There's for you! Platonism preached to the hard granite ears of Aberdeen, and with applause!

I was a little proud of the achievement. And such an audience, overflowing. Three cheers for the little professor. Hurrah!'

'He read this lecture, but was sensible of the "bondage of the paper," and it set him thinking on the whole subject of public oratory.

'I have been set upon a new scent this week (he wrote), and my ambition has got a new push. It was the lecture, I think, that did it. I will not be satisfied now till I become a great public speaker. I have gone to Calvert, our elocutionist, and am studying his art of speaking and reading, and mean to educate myself for a lecturer. The field of good here open for me is immense. I see no bound to it.'

Had he been a man who greatly cared for the dignity of his reputation and for posthumous fame, it may well be doubted whether the new departure was a happy one. That it helped the founding of objects he had deeply at heart there can be no question whatever. For in the eloquence that opens hearts and purses he had much in common with Macdonald, the minister of Blairgowrie, whose stirring appeal once moved the Professor to an immediate donation of 5*l*., and who did more than any other half-dozen men to raise a sustentation fund for the seceding Free Church.

The vacancy in the Greek chair at Edinburgh transferred him to the most congenial of possible spheres. We have already alluded to the preliminary obstacles which the free and easy manner of the candidate gratuitously aggravated. They were triumphantly surmounted, thanks to the assistance of staunch friends with a firm faith in his capabilities for the post. To his friends he had communicated his own enthusiasm, and with what fervour they toiled for him is shown in a letter from Mr. Daniel Wilson, which might have been written by himself: 'Three cheers and three 'times three—Blackie for ever! After three days of intense 'anxiety and excitement, I cannot think of sitting down to 'my regular jogtrot work till I have reached out my arm 'to Aberdeen and had a hearty shake with our professor. 'Long life and health and happiness to you and your true-'hearted wife, who hoped with us to the last against hope.' In Edinburgh, where he was well known already, he had a warm welcome. The leaders of the movement for progress in university education hailed the advent of a zealous champion. They looked to his professorship as sure to give practical illustrations of the value of reforming energy, wisely directed. Nor were they disappointed. With broad knowledge and strongly pronounced views, he devoted himself from the first to what he recognised as his mission. In anything that he advocated he was his own most earnest

proselyte. Pronunciation and accentuation naturally took precedence of everything else, and he lost no time in publishing a small volume on these subjects. As he wrote elsewhere:—

'The conclusions to which I came were simple and certain. The Scottish pronunciation and the English were alike founded on a historical tradition standing on a philological basis. The Scotch, by their more happy preservation of the Catholic pronunciation of Continental nations, happened to be mainly in the right, while the English happened to be altogether in the wrong. As to accentuation, how it came I do not know; my countrymen were not a whit better than their southern neighbours. Both had, partly out of sheer carelessness, partly from some imagined metrical difficulties, convinced themselves that it was a rational and scholarlike practice to hold as not written the real Greek accents which are carefully printed on every word of every Greek book by a continuous tradition from the Alexandrian grammarians, and to adopt the Latin accentuation instead.'

The accentuation always grated on his ear, but his voice was as one crying in the wilderness. 'Nobody,' he moans, 'disputed my doctrine, but few or none followed my prac-'tice.' The sense of duty, with the relief of more easy circumstances, induced him to carry on his own education. He was desirous to study the dialects and pronunciation of modern Greece, and, as he had already undertaken the translation of Homer, to make himself personally acquainted with the nurseland of the poet. Accordingly, in the spring of 1853 he left the modern for the ancient Athens. In pleasure and in profit he was well repaid. He writes to his wife from Athens:—

'I am learning many things. . . . What has delighted me most is the natural and strikingly dramatic character of the people and their mode of life. I have a hundred times fancied myself in the midst of some strange melodrama. The dresses of the people are so various and picturesque, the gait of the Greeks and Albanese has something in it so noble and kingly, the contour of their features is often so fine, the expression of the face, now blithe and generous, grand and open—now dark, scowling, and savage—the whole so lively, easy, natural, and unconstrained, that to a person just slipped from the leading-strings of cold Edinburgh proprieties and etiquettes, the sensation of strange rich naturalness was magical. Many of the men whom I see give a living idea of a Homeric Agamemnon or Ajax, while others again are like the murderers in "Macbeth" or "Richard," and a great deal more ferocious, cutthroat faces, and yet not without a certain rude grandeur of their own.'

No doubt that delightful visit to Greece gave new life and dramatic force to his desultory prelections from the

Chair. As his biographer admits, opinions as to the success of his teaching varied widely. We should be inclined to think that he did excellent work with the most intelligent, but that he failed in whipping up the dullards and the laggards. Not that he hesitated to stoop to a lower intelligence, or spared himself in any way.

'He grudged no trouble in the class room, or out of it, to help those who wished to help themselves; he encouraged such by gifts, not only of books, but of his leisure; and more particularly those who were both diligent and poor found him ready to supplement in the evening, and at his own house, the instruction of the morning . . . with the loan of books to which otherwise they could have no access, and above all with the frank and hearty respect which their industry inspired in him.'

Saturated with the Greek spirit as he was himself, he naturally communicated to those who had any spark of his own fire and genius something of his own enthusiasm. On the other hand, we have been told by one of his ablest students that not unfrequently they 'would be driven nearly 'wild' by his persistency in enforcing his peculiar ideas, in season and out of season, especially in the effort to combine respect both for quantity and accent. And as to that, by the way, it has been almost conclusively demonstrated by highly competent classical scholars, that the conciliation is absolutely impossible. One argument against the accentual pronunciation of modern Greek may be based on the reference to the strophes and antistrophes of a chorus. They correspond, syllable for syllable, in quantity. Their uniformity must therefore have been evident to the audience, and must have been meant to serve a purpose which would have been defeated if such uniformity had not been observed. But if the strophes and antistrophes are pronounced as a modern Greek would pronounce them, the accent and the quantity are more often at variance than not: consequently and clearly they would never have been composed had the ancient Greeks pronounced as the modern. We have remarked repeatedly on his indifference to his dignity, and as to that Miss Stoddart tells a capital story:—

'One of his best men was an Irishman called Geogheghan, a word which the professor decided should be pronounced *Gawan*. This gentleman came constantly to the assistance of the duller sort, but resented the liberty taken with his name, which he pronounced *Gaigan*. One day, when called upon to read he kept silence. "Gawan," repeated the Professor, without response. "Gaigan, you dour deevil, will you read?" he cried, and Geoghegan leapt to his feet with alacrity.'

Each year, after he had his home in Edinburgh, he made a walking expedition in some romantic district of Scotland. In that roving taste he resembled his old master, Professor Wilson, and the wiry professor of Greek was almost as good a pedestrian as the stalwart Christopher. Both went to work much in the same way—in the lightest possible marching order, and with philosophical indifference as to their quarters. But Christopher North was the keenest of sportsmen: he lays the early scenes of the 'Noctes' at the Thane's in Mar Forest, and revels in recollections of August days on the moors of Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie, and of angling in spring on the Tweed and its tributaries. Blackie knew nothing of sport, and took the side of tourist and peasant against proprietor and preserver with even more than his wonted ardour. As usual, enthusiasm carried him too far, and he was more sentimental than practical in his sympathies. Recent investigations have made it evident that the crofters were often atrociously rackrented. But when Blackie saw the remains of deserted hamlets in some lonely glen, his pulses were throbbing with unconsidered indignation. He strode forward through heather and over rock and stone, composing and chanting aloud the invective and lament which were to be published and obtain a wide circulation. He forgot that sheep paid better than goats and black cattle, and deer in many cases better than either. He forgot that the free influx of Southern gold gave comfort to the few who were left in the seats of the miserable many, and that the children of the exiles who might have gone on starving in their sterile glens were happy and prosperous in America or Australia. For himself, neither fear of legal consequences nor consideration for the deerstalkers could deter him from trespass on the forest sanctuaries. He resolved to climb the Buchaillmore from Glencoe. The landlord, whose principles were as fixed as the Professor's, refused to find him a guide. 'But the Professor, if he 'feared God, certainly regarded not man, so, with the 'wonted stick in his hand and a parting intimation to the 'gamekeeper that his name was John Stuart Blackie, and 'that he would answer to the Court of Session for his 'doings, he started for the top and won a cloudless view.' He was not prosecuted, but that, we may say, was simply owing to the forbearance of the shooting tenants.

Akin to his sentimental affection for the banished Celt was his love for the dying Gaelic. A mere accident and the chance analogy of a word which happened to strike him

engaged his interest as a philologist, and he resolved to devote himself to further research. That the substitution of the language of the Empire and of the Anglo-Saxon race for a moribund form of speech that was only locally intelligible was an unmixed benefit to the inhabitants of the remote islands and highlands cannot be doubted. It levelled the barriers which condemned them to back-of-the-world seclusion and penury. Yet there was much to be said for the strong feeling of many Scotchmen that the extinction of the Gaelic speech would be a serious loss to philology. Efforts had been made for the endowment of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University. But the sum wanted was 12,000*l.*, and there seemed to be small prospect of its being collected. In a happy hour Blackie was persuaded to become the champion of the cause. For four years it occupied much of his time and most of his thoughts. He stumped England as well as Scotland, and held forth fervently upon platforms; he gave the fund the profits of many a lecture, he paid innumerable visits, he wrote endless letters, and appeared in the unfamiliar character of the most unblushing of beggars. He never scrupled to lay a snare to entrap the generous or the grudging. And the upshot was that mainly owing to him the chair was founded, endowed, and satisfactorily filled by a highlander as enthusiastic on the subject as himself.

Walks in the Highlands had incited him to his Celtic crusade, and that led him, in the way of business, into very different scenes and society. In these four eventful years he paid frequent visits to the South, and made many acquaintances in all ranks and circles, from her Majesty and the Royal Princesses downwards. His calm imperturbability never failed, and, like Burns, whom he so greatly admired, he always went on the principle that 'a man's a man for a' 'that.' The frank and manly familiarity was never mistaken for presumption. There is a story, though it is said to want confirmation, that, in a moment of genial *abandon*, he patted the Princess Louise on the shoulder, addressing her paternally as 'my bonnie lassie.' It is more certain that, when commanded to Inverary to meet the Queen, he went forward philosophically in his weather-worn walking suit, although his luggage had been left behind. As it happened, the portmanteau turned up in time; had it been otherwise it would have been much the same to the Professor. As for anything like 'donnism' or scholastic starch, it always acted on the professorial free lance like scarlet on a bull; and we fancy some of his interviews with the head masters

of great English schools, when gathering lights as to systems of education, must have been rich materials for comedy. He respected the learning and the genius of such men as Whewell or Jowett, yet he took a boyish delight in scandalising them. It was the skirmishing of light horse round the solidity of heavy cavalry formation. For example, he goes to breakfast with Mr. Gladstone:—

'Present were his fair lady and daughter, Whewell of Trinity and his lady, before whom I exclaimed emphatically about the absurdity of English pronunciation of Greek and Latin, Gladstone being distinctly on my side, and the Cambridge don more than half. I told him roundly that the English schoolmasters were as hard-hided as a rhinoceros, and utterly impenetrable to reason, nature, and common sense. The Lord Advocate, who was present, told me he was perfectly delighted with the manner in which I walked round the mighty Cambridge don. I did not mean to do anything of the kind; but of all exhibitions of poor, pretentious humanity, donnism is to me the most odious.'

One Sunday he went, when in London, to hear two very different divines:—

I heard Jowett in the forenoon. . . . The sermon was from Acts x. 34 and 35, a regular broad-church text, as broad as the world, and by the learned preacher made to include the Vedic hymns, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, what not—very instructive. . . . In the evening I went to hear Baboo Chunder Sen, who chose pretty much the same text, and enlarged in the fashionable style on toleration, charity, and no opinions in particular.'

In Edinburgh he sat for long regularly under Dr. Guthrie, whose rhetorical eloquence and fertility of illustration greatly attracted him. He took his place in the elders' pew beneath the pulpit, bowing his head reverently during the prayers. But to the last, as it need not be said, he was still absolutely unsectarian. In striking and aggressive contrast to the creed of his countrymen, he could never be brought to admit that he was a sinner.

'He protested that he was nothing of the sort. He detested the coarser forms of sin, his charity was known of all men, his sincerity and courage were unassailable, and he rather claimed for virtue such bluntness, inconsiderateness, and self-assertion as constituted his admitted failings. To him they were part of the panoply with which Providence had armed him for the battle of life. It was, however, as a protest against the grovelling confessions of sin peculiar to sectarian Calvinism which failed to stimulate the sinner to walk uprightly, that he emphasised this view of his own.

We have quoted that passage, not only as illustrating Blackie's religious attitude, but as a suggestive example of

the biographer's sympathetic yet discriminating analysis. With Blackie the religious sentiment and the general belief in revelation were founded on the early education which reason had subsequently strengthened into conviction. Had he persevered in his intention of entering the Church, he would certainly have seceded with the Free Kirk folk, and possibly rivalled Guthrie as a moving and popular preacher. Indeed he did preach on occasions. He passed a Sunday at the hospitable castle of Kylemore when touring in Connemara. 'I had a kindly whim to deliver to the 'sentient people a sermon.' So, leading off with praise and prayer, he delivered a discourse from Hebrews on the inevitable harmony of faith and works—a harmony of which he was the living example.

Philosophical religion had fortified him against disappointment. In 1865 he had completed the translation of Homer, which he regarded as his most important work. The mortification must have been extreme when it was declined by Mr. Murray, and afterwards by the leading London booksellers. Yet he could write while he must still have been smarting: 'Whether or not I shall be judged to have made any trust-'worthy contribution to the translated literature of my 'country, the man who has spent twelve years of honest 'toil in the study of Homer has already received the better 'part of his reward.' As Miss Stoddart acutely remarks, 'No words of those who knew him could well better portray 'his constant attitude towards work and relatively towards 'success. The superficial effusive enjoyment of popularity 'which led observers to credit him with vanity, was but the 'honest experience of what little vanity he had.' As for the Homer, which was published in Edinburgh, perhaps from old associations we have always thought he made a happy choice in adopting the ballad couplet, and the martial measures of old Chapman. The sonorous metre seems to harmonise with the rolling of the war chariots, the clashing of the spears, and the shouts of the combatants in the heroic conflict where the gods of Olympus came down to mingle with Trojan and Greek. But all that time and to the last his pen was never idle. On his deathbed, and when his life was being counted by hours, he proposed an article to Blackwood on one of his pet subjects. In a succession of small volumes he had brought out lays of the *Bürschen* and songs of the Highlands, lay sermons, religious sonnets, and essays economical and educational. He wrote a biography of Burns, his favourite Scottish poet, and he was an habitual

contributor to 'Blackwood' and other periodicals. His indefatigable industry never relaxed, till in 1882 he was attacked by serious illness and afflicted besides by temporary blindness. He recovered, but the warnings were not to be disregarded. It must have been a sad day when he received a letter from his doctor, couched in most kindly and considerate terms, but virtually ordering him to give up his professorship. For with Blackie's conscientious nature there could be no option. If he were pronounced unfit for his post, it was time to retire. 'It is characteristic 'of his alert judgement and essential reasonableness that 'he accepted the advice without demur, and a few days later 'sent in his resignation.'

The lightening of his burdens gave immediate relief, and undoubtedly prolonged his days. He could still amuse himself with congenial pursuits without the sense of pressure. Again he visited the East, and as he had formerly enjoyed the scenes on the Nile and studied the archæology of Egypt in its monuments, now he travelled to Constantinople and delighted himself in the beauties of the Bosphorus and the busy commercial life of Galata and Stamboul. We could linger with pleasure and for long on what might be called the gossipy side of the book, where the biographer with intimate personal knowledge goes into characteristic domestic detail. For it all shows us the veritable man, beloved and admired by those who had exceptional opportunities of estimating him. Miss Stoddart can tell of many a deed of unostentatious charity, and she surmises much more than she can speak of with certainty. But it was notorious that he regarded the cheques he received for periodicals as a fund to be distributed for the benefit of others. She has fond recollections of the bright life in the domestic circle, where frank and free-handed hospitality was exercised, in his houses in Edinburgh and in the Highlands. For he had made himself a home on the heights of Oban, looking across to the brown hills of Mull, and thither came many a guest of celebrity, always sure of a hearty welcome. As there were dinners and suppers in Edinburgh—intellectual symposia like those of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' though the joviality was less obstreperous, so there were picnics from Oban to some sequestered glen or to some shattered fortalice overhanging the sea lochs or the Sound. We might quote at length from the letters to his wife, lively, loving, absolutely unreserved, and the best justification of the wisdom of what was called a most imprudent marriage. To follow

him in his various activity after he left the Greek chair would only be, in some sort, a repetition of what has been said already. He was interested as ever in educational progress, and still his energy translated itself into speech, writing, and action. In 1894 he drew up a brief retrospect of what he had done in that direction, and of what he had endeavoured to do; and it was a record he might regard with justifiable satisfaction. The end of that busy career stole upon him almost insensibly. The Hellenic Society, which he had founded, was meeting at his house in late December, reading and discussing the 'Promethean Bard.' On Christmas he entertained a pleasant luncheon party. 'But that evening the asthma returned and lasted sixteen 'hours, so the next day he could speak but one word at a 'time . . . this weakness is pitiable, and the mind continu-'ing very active, he wonders why he can do so little.' It is needless to dwell on the melancholy suspense of the last few weeks. Those familiar with the refined charm of his face can well understand that with the steady failure of physical power 'he looked already like a spirit.' On March 2 he passed peacefully away at the great age of eighty-five; his last conscious action was a fond farewell to his wife, and the last words on the lips of the poet and the Scottish patriot were 'The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns, but the 'Psalmist first.'

ART. X.—1. *England's Darling.* By ALFRED AUSTIN. London and New York: 1896.

2. *Poems.* By FRANCIS THOMPSON. Fifth edition. London: 1895.

3. *Sister Songs: an Offering to Two Sisters.* By FRANCIS THOMPSON. London: 1895.

4. *Odes and other Poems.* By WILLIAM WATSON. London: 1895.

5. *The Father of the Forest, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM WATSON. London: 1895.

6. *The Purple East.* By WILLIAM WATSON. London: 1896.

7. *Lyrics.* By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. London and New York: 1895.

8. *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical.* Second series. By Lord DE TABLEY. London: 1895.

9. *Ballads and Songs.* By JOHN DAVIDSON. London: 1894.

10. *Fleet Street Eclogues.* By JOHN DAVIDSON. First and second series. London: 1896.

11. *Poems and Sonnets.* By F. R. STATHAM. London: 1895.

12. *New Poems.* By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. London and New York: 1896.

13. *The Humours of the Court.* By ROBERT BRIDGES. Boston: 1893.

THE office of Poet Laureate has at last been filled up, and in a manner which seems to indicate that the poets who posed for the election knew what they were about, and that official theory as to the requirements for the office and the duties incident to it, has reverted to the old lines. Since the appointment of Wordsworth, who stipulated that his duties should be merely nominal, we had got into the habit of regarding the Laureateship as a recognition of poetic genius, an official tribute to the poet who, as far as the best judgement of his contemporaries could decide, might be fairly regarded as the first poet of his day. The unique position occupied by the late Laureate confirmed the public mind in this idea; and though Tennyson did not, like his predecessor, entirely shrink from recognising any duties as a 'bard,' and did write two or three occasional poems, possibly by request, there is no doubt that he might have

declined even these semi-official acts of poesy if he had chosen. And this is the reasonable view of the matter from the standpoint of the present day. The office of Poet Laureate was instituted at a time when *vers d'occasion* were a fashion, and it was considered a part of the proper furbishing of a Court that there should be a Court poet ready to turn copies of verses to grace any special event in the royal household. We have ceased to regard this kind of performance as contributing much to the dignity of a Court; we have learned to recognise (or we thought we had) that poetry written to order for official occasions is not likely to contribute much to the dignity of literature, and indeed that the very position of Poet Laureate, under the old *régime*, was, as Gray plainly said, and as Wordsworth obviously recognised, only calculated to bring the poet into contempt. By treating the appointment as a formal tribute to exceptional poetic genius, and bestowing it successively on two men who were certainly the leading English poets in their respective generations, we had succeeded in clothing it with a dignity and worth which it never had before. Upon the advice, apparently, of the Premier,* who in this matter might well have followed the example of his predecessor, we have gone back to the old order of things. The most gifted poets of the day have been passed over, and the appointment bestowed on a writer who seems to have recommended himself by being 'on the right side' in politics, and by a readiness (displayed only too prominently) to turn out a respectable copy of verses on any occasion that might present itself for such celebration, and who seems content to accept these doubtful bays at the cost of becoming the laughing-stock of the best educated class of his countrymen. The Laureate is no longer the poet honoured by the best mind of the nation; he is once more the Lord Chamberlain's Court official. The spectacle is rather a sad one. The only consolation is that, considering some of the names which were said to have been, for some incomprehensible reason, 'in the running,' we may be thankful that we did not see an even worse appointment. As it is, the new Laureate is a mediocre poet, and a respectable and amiable man—and that is about all that can be said.

* As has been before pointed out in these pages, the appointment of the Poet Laureate, as a Court official, rests formally with the Lord Chamberlain; but there is no doubt that it is considerably influenced by the head of the Government for the time being.

Mr. Alfred Austin appears to have had his patriotic poem ready for the occasion; at all events, the immediate appearance of 'England's Darling' just after the notification of the appointment seems something more than fortuitous. In the true spirit of a Court poet, he has dedicated the drama of which King Alfred is the hero to the Princess of Wales, 'daughter of vanished Vikings and mother of English kings 'to be'—a direct appeal to the conscience of the loyal Briton. The poem may be characterised generally as a choice example of Tennyson-and-water. In inheriting a laurel very much greener from the brows of his great predecessor, Mr. Austin seems to have thought it incumbent upon him to produce the same kind of article, and to dower his country with an historical English drama on the lines of 'Harold.' He has thrown over a form of quasi-dramatic poem which he had made his own, and of which the best example, 'Fortunatus the Pessimist,' may claim to be both a pretty and original production of its kind, and has made an almost ludicrously obvious attempt to reproduce the form and characteristics of the Tennysonian drama, even down to the introduction of the rural lyrics and the small talk of the lower order of personages. Now Tennyson was certainly not at his best in drama; he had dramatic moments, but his genius was not dramatic, and 'Harold,' as we observed at the time of its appearance,* is essentially epic rather than dramatic. But in spite of some weak passages—in spite of the anachronisms of the modern Protestantism of Harold and the modern High-Churchism of Edith—the poem left powerful impressions behind it. Many a reader of it might well feel that he had acquired a new and vivid mental picture of the formidable personality of 'the bastard of 'Falaise,' a stronger impression of the fateful character for this country of the fight at Senlac. The new Laureate attempts to conjure up spirits with the wand of his predecessor, but they will not come at his call. He brings Alfred the Great and his times no nearer to us; his king is but a dressed-up stage figure, the mouthpiece for moral reflections. The whole style of the book, like the smile of the Heathen Chinee, is 'childlike and bland.' We commence, in the orthodox fashion, with the general conversation between minor characters which lets us into the state of the country,

* Edinburgh Review, April 1877, 'The Dramas of Alfred Tennyson.'

and how the marauding Danes are looting the monasteries—

> 'And tearing from the abbot's tonsured brow
> Alb, stole, and chasuble.'

It will be news to ecclesiologists that these articles were at that period worn as headgear, even if they can understand how the tonsure could be applied to the abbot's 'brow.' These and other enormities arouse the indignation of Ethelred:—

> 'The outlandish dogs,
> Uprooting Egbert's England, and afresh
> Untwisting what he has bound, and to their will
> Enserfing all.
> *Ethelnoth.*
> Nay, Ethelred, not all!
> ALL BUT ALFRED THE KING!'

The reader will please observe the capitals. It is a nice point thus to underline the first reference to your hero; just as, in serio-comic opera, the side-drums are rattled when the great man is to come on. In truth, Mr. Austin has been unfair to himself in that little bit of claptrap, for pretentiousness and over-acted vigour are not the special defects of the poem as a whole. What strikes one rather is its serene level of unvarying dulness. It cannot boast even of picturesque defects. The versification is almost throughout smooth and equable, and the moral sentiments irreproachable; many excellent copybook headings might be culled from among them. Occasionally there is an obvious bid for the applause of the gallery, in the shape of 'texts 'for the times,' such as—

> 'Who holds the sea perforce doth hold the land,
> And who lose that must lose the other too;'

or the prophecy of the future greatness of England which winds up the poem. Patriotism, however, is not poetry; and these appeals to the 'jingo' element in the national character cannot blind the discerning reader to the fact that—whether the scene depicts the love-making of Edward and Edgiva, or the talk of Alfred with the latter, or the Witenagemote, or the final discomfiture of the Danish invaders—the thought and diction are alike tame to the verge of absolute puerility. The subject is a fine one, and the poet no doubt means well: 'but for Alisander, alas, you 'see how 'tis; a little o'er-parted.' That Alfred, as an heroic figure in English history, has been unaccountably neglected

in English poetry, as Mr. Austin urges in his preface, may be true enough; but it would have been small satisfaction to the king who at that early period did his best to promote the study of letters among his people, to have foreseen that in these latter days the irony of fate and a Poet Laureate was to make him the central figure in a piece of literary namby-pamby.

If it seem unkind to speak so plainly, the unkindness is in a measure forced upon us by the present state of literary criticism. When, two or three years ago, the plain truth was spoken in these pages in regard to some poetical wind-bags of the day, there was much wrath among the circle of those who make a business of reviewing each other's books, with murmurings about 'cruelty to poets,' and so forth. Perhaps this tenderness for poets was not unmixed with a resentment on their own account against an interference with what they regarded as their lawful occupation. However that may be, it is the complainants themselves who have rendered necessary what they call 'cruelty.' It is the professional literary critics of the day, with their 'hands-'all-round' system, who have bolstered up sham poets and persuaded the public to take tinsel for true metal, and to buy up edition after edition of what, considered as poetry, was only fit for the waste-paper basket. If they (the aforesaid critics) really believed in the worth of such poetry, one cannot think much of their critical insight; if they did not, the conclusion must be still less to their advantage. In either case, it seems desirable that a little wholesome truth should be spoken on the subject.

It may be, in fact has been, urged that the feeling of the present day is against the production of long poems on historical or heroic subjects; that we look now for an intensity of feeling and expression in poetry which cannot possibly be sustained throughout a long narrative or dramatic poem; that hence may arise an impatience on the part of the modern reader with poems of the type of which 'England's Darling' is an example. But, in fact, the change is not so much in the readers as in the poets. We do not believe that the reading world—the best section of it—would be one whit less ready to hail and to appreciate 'Philip van Artevelde,' for instance, if it were first published now, than was the case at its first appearance sixty years ago. But Sir Henry Taylor's personages, in spite of a certain amount of occasional prosing, are real flesh-and-blood characters, and they are characters of the time; we seem to get a sudden glimpse into the

fierce, turbulent, cut-throat life of the Flanders of the fourteenth century. At a more recent period we have seen how 'The Ring and the Book,' in spite of inordinate lengthiness and prodigious abnormalities of literary style and form, took the reading world by storm from its sheer intensity of pathos and its electric flash-lights into the recesses of the human heart. No; it is not that we are not as willing as ever to read long poems, when they merit the name of poetry; but it certainly is the fact that at the present moment the tendency of our most genuine poets appears to be towards subjective and introspective rather than objective poetry. It is the Pharisees of the literary world who for a pretence make long poems, and think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. From whatever cause it be, those poets among us who have the strongest feeling and the most genuine power of poetic expression, seem for the present disposed to confine their utterances within the limits of concise reflective or lyrical poems, and manifest little inclination towards objective poetry in the form of extended drama or narrative. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the restless and unsettled state of opinion and conviction at present, the prevalence of the spirit of impassioned scepticism, in which criticism of life is so strangely mingled with aspiration. In such a time it is not strange that the poet too should have his 'obstinate questionings,' and that contemporary poetry should deal more largely in psychological and spiritual problems than in objective creation.

It is with this class of subjective and contemplative poetry that we must rank the most powerful productions in the thin volume of 'Poems' by Mr. Francis Thompson, who, if he have not already acquired a right to the title of a great poet, seems at least to have more of the making of one in him than any other among the younger poets of the day. From internal evidence it may be gathered that these poems are the utterances of one who, though still young, has passed through deep waters; they contain thoughts such as are not but by bitter experience wrung from the human heart, while their literary faults are those of youth: an exuberance of language and imagery, often too little restrained by considerations of finish and balance of form and proportion. It would be easy to criticise a good deal in their detail; we are conscious often of a carelessness as to absolute metrical propriety; there is a slight tendency, not very marked but still not to be overlooked, to that false mannerism in poetic style which consists in the coinage or adoption of special

adjectives as possessing some inherent power of giving poetic colouring to a passage; 'trepidant' seems to be a favourite word, for instance; 'temerarious' occurs, we are glad to say, but once; may it be blotted in the next edition! Nor has the author yet entirely shaken himself free from the weakness of unconscious imitation of the style and manner of some of his predecessors. We should gather that he is well read in the older English poets, and in some cases his familiarity with their cadences and forms stands him in good stead; the highly elaborated refrain, for instance, in the first of the 'Sister Songs,' probably owes its suggestion to Spenser; but it is a mere suggestion as to form, no imitation of his style. But in the fine poem entitled 'Her Portrait' we find passages at least which show a little too plainly that the author has been looking over the shoulder of Cowley:—

'Heaven, which not oft is prodigal of its more
To singers, in their song too great before;
By which the hierarch of large poesy is
Restrained to his one sacred benefice;
Only for her the salutary awe
Relaxes and stern canon of its law;*
To her alone concedes pluralities,
To her alone to reconcile agrees
The Muses, the Graces, and the Charities;
To her, who can the trust so well conduct,
To her it gives the use, to us the usufruct.'

The writer of that passage had certainly been reading the 'Ode to the Royal Society.' In the lovely little poem called 'Dream-Tryst,' again, the executors of Dante Gabriel Rossetti might claim a reversionary interest in the closing quatrain:—

'I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past meet girt about:
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.'

But these echoes are but occasional lapses, in isolated passages; they do not characterise any poem as a whole, nor convict the author of any conscious and systematic attempt to play upon another's pipe. It is fair to recognise their existence, and it is as well to call their author's attention to a pitfall which perhaps few young and ardent poets have

* We give the punctuation as in the book; it is obviously faulty. There are, unfortunately, not a few poets who do not understand how to punctuate their own poems. Browning, for instance, had not apparently an idea of punctuation.

altogether eluded. But the same poem which contains the Cowleyfied passage quoted above, furnishes us with evidence sufficient of the poet's capacity to sing his own tune, and in a noble style too :—

> 'How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,
> Who cannot see her countenance for her soul;
> As birds see not the casement for the sky?'

Then, after a few lines in which this fine idea is amplified, the poet is nevertheless drawn back to contemplate the material countenance, as the only visible index of the soul :—

> 'There Regent Melancholy wide controls;
> There Earth- and Heaven-Love play for aureoles;
> There Sweetness out of Sadness breaks at fits,
> Like bubbles on dark water, or as flits
> A sudden silver fin through its deep infinites;
> There amorous Thought has sucked pale Fancy's breath,
> And Tenderness sits looking toward the lands of death;
> There Feeling stills her breathing with her hand,
> And Dream from Melancholy part wrests the wand;
> And on this lady's heart, looked you so deep,
> Poor Poetry has rocked himself to sleep;
> *Upon the heavy blossom of her lips*
> *Hangs the bee Musing;* nigh her lids eclipse
> Each half-occulted star beneath that lies;
> And in the contemplation of those eyes,
> Passionless passion, wild tranquillities.'

The close is unfortunately marred by an oversight in grammatical construction, one of those slips in detail to which we have already referred. But as a poetic rhapsody on the intellectual symbolism of woman's beauty we know nothing to compare with it since the sixth and seventh strophes of Tennyson's 'Eleänore;' and it is perhaps superior to those in a sense, though less highly polished, from its tone of deeper sincerity. The reader has, we hope, noted the exquisite fancy in the two lines we have italicised; the metaphor is so delicate that it will hardly bear comment; the slightest touch would seem to rend it; but it is a jewel that might have come out of Shakspeare's treasury.

One poem, however, towers above all the rest in this small collection; one of which the predominant idea, of the love of the Creator overpowering and compelling the creature to itself, is to be traced in some of the religious poems of George Herbert, but is here expressed with an intensity of pathos, a wildness of imagery, to which the

gentle priest of Bemerton was an entire stranger. The extraordinary title, 'The Hound of Heaven,' at once compels the reader's attention, nor is he likely to be less impressed and drawn onward by the opening of the chase:—

'I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."'

But he would take refuge in human love:—

'I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love who followéd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.'

He would fly 'across the margent of the world,' cling to 'the whistling mane of every wind'—in vain:—

'Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat,
"Naught shelters thee, who will not shelter me."'

Then follows in a few lines one of the most exquisite touches in the poem; the innocent love of children may be a refuge—

'I turned me to them very wistfully'—

as, indeed, how many a wearied and guilt-laden soul has done! But 'their angel' plucked them from him. Then, driven from this resource, he would be one with Nature's children, the forces of earth and air; he would know all

the secrets of her changes, and how the clouds arise, and would triumph and sadden with all weather:—

'Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.'

And still the chase presses on; life seems wasted; he stands amid the dust of mounded years:—

'Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding.'

The battlements of eternity are half seen through the mists of time; the end of the chase is near:—

'Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me."

. . . . .

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."'

So ends a poem of seven pages, which, with its wild and perpetually shifting imagery, its power of language, and its solemn and pathetic moral, may be said to be absolutely unique in the religious poetry (if we are so to class it) of our language. The few quotations we have made give no adequate idea of the effect of the whole, for its fervour and splendour of diction are unabated from first to last. It is one of those rare instances of poems with a moral purpose, in which it is difficult to say whether we are most impressed with the moral earnestness or the poetic beauty of the work. As to the moral, we presume, from the evidence of certain poems in the book, that the author is a Roman Catholic, and no doubt there are those who will urge that this poem is merely a striking re-statement of the old Catholic dogma of asceticism and renunciation. But this is surely rather a narrow view to take of it. As a matter of fact, the poet uses no theological personification or definition whatever; and the central idea itself, that true repose

of spirit is to be found only in resting on some ideal behind and apart from the material shows of life, is one over which Marcus Aurelius and Gordon might have shaken hands. It may be the Christ crowned with thorns—it may be the 'Not-ourself which makes for righteousness;' the root principle is the same: as Matthew Arnold finely says in his 'Obermann' poem, speaking of the small band 'whom the 'world could not tame:'—

> 'Christian and pagan, king and slave,
> Soldier and anchorite,
> Distinctions we esteem so grave,
> Are nothing in their sight.
>
> They do not ask who pined unseen,
> Who was on action hurl'd,
> Whose one bond is, that all have been
> Unspotted by the world.'

But, whether we read into it the creed of the Christian devotee or of the reverential sceptic, the author has produced a poem which, once read, can never be forgotten.*

One of the noteworthy points in Mr. Thompson's poetry, and one which is especially illustrated in this poem, is his powerful and truly poetic use of metaphor. As was observed in an article in these pages a few years ago on Mr. Swinburne's Lyrics,† the distinction between metaphor and mere simile forms one of the most important differentiations between poetry and mere versifying. The true poetic metaphor is not a mere comparison of one idea with another; it is the interpenetration of the borrowed imagery with the expression of the central thought, as if it were the only and inevitable manner of expressing it; the metaphor becoming in itself, as it were, a poem within a poem, concentrated sometimes in a single word. Mr. Thompson is a master in this imaginative use of metaphor. We have drawn attention to one remarkable instance in 'Her Por-'trait;' but the poem we have just been noticing is a whole treasure-house of rich and picturesque imagery interwoven with the expression of the central thought. The idea of Hope, or an object of hope, as presenting some desirable and possibly attainable good at the end of a long perspective, may have presented itself to many minds, may be capable

* It is a pity that the associations with the poem should have been disturbed by the fantastic and badly drawn illustration which forms the frontispiece to the volume. We hope this will be cut out of the next edition.

† Edinburgh Review, April 1890.

of extended amplification; but here it is all flashed upon us in passing, in the one magical expression—

'Up vistaed hopes I sped.'

The line is a poem in itself.

The two poems in the volume entitled 'Sister-Songs' are only less remarkable in that their subject is less grave and striking, for they are equally redolent of true poetic genius. They form a kind of homage to two children, carried out in the splendid hyperbole characteristic of Elizabethan days; the first one, as we have already noted, recalling something of the same kind of effect as is produced by the elaborate recurring refrains in such poems as Spenser's 'Prothalamium' and 'Epithalamium.' This poem, addressed to the younger sister, is interrupted from time to time by a refrain on which slight variations are played:—

'Then, Spring's little children, your lauds do ye upraise
To Sylvia, O Sylvia, her sweet, feat ways!
Your lovesome labours lay away,
And trick you out in holiday,
For syllabling to Sylvia;
And all you birds on branches, lave your mouths with May,
To bear with me this burthen,
For singing to Sylvia.'

There is a charming music in this stanza, and the reader will no doubt have noted the piquant effect of the slight trip in the metre at the last line, 'For singing to Sylvia'—a calculated effect, as it recurs at each repetition. The idea of the poem is that of a vision of the powers of Spring doing homage to the bright child, which is carried out with much charming and delicate fancy; but the poem takes a more pathetic turn towards the close, where the poet justifies the expenditure of all this rhapsody 'for a child's kiss' by some tender words, part of which may refer to a real experience, on the blessing of a child's kindness to the unhappy and unconsoled:

'Almost I had forgot
The healing harms,
And whitest witchery, a-lurk in that
Authentic cestus of two girdling arms:
And I remembered not
The subtle sanctities which dart
From childish lips' unvalued precious brush,
Nor how it makes the sudden lilies push
Between the loosening fibres of the heart.'

. . . .

'Therefore I kissed in thee
The heart of childhood, so divine for me.'

And, indeed, no *apologia* was needed.

The poem addressed to 'the elder nursling of the nest' is much more serious in tone, and pervaded with the deeper human interest which surrounds the girl who is nearer to the time when the child-nature should put on its woman's garb. The first pages of the poem are occupied with a plea, full of beauty and feeling, for pardon to the poet for venturing to hymn her praises—a plea diversified with digressions into graver thoughts on life and love, and the mystery of failure and disappointment. And yet—

'Were any gentle passion hallowed me,
Who must none other breath of passion feel
Save such as winnows to the fledgèd heel
The tremulous Paradisal plumages;
The conscious sacramental trees
Which ever be
Shaken celestially,
Consentient with enamoured wings, might know my love for thee.'

But more: the object of his song had been as the first break of dawn after a night of misery, as the beauty of the mirage seen across the arid desert—

'A sight like innocence when one has sinned!'

The mirage was a baseless vision, but this one remained—

'All these *are*, for these are she.

. . .

In all I work, my hand includeth thine;
Thou rushest down in every stream
Whose passion frets my spirit's deepening gorge;
Unhoods't mine eyas heart, and fliest my dream;
Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge;
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world.'

And in contemplating this young life, 'whose sex is yet 'but in her soul,' the poet, after a very fine passage which we have not space to quote (in fact, we must put restraint on ourselves not to quote page after page), is led to an unusual and striking thought on the disproportion which may exist between the essential loftiness of the child soul and the shackles under which the mind is fettered during growth and education—word so often practically misused:—

'"Whose sex is in thy soul!"
What think we of thy soul?
Which has no parts, and cannot grow,
Unfurled not from an embryo;
Born of full stature, lineal to control;
And yet a pigmy's yoke must undergo.

Yet must keep pace and tarry, patient, kind,
With its unwilling scholar, the dull, tardy mind ; *
Must be obsequious to the body's powers,
Whose low hands mete its paths, set ope and close its ways;
Must do obeisance to the days,
And wait the little pleasure of the hours ;
Yea, ripe for kingship, yet must be
Captive in statuted minority !
So is all power fulfilled, as soul in thee.
So still the ruler by the ruled takes rule,
And wisdom weaves itself i' the loom o' the fool.
The splendent sun no splendour can display,
Till on gross things he dash his broken ray,
From cloud and tree and flower re-tossed in prismy spray.'

The last thought, which is carried on further in the same strain of illustration, is in accordance with scientific truth, as indeed the highest poetry is often found to be, the poet feeling his way by the shorter path of intuition to the point to which the man of science is led by observation and deduction.† As to the earlier portion of the quotation, and the position that the soul is 'born of full stature,' there, indeed, the poet will have to face a formidable array of questions. But we must avoid the quagmires of psychology, only recognising the truth of this picture of the conflict between the soul and the fettering limitations of mind, and the striking character of the reflexion founded on it. Still finer is the passage which contemplates the day when the maiden, grown a woman, shall give up the secret of her heart to another :—

'But on a day whereof I think,
One shall dip his hand to drink
In that still water of thy soul,
And its imaged tremors race
Over thy joy-troubled face.'

. . . . .

'One grace alone I seek.
Oh! may this treasure-galleon of my verse,
Fraught with its golden passion, oared with cadent rhyme,
Set with a towering press of fantasies,
Drop safely down the time,
Leaving mine islèd self behind it far

* 'The soul must needs instruct her weak compeer.' 'Sordello.'

† See a noteworthy example of this in Cowley's 'Hymn to Light,' where somewhat the same idea as that of Mr. Thompson, of light taking colour and beauty from the objects it breaks upon—

'A crimson garment in the rose thou wearest,' &c.

is carried out at much greater length, in a strain quite in advance of the scientific thought of Cowley's own day.

Soon to be sunken in the abysm of seas
(As down the years the splendour voyages
From some long ruined and night-submergèd star),
And in thy subject sovereign's havening heart
Anchor the freightage of its virgin ore;
Adding its wasteful more
To his overflowing treasury.
So through his river mine shall reach thy sea,
Bearing its confluent part;
In his pulse mine shall thrill;
And the quick heart shall quicken from the heart that's still.'

Surely never had girl such a poetic homage as this (if it be actually a personal poem—a question of no direct concern to the reader) from a poet who compares himself, at the close, merely to a child who, when others bring their gifts, will also bring 'some fond and fancied nothings,' and say, 'I give you these.' The poem requires careful reading (as, indeed, does all poetry that is worth the name) to follow out the argument, which is perfectly connected throughout, though sometimes a little difficult to disentangle from the wealth of imagery with which it is presented; but it is worth the trouble. Reading it again and again, with the object of this brief analysis, we have read it with ever-increasing surprise at the splendour of the thoughts it contains, and of the language in which they are enshrined.

We commenced our comments on Mr. Thompson's poems with the remark that he had the making in him of a great poet. We must conclude with unsaying our words. He is already a great poet, if the phrase means anything, and if quality is to be the test rather than quantity: greater, perhaps, than he is aware of. As he himself says:—

'We speak a lesson taught we know not how,
And what it is that from us flows
The hearer better than the utterer knows.'

In the purely literary sense there are, as we have already implied, faults to be recognised, but they are such as he may easily shake himself free from, if the dawn, as we may hope, of happier days should stimulate him to renewed efforts of his remarkable genius.

In the literary sense, on the other hand, Mr. William Watson still merits the praise of being a wellnigh faultless poet. His two small volumes (we pass over for the moment 'The Purple East') display more prominently than ever the qualities which have always characterised his poetry—strong and concentrated thought expressed in dignified and per-

fectly finished verse, the quality of which reminds one of Coleridge's distinction between prose and poetry; the former consisting of 'words in the best order,' the latter of 'the 'best words in the best order.' One cannot light upon a loosely composed line or an ill-chosen expression anywhere. One may regret sometimes that he says too little, but he can at least boast the rare excellence of never saying a word too much. A great imaginative poet he is not, or has not so far shown himself to be. His poetry is emphatically 'a criticism of life,' even avowedly so. His poetic faith may be summarised by the collocation of two verses from the 'Odes' volume. One is from the poem addressed 'to Arthur Christopher Benson,' contrasting the old associations that cling around Eton with the claims of modern life:—

'This neighbouring joy and woe—
This present sky and sea—
These men and things we know,
Whose touch we would not flee—
To us, O friend, shall long
Yield aliment of song;
Life as I see it lived is great enough for me.'

The reverse of the thought is presented in the little epigram, as one may call it, addressed to a poet whose name is not given:—

'Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.'

Mr. Watson may be said to have fairly preserved the balance between these two sides of his ideal. Even when he lets fly a merely political shaft in the shape of a critical sonnet, there is always something in the form of expression which is of interest for its own sake; the flight of the critical arrow is steadied and directed by winged words of poetic metaphor. The most remarkable poem in the two volumes is the poet's nobly felt and expressed 'Apologia,' a reply to some current criticism of his writings, of which, perhaps, the only one which had any basis was that he had occupied himself too much in writing poems about other poets. His answer is that these are a part of life:—

'Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
Their descants least heroical of deeds:'

and assuredly no apology is needed for so noble a poetic

reflexion as that on 'The Tomb of Burns.' To the charge that he had brought nothing new 'into an old and iterative 'world' he answers:—

> 'Is the Muse
> Fall'n to a thing of Mode, that must each year
> Supplant her derelict self of yester-year?
> Or do the mighty voices of old days
> At last so tedious grow, that one whose lips
> Inherit some far echo of their tones—
> How far, how faint, none better knows than he
> Who hath been nourished on their utterance—can
> But irk the ears of such as care no more
> The accent of dead greatness to recall?'

The tone taken by the author in this and the succeeding passages, as to his claim to be considered to some extent an inheritor from some of the greater poets of old, is expressed with what may be called a dignified humility, which has the still better quality of giving the impression of entire and unaffected sincerity. As to the abstract question, it is certain that the mere revival of the form and manner of an older poet is an achievement of no permanent value, though it may arouse a passing interest; but we do not consider that Mr. Watson comes under this condemnation at all; in fact, he has hardly done justice to his own position, and has missed a point in his reply which we may make for him. To be a mere imitator of a preceding poet is one thing; to be a disciple and follower of his school of thought and style is another thing. Mr. Watson may be said to be a follower of the school of Wordsworth, not so much that he writes as Wordsworth did write, but that he writes (within certain limits) as Wordsworth might have written had he been confronted with the circumstance and tone of thought of the present day. The literary use of language in the expression of poetic thought is an art to be developed and perfected by the study of great models, just as a musical composer of one generation studies the style of his most gifted predecessors to acquire greater power in the handling of his materials. Mr. Watson has no doubt been largely influenced both by Wordsworth and Arnold, but he is assuredly no mere imitator; his ideas and his language are distinctly his own. His 'Apologia' proceeds from this subject to deal, in a higher strain, with his favourite position that life has interest wide enough for the poet, and far wider than is recognised in much of contemporary poetry;

that all art is not necessarily cold that breathes 'an ardour 'not of Eros' lips:'—

——'that in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul:'

and on this line of thought the poem is conducted to a noble climax, which has already been often quoted, and is perhaps the finest passage Mr. Watson has written.

Among the longer poems in these volumes—longer by comparison, for all are brief—there are one or two which are especially striking from the manner in which, at the close of what seems at first a merely objective poem, the author turns round upon us with an unexpected subjective application. In the poem entitled 'The Father of the 'Forest,' we seem at first to have only the kind of musing that one is often tempted into over the history and associations hanging about an ancient tree, the monarch of the forest—the things it has witnessed, the great human drama that has been enacted while it silently flourished and decayed. But the tables are turned in an almost startling manner; the yew-tree asserts its superiority as a part of the great calm life of nature:—

'Who prates to me of arms and kings,
Here in these courts of old repose?
. . . .
Often an air comes idling by
With news of cities and of men:
I hear a multitudinous sigh,
And lapse into my soul again;
Shall her great noons and sunsets be
Blurred with thine infelicity?'

Another example, lighter in tone but more individual in its idea, is that entitled 'A Study in Contrasts,' the contrast being between a bustling collie dog, whose fussiness and volatility are admirably described, and the serene calm of the Persian cat who watches him from the window:—

'And as her eyes with indolent regard
Viewed his upbubblings of ebullient life,
She seemed the Orient Spirit incarnate, lost
In contemplation of the Western Soul!
Even so, methought, the genius of the East,
Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,
Luxurious, enigmatically sage,
Dispassionately cruel, might look down
On all the fever of the Occident;—

The brooding mother of the unfilial world,
Recumbent on her own antiquity,
Aloof from our mutations and unrest,
Alien to our achievements and desires,
Too proud alike for protest or assent
When new thoughts thunder at her massy door;—
Another brain dreaming another dream,
Another heart recalling other loves,
Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,
For our precipitate pleasures too august,
And in majestic taciturnity
Refraining her illimitable scorn.'

The climax of the last line is admirable, and the whole idea, as a piece of half serious, half sportive irony, is very completely worked out.

Whether the author was well advised in publishing his booklet of sonnets on 'The Purple East' may be a question. Certainly we hold that poets may well make their voice heard on subjects of public import; certainly also we detest that kind of selfish national policy which was gibbeted by Rossetti in a finer sonnet than any of these (that 'On Refusal 'of Aid between Nations'); and we are fully in sympathy with the chivalrous spirit that runs through these effusions, which in a literary sense are not in the author's best vein—he was, perhaps, thinking too much of his meaning to pay his usual attention to its form of expression. But has Mr. Watson really reflected on what it is that he wants England to do, and what would be the probable result of the kind of armed interference which he passionately calls for? Does he seriously suppose that a war of vengeance on Turkey would be a means of lessening human suffering and bloodshed? Unless a man is quite clear in his own mind as to the cause and effect of a war, he is hardly wise in attempting to hound his countrymen on, from whatever chivalrous or well-intended motives, into actions which may only be the beginning of more extended evil than that which he seeks to put down.*

We come now to what we may call the debateable ground. So far we have had little doubt at least as to the general tenor of our critique; we are sure of two real poets and one Poet Laureate. It becomes more difficult to take a

* 'The tender mercies of the weak,
As of the wicked, are but cruel.'
Philip van Artevelde.

decided line as to the rest of the contents of the landing-net. They may be divided into two classes. On the one hand, we have scholarly and well-written poetry, not without fancy, and indubitably pleasant to read, yet of which we may question whether it possesses any thought which can render it of serious interest to the world, or any power of permanent vitality. On the other hand come the poems which contain considerable originality of idea, which deal sometimes in a striking and earnest spirit with some serious problem of life, but which do not justify sufficiently their existence in the form of poetry. It is with the latter class, on the whole, that we feel the least sympathy; at all events, from the critical standpoint. However striking may be the subject matter in itself, whether it take the form of narration or of subjective reflection, unless there is anything in the form of its setting in verse which manifestly adds to its power and effectiveness, it has shown no right to the ceremonial of versification at all, and had better have been plainly set down in prose. But the poetry which has the charm of musical verse and finished literary workmanship, giving expression to ideas which, though they may not be far-reaching or strikingly original, have sufficient interest to stimulate our own thought and set the wheels of fancy going, has its value and claims recognition, as a contribution to the enjoyment of life. We do not suppose that Mr. Benson's poems will be read by future generations, but they form a very pleasant volume to turn over in an hour of idleness; the literary style and workmanship are always satisfying; there is a good deal of sympathetic observation of nature in landscape, and bird, and flower, around which the author's fancy 'plays with similes' as well as with description, always gracefully, sometimes tenderly; while there are not wanting some poems here and there that touch a deeper chord, among which we may especially mention 'Linquenda,' 'The Moment,' 'Attributes,' 'The Prison Wall,' 'A Death-bed,' 'Afterwards.' One or two poems in connexion with school life are good examples of a class of poem which always has an interest for those who have once been English schoolboys; one of them, 'After Construing,' contains a striking reflexion on the contrast between the two most prominent Latin authors 'edited for the use of schools'—the tender-hearted Virgil and the imperturbable and inscrutable Cæsar—which is likely to fix itself in the reader's memory. One of the strongest things in the book is the poem entitled

'My Poet,' the second part of which asks what we have often thought was a question to be asked; we will leave the reader to find it for himself, not wishing specially to quote what, though certainly effective, may be said to be the only thing in the volume that has a sting in it. The same objection does not apply to 'The Prison Wall,' which is a good example of the more concentrated and thoughtful of the shorter poems in the collection:—

'The future is mine own, mine own;
I muse and make it what I will;—
A monarch on an airy throne,
A daisy on a silent hill.

With doubting heart and breaking tear
The present I excuse, deny:
There is one space undimmed and clear
That may portend a sunnier sky.

But ah! the past; her back was turned.
I spoke and praised her; when she heard,
Her eye in silent anger burned,
And dumbly fell the unuttered word.'

The final stanza is certainly powerful; the others are not free from defects; the fourth line of the first stanza is incongruous with the preceding image, and adds nothing to the developement of the idea; but it is a little poem with a thought at the back of it.

The posthumous volume of poems by Lord de Tabley contains work of much the same kind as that which constituted the bulk of his former volume,* but nothing equal to the two or three short poems which gave its real value to that volume. The principal poems, like those in the former volume, are long ones on subjects of classic fable—'Orpheus in Hades,' 'Circe,' and 'The Death of Phaëthon.' Their failure to interest is not to be attributed in any way to the rebellion of the modern mind against classical themes; so far as that rebellion exists, it is only as it has been justified by the number of dull and shallow poets who have taken refuge in classicalities under the idea that a lofty subject would make a lofty poem, and have thus created a kind of prejudice against pagan deities or pagan machinery

* The volume of 1893, we observe, has been re-issued without any kind of alteration or new matter, but with the mere substitution of the date '1896' for '1893' on the title-page—a piece of bookseller's jugglery which should be protested against.

in poetry. In spite of that, no one finds 'Laodamia' or the 'Harp-player on Ætna' dull. And Lord de Tabley's classic poems are inviting to the sight; they create a first impression of *richesse* and picturesqueness which is illusory; and it is curious to consider why. Any one turning over rapidly the pages of either Mr. Thompson's or Lord de Tabley's poems to get that first idea of what kind of picture they make on the pages, which we often like to get before fairly attacking a poem, might gain very much the same first impression from each—that of pages shot with colour from a profusion of glowing and glittering epithets. But on reading the two, he would find that while Mr. Thompson's adjectives are only the picturesque clothing of his varied imagery, Lord de Tabley's are epithets and nothing more; they are entirely superficial decoration; they do not clothe thought, they are there to conceal the absence of it. Poetry is not to be concocted by the lavish use of epithet, by strewing the page with 'sapphire bars,' 'silver moon,' 'ebon 'cloud,' 'orange sea-wrack,' 'falcon wing,' 'moaning blast,' &c. &c. There are no doubt what are called 'fine lines' from time to time in these classical poems; they are dignified in outward manner, but they are entirely superficial. The most real poem in the book is the last one, 'The Haughty Lady condemns Love and despises Passion,' an expression of what has possibly more often been felt by 'haughty ladies' than the world is aware of; viz.: that love and its natural sequel, 'poor pipe of earthly passion,' is a thing beneath her and not to be entertained without derogation of her dignity and self-applause; her revolt is expressed throughout both with dignity and energy. It is a pity that Lord de Tabley either deceived himself or was deceived by his friends into a belief in the superior importance of his classical subjects, whereas in fact he had a vein of true feeling in what may be called the poetry of modern humanity; and if he would have dropped his decorative classicalities and produced more such poems as 'Nuptial 'Song' and 'Rural Evening,' he might have gone down to posterity as a poet worthy to be had in remembrance.

The poems of Mr. Davidson belong to the opposite school; that in which the poet's main object is either to enforce a moral or to tell a tragic tale, the literary form being in either case obviously regarded as a matter of secondary importance so long as the moral or the incident is clearly and emphatically set forth. This attitude is the popular one in the present day, when the moral aspect of art is so much emphasised;

and we even find Mr. Davidson spoken of as our leading and most promising poet. It may be questioned whether he has shown, so far, much claim to be considered as a poet at all, in the full and complete sense of the word. He has produced some striking narratives and parables in verse, but in almost all cases it is the thing which is told rather than the manner of telling it which holds the attention of the reader. The inventive and thoughtful faculty is strong in him; the shaping faculty is weak; and poetry is not complete without the union and interpenetration of both faculties. The most remarkable as well as the largest poem in the 'Ballads and 'Songs' volume is that entitled 'A Ballad in Blank Verse 'of the Making of a Poet.' It is a study of a phenomenon which may be said to be characteristic of the present generation—the rebellion of the natural or pagan mind against the restrictions of the religious creed. An ardent and imaginative youth, his fancy full of dreams of 'the fair humanities' of pagan mythology, is the son of a stern couple of Puritans of the old stock, whose hearts are wellnigh broken at the contemplation of his apparently callous indifference to all which they hold not only as most sacred, but as necessary to eternal salvation. While they would ask—

> '"If on the instant death should summon you,
> What doom would the eternal Judge pronounce?"
> . . . . . .
> A vision rose before him; and the sound
> Husky and plaintive of his father's voice,
> Seemed unintelligible and afar.
> He saw Apollo on the Dardan beach;
> The waves lay still; the winds hung motionless,
> And held their breath to hear the rebel god,
> Conquered and doomed, with stormy sobbing song,
> And crashing discords of his golden lyre,
> Reluctantly compel the walls of Troy,
> Unquarried and unhewn, in supple lines
> And massive strength to rise about the town.'

Worse still, he had visions of the Cyprian Aphrodite, 'all 'one blush and glance of passion,' and failing her—

> 'He sought the outcast Aphrodite, dull,
> Tawdry, unbeautiful, but still divine,
> Even in the dark streets of a noisome port'—

perhaps a not improbable anticlimax under the circumstances. After his mother has died of grief over his defections, in pure pity to his father he professes penitence and

receives the sacrament, only to rush away and walk at evening by the purple firth and see 'brown locks upon the 'brine,' to rebel yet further against the creed of his fathers in propounding the view that man is the only godlike thing in the universe, thus sinning 'the unpardonable sin' in the eyes of his stern father, who in his passionate affection would be willing to be eternally lost with his beloved son rather than separate from him for eternity, but that he was elect unto salvation. The father dies, and the poet is free to recover from his remorse and indulge his ideal:—

> 'No creed for me! I am a man apart:
>
> . . .
>
> I am a man set by to overhear
> The inner harmony, the very tune
> Of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare
> For all the pageantry of Time; . .
> . . . winter shall ply
> His ancient craft, soldering the years with ice;
> And spring appear caught in a leafless brake,
> Breathless with wonder and the tears half dried
> Upon her human cheek; summer shall come
> And waste his passion like a prodigal
> Right royally; and autumn spend her gold
> Free-handed like a harlot; men to know,
> Women to love are waiting everywhere.'

Here we may 'put Schramm's pipe in his mouth again;' his philosophy is not, after all, very new; but the antagonism between the religious and the pagan view of life is certainly put with considerable power and pathos. A similar idea is at the root of the most striking of the shorter poems, 'The Ballad of a Nun,' who broke away from the convent in the unquenchable desire to taste of natural human love and become 'sister to the mountains' and to the sun and moon, and after all was permitted to die in the odour of sanctity. But here again the interest is more in the idea than in the treatment of it, and this is more emphatically the case with 'Thirty Bob a Week,' which might have been a fine and pathetic poem were it not defiled (in a literary sense) by the futile realism involved in the use of slang. Dialect is one thing, slang is another. Slang is death to poetry; even a writer of such natural poetic gifts as Mr. Kipling has cut his own throat with it. The finest page in the book, in point of poetic style, is that in which, in a poem entitled 'After the End,' a question is asked which must have occurred to many an ardent mind in con-

templating that distant but inevitable end of planetary life with which modern science threatens us:—

> 'After the end of all things,
> After the years are spent,
> After the loom is broken,
> After the robe is rent,
> Will there be hearts a-beating,
> Will friend converse with friend,
> Will men and women be lovers
> After the end?
> Roses and dews, the stars and the grass,
> Kingdoms and homes like fashions must pass,
> Seedtime and harvest, sunshine and rain
> Cease and be welcomed never again;
> But passion and power, courage and truth,
> Grace and delight and beauty and youth,
> Will they go out like the lights at a ball,
> With sun, moon, and stars at the end of all?'

Such a passage illustrates one mission of a poet—one which the late Poet Laureate so largely fulfilled for his own generation—that of giving poetic voice to the prevalent thoughts and longings of his contemporaries; and in this poem it is done in language which is effective from its very simplicity and sincerity as well as from its musical versification. The 'Fleet Street Eclogues,' which are imaginary conversations between newspaper men in the intervals of routine work at the office, contain some pleasant fancy and some real feeling, and are worth turning over; but they have little literary value, and many of the conversations tossed to and fro in verse might as well have been written in prose. But there is room to expect more and better things from Mr. Davidson when he has realised that the form in poetry is as important as the thought.

Mr. F. R. Statham's volume of poems is disappointing, inasmuch as while the first poem in the book is a fine one, both in passionate feeling and in stately verse, there is nothing in the further contents of the volume at all on the same level. They are well written in a literary sense, but they give the impression of having been written as stray poems on various occasions, rather with the object of giving utterance to a reflexion in verse than with any serious aim at the production of poetry, and then collected to form a volume. There are many volumes of poetry thus produced, no doubt; but there is evidence, at all events in the first poem, that the author could do more than this, and poets

who mean business should go to work in a more serious spirit. The first poem, 'Gianetta,' is strung upon a slender thread of narrative, hinted at rather than told. The heroine, the daughter of an old Italian painter, has given all she had to give of love to a patrician friend and patron of her father, who had been unaware of her parentage at the time, and on discovering it is indignant with her for having tempted or allowed him unwittingly to dishonour the child of his friend, while she appeals to him to undo the wrong by marriage, receiving merely a haughty refusal accompanied by a request for another meeting. She keeps the appointment only to slay her lover and, in a revulsion of remorse, to turn the weapon against herself. She arms herself with an antique poniard from her father's stores—

'A ruby crowned the hilt, a drop of blood,
That seemed to make suggestion to the blade;
It fixed her glance a moment while she stood
Testing the point, and for that instant made
Such strange confusion of her fixed intent
That at her feet she dropped hate's instrument.'

The harsh diction of the last line is no doubt intentional. There is a pathetic picture of her last sight of her father slumbering before the unfinished painting in which she recognises her own fair form, which shall not live to mock her memory should she never return:—

'Still noiselessly within the door she stepped,
And from her breast the fateful weapon drew;
From top to base the murderous sentence crept.'

The meeting of the pair, the progress through the dark city, 'guilt and vengeance side by side,' leads up to the double tragedy:—

'the daylight's early glow
Looked through the panes and might have deemed they slept
Save for the purple rivulet that crept—

That slowly crept from her invaded side
Around the base of love's deserted hills,
To feed a lake whose slow-congealing tide
Seemed like the fence of their divided wills:
Of hers, whose love became a wasting fire,
Of his, whose death revived her slain desire.'

We have not quoted the most powerful passages; but the effect of the poem lies in its sustained style as a whole

(in spite of an occasional faulty line), and the unrelenting manner in which the passion marches from stanza to stanza. Among the minor poems in the volume the most individual are 'The Beacon,' a pretty and touching sea idyll, 'Maxwell Square,' and a short figurative poem entitled 'The Dagger.' 'A Dip into Keats' is a fine sonnet.

The collection and publication of the posthumous poems of Christina Rossetti will neither add to nor injure her fame as a poet, though it serves to strengthen the feeling of almost reverent affection with which she must be regarded even by those who know her only through her published works. There is nothing in the 'New Poems' equal to the best of what she had already given us, and some of them were certainly not worth preservation except for personal reasons; but the volume as a whole is one that we are glad to have. To turn it over is to stray through a kind of *hortus inclusus* of sweet and tender musings, embodied in verse which is always flowing and spontaneous, as if it were the natural medium of expression of the writer's thoughts. There are one or two poems which display a power above the general level of the book, of which the most noteworthy is 'Look on this picture and on this,' the remorse of a man who has been rapt away from allegiance to his first love by a stronger but less worthy attraction, but still recognises the superior purity of the soul he has deserted. What shall be the last end of it all?—

> 'The tearless tender eyes are closed, the tender lips are dumb—
> I shall not see or hear them more until that day shall come:
> Then they must speak; what will they say?—what then will be the sum?
>
> Shall we stand upon the left, and she upon the right—
> We smirched with endless death and shame, she glorified in white—
> Will she sound our accusation in intolerable light?'

Mr. Bridges in all his writings is essentially an artist, but we do not quite see what he is aiming at in his dramatic poem, 'The Humours of the Court,' professedly based on two dramas by Lope and Calderon. It is a tale of innocent intrigue in some Court of which neither date nor place is indicated, save for the reference to Milan as a neighbouring city, and in which the characters are rather stage puppets than real men and women. As an acting play, with some little alteration and condensation, it might succeed, since the actors might be able to fill out into

the semblance of flesh-and-blood humanity the figures which seem so little real on the page. As a poem for reading it is not interesting, though polished in style and lit up occasionally by a very subdued and quiescent humour, occasionally by a touch of genuine feeling which comes as a kind of surprise amid the artificial character of the whole, as if it belonged to another world than that in which the personages perform their evolutions. The short poems added to the volume include an 'Ode for Founder's Day at 'Eton College,' which, in its sincere, sympathetic, and manly tone, is worthy of the author of the sonnet on Anglo-Indian visitors at Florence.*

It is a satisfaction to reflect that in the course of our short review of recent poetry we have had the happiness of being able to welcome the appearance of one new poet of the highest order of genius. It is not every day that one can chronicle such an event.

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* See 'The Growth of Love.'

ART. XI.—*Democracy and Liberty.* By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. London, New York, and Bombay: 1896.

THERE are few men better qualified than Mr. Lecky to describe the course of the great democratic movement which, during the space of a single lifetime, has been sweeping with ever-increasing force through the civilised and progressive nations of the world. The historian of the England of the Eighteenth Century has turned his eyes from the past to the present, and has produced a great work which, though it will be studied with different feelings by different readers—with sympathy or disapproval, according to the individual bias or temperament of each—will undoubtedly take a permanent place with the best political literature of our time.

Whither does this great movement tend? How does the adoption of the democratic spirit in ever greater and greater degree into the political institutions of our own and other countries answer in actual practice? Does it produce pure, wise, and steady administration of public affairs? Will democracy in its ultimate developements be found incompatible with individual liberty? What is the best way of protecting ourselves against the dangers to which a democratic system seems to be especially exposed?

Those who have read the works of Tocqueville and John Stuart Mill, of Bagehot, of Sir Henry Maine, and of Mr. Bryce, are familiar with the hopes and the fears that have influenced the most thoughtful minds on these great questions of our time. As years pass on our experience widens and ripens. Mr. Lecky examines the most salient features of democracy in the United States and in France, as well as in England, by the light of events which are still passing before our eyes. He has painted with a vigorous hand a picture of democracy up to date. To our thinking his colours are too dark. To us, the political horizon, though not free from clouds, seems far less gloomy than it does to him. His book is, however, intended as a warning, and he does well to point out the undoubted evils and the undeniable drawbacks that have accompanied the democratic movement, in a much greater measure, it must be said, in other countries than in our own. Against these he invites his countrymen to take in time due precaution.

In his preface Mr. Lecky tells us that he has never been

engaged, till he became member for Dublin University only two months ago, in active political life. His position has been the more independent standpoint of a thoughtful observer of contemporary politics, from the turmoil of which he has held himself aloof. Yet throughout his book Mr. Lecky endeavours to write in the character of a practical statesman rather than in that of the political theorist. 'How 'does it work?' is the question he is always asking as to each institution. He makes no attempt to build upon abstract or preconceived political principles. If the doctrines of absolute political equality, of the rule of mere numbers, of the 'Rights of Man,' produce, when carried into practice, satisfactory results, by all means let us accept them. If, on the other hand, the 'hereditary principle,' for instance in the constitution of a second chamber, serves a useful purpose, we should be foolish to discard it out of regard to mere abstract theory. It is needless to say that Mr. Lecky has always present to his mind a very high ideal of statesmanship, and that the manœuvres and tricks of politicians contending for power, and apparently thinking only of how they shall win votes, draw from him very vigorous expressions of righteous indignation, sometimes not unmixed with contempt. His style is always admirably clear and forcible, and his book affords a useful reminder to English writers that their language is never so delightful and never so telling as when it is simple and free from all affectation and obscurity. Let us turn, however, from the form to the substance of his teaching.

Mr. Lecky takes a very wide range. He does not concern himself solely with the working of political institutions, though it is his treatment of this part of his subject with which we propose here chiefly to deal. Democracy is considered in relation to religion and religious liberty. The growth of English toleration, the spread of priestly influence in Ireland, British rule and the native religions of India, the suppression of Mormonism by the United States, are all discussed. A very interesting chapter points out the unhistorical and unscriptural basis upon which the puritanical theory of Sunday observance has been reared. Marriage as a secular or as a religious institution, the conflict between secularism and religion in France and Germany over education, and the minor difficulties which beset national education at home, laws against drunkenness and gambling, are all treated; and very careful attention is given to socialistic projects, Henry George and Bellamy, the national workshops

of Louis Blanc, municipal industrial undertakings, unearned increments, eight-hour bills, and other plans, wise and foolish, for ameliorating the condition of the people, which have found more or less popular favour at different periods either at home or abroad. It is, however, with Democracy as the steam power which drives existing political machinery, especially in England, that we propose here to concern ourselves; and we are therefore compelled to leave much interesting matter contained in these volumes entirely undiscussed.

Even the philosophic historian yields to the ordinary human weakness of dreaming of a departed 'golden age.' Mr. Lecky, however, differs from the poets in placing this happy period at a very recent date. 'It does not appear to 'me that the world has ever seen a better constitution than 'England enjoyed between the Reform Bill of 1832 and the 'Reform Bill of 1867.'* This sentence at once marks off Mr. Lecky from that numerous body of modern writers who discover in the Great Reform Bill the first fatal symptoms of that special disease of the present century—democratic decline! It is time to protest against the travesty of modern history with which the reading public is becoming too well acquainted. In a recent work,† in some respects of no little merit, readers are invited to see in the statesmanship of leading reformers like Lord Grey and Lord John Russell sheer blindness as to the road along which they were beckoning the British people. Had they only known what was coming, and acted in accordance with this knowledge, they would have been foremost in their opposition to reform! For true wisdom of statesmanship we are more than once requested to listen to the utterances of the Duke of Wellington, whose transcendent services to his country can indeed never be forgotten, and whose integrity and patriotism are beyond all praise, but whose insight into the politics of his day, and whose appreciation of the forces at work in the constitution, may be judged by the prophecy that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 would be the immediate destruction of the Constitution, 'that the race of 'English gentlemen' would not long survive it, and that it would soon become impossible to govern England except through the army!

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* Vol. i. p. 18.

† 'Developement of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century,' by G. Lowes Dickinson.

According to these writers, that portion of the aristocracy that lent itself to reform was guilty of a blind abdication of an authority eminently beneficial to the people, and was unconsciously aiding and abetting a revolution which could end only in national disaster. This, we repeat, is to present the public with the merest travesty of history. That the great changes in our political system rendered necessary by our changed circumstances have come about peacefully and without rupture with the past, that 'revolution' in the ordinary sense of the term has been avoided, and that from 1832 to 1896 the country has enjoyed stable and, on the whole, just and wise government, are results which are due to the progressive widening of the basis upon which our constitution rests, and to the fact that our statesmen have, on the whole, kept abreast of the movement of our time. Mr. Fox, as Mr. Dickinson opportunely reminds us, asserted that the greatest innovation that could be introduced into the English Constitution would be to declare that there should be no innovation in it; it was its chief excellence that, when time and circumstances required it, it admitted of perpetual reform. This language is as true to-day as it was in Fox's time. The country has never yet known a constitution which it would not have been madness to stereotype; and Mr. Lecky's praise of the system prevailing in his younger days would be misunderstood if it were taken to mean more than that whilst it existed it was admirably fitted to the conditions and circumstances that then prevailed.

That the system existing in England previously to 1832 answered as well and lasted as long as it did was due to its having reflected for a long period, though very roughly, it is true, the actual facts and conditions of English life. The peers wielding, in fact, great influence, taking a leading part in local movements, exercising by general consent a kind of superintendence and precedence amongst their neighbours, were naturally, and in accordance with the principle of representative government, accorded a very large share of influence in the Legislature. The very absence of uniformity and symmetry in the electoral system, it was argued, served to give in the House of Commons a true representation of national sentiment. That nearly half the seats in the House of Commons should be filled by members who had purchased them for hard cash, or had been appointed to them by aristocratic patrons, was a system which introduced young men of ability into public life, enabled a

large number of members to act upon their independent judgement, and in many cases afforded useful stability to a ministry bent on forwarding a policy of which the rewards could only be sought in a distant future. These arguments only need to be recalled in order to mark the entire change in the political atmosphere that now surrounds us.

'The old system of representation,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'was supported and consolidated by a tone of political feeling which has so completely passed away that it is somewhat difficult to realise the power which it once possessed—I mean that strong indisposition to organic change, as distinguished from administrative reform, which the best statesmen of all parties continually inculcated. They were usually ready to meet practical evils as they arose, but they continually deprecated any attempt to tamper with the legislative machine itself, except under the most imperious necessity. They believed that the system of the Constitution had grown up insensibly in accordance with the wants of the nation; that it was a highly complex and delicate machine, fulfilling many different purposes, and acting in many obscure and far-reaching ways, and that a disposition to pull it to pieces in the interests of some theory or speculation would inevitably lead to the destruction of parliamentary government. A great part of its virtue lay in the traditionary reverence that surrounded it, in the unwritten rules and restrictions that regulated its action. There was no definite written constitution that could be appealed to; but in no other form of government did tacit understandings, traditional observances, illogical but serviceable compromises, bear so great a part.'

The statesmen who founded the American Constitution were imbued very deeply with English ideas. Sir Henry Maine has shown us how very close is the resemblance between the Constitution of the United States and the English system at the end of the eighteenth century.* American statesmen, however, chiefly showed their English spirit in building with a practical object always in view, rather than in rearing a symmetrical edifice in accordance with sweeping general principles.

'To divide and restrict power; to secure property; to check the appetite for organic change; to guard individual liberty against the tyranny of the multitude, as well as against the tyranny of an individual or a class; to infuse into American political life a spirit of continuity and of sober and moderate freedom, were the ends which the great American statesmen set before them, and which they in a large measure attained.' (p. 8.)

It is true that the authors of the American Declaration of Independence had taken their stand upon 'natural

* 'Popular Government,' by Sir Henry Maine.

'rights.' They there asserted that all men are created equal, and that amongst the inalienable rights with which the Creator had endowed them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—assertions found compatible for ninety years with the existence in the United States of a system of the most complete slavery the world has ever seen. As a general rule, however, English statesmen on either side of the Atlantic have shown a desire to deal with the practical difficulties of government, rather than to follow out to logical conclusions some grand political principle.

In France we find ourselves in another atmosphere. The minds of men had at the end of the eighteenth century become imbued with the teaching of Rousseau. Freedom must of necessity rest on absolute political equality. Each citizen must have one vote, and each vote must have the same value. The whole system rested on the idea of natural and inalienable rights. The terrible year 1793 witnessed the completion of the Constitution on principles of democratic equality. The Convention decreed that 'the sovereign 'people is the universality of French citizens,' and the Constitution was ratified by direct universal suffrage. This theory, that each change in the Constitution should be ratified by direct popular vote, showed great vitality, and Mr. Lecky does well to point out that 'successive governments soon 'learnt how easily a plebiscite vote could be secured and 'directed by a strong executive, and how useful it might 'become to screen or to justify usurpation.' No fine phrases about the 'sovereign people' can disguise the fact that the plebiscite has proved the readiest and most formidable instrument in the hands of tyrants for the striking down of popular liberty. Constitutional government and the parliamentary system prevailed in France during the bourgeois ascendency, which lasted from 1830 to 1848, and, 'by a 'happy coincidence, the king in mind and character was in 'perfect harmony with the representatives of the people. 'Constitutional government was carried out during these 'years faithfully, and in some respects even brilliantly; but 'it was tainted by much corruption, and it rested on an 'electorate of much less than a quarter of a million.'

Mr. Lecky looks with much favour upon those parliamentary institutions which give predominant power to the middle classes, and, as has been already said, he considers that our own system reached its highest developement during the years 1832–1867, before the submerging of the ten-pounder in the deluge of a household franchise electorate.

'The constituencies at that time coincided very substantially with the area of public opinion. Every one who will look facts honestly in the face can convince himself that the public opinion of a nation is something very different from the votes that can be extracted from all the individuals who compose it. There are multitudes in every nation who contribute nothing to its public opinion; who never give a serious thought to public affairs, who have no spontaneous wish to take any part in them; who, if they are induced to do so, will act under the complete direction of individuals or organisations of another class. The landlord, the clergyman, or dissenting minister or priest, the local agitator, or the public-house keeper, will direct their votes, and in a pure democracy the art of winning and accumulating these votes will become one of the chief parts of practical politics.'

There is much truth in these observations; yet assuredly we should make a great mistake to leave many other considerations out of sight, and to accept in its entirety the melancholy conclusion at which Mr. Lecky arrives—viz. 'that the evil of evils in our present politics is that the 'constituencies can no longer be trusted, and their power is 'so nearly absolute that they have almost a complete con-'trol over the well-being of the empire.' Have we really arrived at such a pass that triumphant and multitudinous ignorance outweighs in the government of the country the education, the capacity, and the wisdom that belong to the few? If so, we are of Mr. Lecky's opinion, that our condition is bad indeed. In vigorous language, with every word of which we agree, he asks upon what principle of representation statesmen would deny to 4,000 graduates of an Irish university the privileges enjoyed in some western district or decaying county town, where the 'illiterates' are driven like sheep to the polling booth by agitators or priests.*

'Surely it would be impossible to exaggerate the fatuity of these attacks upon university representation; and the men who make them have rarely the excuse of honest ignorance. With many the true motive is simply a desire to extinguish constituencies which return members opposed to their politics, and at the same time, by depreciating the great centres of intelligence, to flatter the more ignorant voters. It is a truth which should never be forgotten, that in the field of politics the spirit of servility and sycophancy no longer shows itself in the adulation of kings and nobles. Faithful to its old instinct of grovelling at the feet of power, it now carries its homage to another shrine. The men who in former ages would have sought

* Mr. Lecky states in his preface that the passages treating of Irish University representation were written before he had the slightest notion that he would ever himself represent an Irish University.

by Byzantine flattery to win power through the favour of an emperor or a prince, will now be found declaiming on platforms about iniquity of privilege, extolling the matchless wisdom and nobility of the masses, systematically trying to excite their passions or their jealousies, and to win them by bribes and flatteries to their side. Many of those who are doing their best to reduce the influence of education and intelligence in English politics are highly cultivated men, who owe to university education all that they are, though they are now imitating—usually with awkward and overstrained effort—the rant of the vulgar demagogue. They have taken their line in public life, and some of them have attained their ends. I do not think that the respect of honest men will form any large part of their reward.' (Vol. i. p. 25.)

The fact is that in every popular constituency it is, and has always been, the case that the majority of electors on the electoral roll must be less educated, less wise, and less capable than a minority of them. In the happy days of the ten-pounders it is absolutely certain that a majority of electors in every constituency in the country was composed of the more ignorant, not of the most educated, portion of the electorate. Nay, in the University of Dublin itself, which has recently done itself honour in returning Mr. Lecky to the House of Commons, do we not find that the men of distinction, the men who have taken honours, the men of wide learning, are far outnumbered by the ruck of those less brilliant beings who have scraped through the examination for an ordinary degree? In Great Britain, at least, political divisions have not been in the past, and are not now, drawn on lines such as these. Here and there it may be the case that a contest has been fought between knowledge and ignorance; but to assert that such a state of things is usual throughout the country as a whole is to give a very incorrect impression of the real play of forces in the constituencies.

For our part, we do not deplore the successive enlargements of the electoral franchise that have taken place since 1832. Reform Bills have not caused that 'democratisation' which has swept over the face of the country. Changed habits of life, changed ways of thinking, universal education, a cheap newspaper press, have arisen amongst us. New forces have been brought into play, and Parliament has done wisely to give them constitutional recognition. In the year 1832 the representation of the people in the House of Commons had become little better than a caricature, and the attempt of the Tory party to perpetuate the old system brought the country to the verge of revolution. But the country did not cease to grow in 1832. On the contrary,

progress became more rapid than ever. The electoral system before 1867, were it in force in 1896, would prove utterly inadequate to represent the real opinion of the people. The constituencies would be found not to 'coincide,' to use Mr. Lecky's expression, with the area of public opinion. 'Few pages,' says Mr. Lecky, with perfect truth, 'in our modern political history are more discreditable than 'the history of the "Conservative" Reform Bill of 1867.' The cynical abandonment of political principle by a great leader and party was, indeed, even more than matched by the action of Mr. Gladstone and the larger portion of the Liberal party in 1886; yet it is interesting to observe that the particular parliamentary action which Mr. Lecky so severely censures was that of a parliament elected upon that very limited suffrage which he himself so highly commends. Parliaments, we are told, have not proved successful, except where they have been founded upon a restricted electoral franchise. Surely it is clear that, in certain stages of national growth, a restricted system will give us the best procurable parliament, whilst at later stages a parliament will neither enjoy general respect itself, nor be able to give power to the Government of its choice, unless it feels that it has behind it the sympathy and support of the bulk of the people. Much is often said in condemnation of the last Reform Act, which abolished the distinction between the county and the borough franchise. That distinction had become an absurd anachronism before it was abolished. The towns had, in many parts of the country, long spread themselves into what were no longer rural districts, except in the contemplation of an Act of Parliament which was out of date; moreover, hundreds of thousands of truly rural householders had in 1885 become as capable of a responsible exercise of the franchise as had been a large proportion of the ten-pounders of 1832. It would be as possible in the present day to maintain a stable English constitution on the older limited franchises as to give renewed vitality to the feudal system.

No one can fairly lay the blame of Mr. Disraeli's betrayal of Conservative principles upon the faulty character of the electorate established by the Act of 1832; neither would it be just to blame household franchise in 1886 for Mr. Gladstone's sudden abandonment of the principles of a lifetime. Indeed, in each of these cases the constituencies condemned the action of the party leader. Mr. Gladstone, it should never be forgotten, possessed up to 1886 an almost unprece-

dented hold over the respect and affection of the masses of his countrymen. To break with the great leader of a lifetime was no easy duty. Yet never again, after the general election of 1885, could the British electorate be induced to trust Mr. Gladstone. They condemned him in 1886 and in 1892, and in 1895 they condemned with a still more terrible condemnation those who, without the protection of his great personality, still advocated the Gladstonian policy, and still pretended to the Liberal name. The events of the years 1867 and 1886 gave, no doubt, a great shock to the public conscience. The 'evil of evils' was not that the *constituencies* had shown themselves unworthy of trust. Can we say as much in those years of our leading statesmen?

Amongst modern nations, France was the earliest to build its political system upon extreme democratic principles. There the great division of landed property has undoubtedly given a basis of stability to popular government which would be wanting elsewhere, whilst the almost stationary number of the people has relieved the State from that pressure of population upon means of subsistence which has so often been the cause of political disturbance. Mr. Lecky's rapid summary of the main lessons to be learned from French experience is worthy of the most careful attention. At the Revolution of 1848, as he reminds us, France passed at a single bound from an electorate of about 225,000 voters to universal manhood suffrage, and it was to this great body of the people that Louis Napoleon directly appealed against the attempt of the Legislative Assembly again to narrow the limits of the electorate. Upon a plebiscite was founded the absolutism of Napoleon III.; and a second plebiscite at the very end of his reign gave at the same time a national ratification to his project of making trial of a more real parliamentary system, and confirmed him in power in spite of the furious denunciations of his foes. Then came the Franco-German War, which, instead of saving the Empire, hurled it to its fall.

'Few things in French history are more mournfully significant than that the streets of Paris were illuminated the night after the disaster of Sedan was known. In the eyes of the party which now ruled the triumph of the Republic more than compensated for the most terrible calamity that had ever befallen their country. One of the principal streets in Paris still bears the name of the Fourth of September, the day when this revolution was accomplished. It is, apparently, still regarded as a day of which they may be proud.' (i. p. 34.)

Twenty-five years have since passed away, and how little has French democracy accomplished to realise the hopes of those who, at the end of the eighteenth century, seemed almost to expect from that political system a new heaven and a new earth! Experience of many systems has taught the world, in this direction at all events, to moderate its expectations; and Mr. Lecky notices, as peculiarly characteristic of our time, the fact that political ideals have lost their power of exciting vehement enthusiasm. It was the favourite charge against the 'bourgeois government' of Louis Philippe that France no longer enjoyed the brilliancy and prominence in Europe that were her due. 'She 'appeared,' according to Lamartine and the leading reformers of his day, 'like a dowdy, ill-dressed figure in the 'concert of nations.' The course of the present Republic has destroyed the fanaticism of 1793, of 1830, and of 1848. Our closer acquaintance with French and American democracy has produced its effect. 'The ideals and utopias 'that float before the popular imagination are of another 'kind. They point rather to great social and industrial 'changes, to redistributions of wealth, to a dissolution of 'the present fabric of society.'

Whilst the recent democratic republicanism of France has been marked by an entire absence of brilliancy, and whilst the instability of its successive administrations has excited the pitying astonishment of Europe, the political system has conspicuously failed in bringing to Frenchmen either an increase of true liberty or a pure and businesslike management of the national affairs. Dependent though the French Government is upon the support of the working classes, legislation in working-class questions has lagged behind that of England. But it is in the financial policy and administration of the two countries that the greatest contrast is to be found. Mr. Lecky, indeed, draws a terrible picture of the indebtedness caused by the calculated extravagance of successive French governments. Here there is no question of painting in too dark colours. Mr. Lecky quotes figures which are beyond dispute, and points to the frequent observations of the most eminent French economists of the day. Frenchmen have established a character throughout the world for the possession of business qualities. They seem to be pre-eminently 'good managers,' and almost by nature frugal. Yet democratic representation has not brought to the front in the management of the national business this strong characteristic of the race. At the end of the Napo-

leonic wars the national debt of defeated France was the merest fraction of the gigantic sum under which victorious England bent. By 1848 about 4½ million pounds a year had been added to the interest of the French debt. It was then about a fourth of the debt of England, and it had increased to a third when, four years later, the Empire started on its career. It was the policy of the Emperor to keep taxes low, and to meet out of loans his gigantic expenditure upon wars and public works. Before the commencement of the war of 1870 the French debt had risen to 500 millions of pounds. Between 1870 and 1874 the German indemnity of 200 millions, and an almost equal amount caused by the war expenditure of the French themselves, were raised by further loans. For a short time, indeed, during the ascendency of M. Thiers, there prevailed a careful administration of the national finances; but since 1878 a prodigality greater even than that of the Empire began, and has not yet come to an end.

'The annual debt charge in 1892 was about 50,000,000*l.*, about double the interest of the present debt of Great Britain; and in the twelve years of perfect peace from 1881 to 1892 France increased her debt by 200,000,000*l.*—a sum equal to the whole war indemnity of 1870. And this debt is exclusive of the large and rapidly growing debts of the communes and municipalities.'

It is not merely the military and naval policy of the country that has entailed this gigantic outlay. It is the extravagant expenditure upon unremunerative public works, and it is this that excites the apprehensions of French economists. The great object has been to win the favour of the working classes by giving them employment. Hence

'these works have been extended to every department, almost to every commune, as a reward for supporting the government. Much of this kind was done, especially at Paris, under the Second Empire; but the system never acquired the enormous extension and extravagance it has assumed under the Republic.'

History has given many examples of governments which, though corrupt, have economically administered the affairs of the nation. Corruption in a great democracy takes, however, a form of necessity more deadly to the national prosperity. Whole classes, not merely individuals, have to be corrupted. Jobs and sinecures were the small cash with which, in other times, statesmen bought support. But now corruption, to be successful, must be on a grander scale.

'Wars, overgrown armaments, policies that shake credit and plunder large classes, laws that hamper industry, the forms of corruption which

bribe constituencies or classes by great public expenditure, by lavish, partial, unjust taxation—these are the things that really ruin the finances of a nation. To most of these evils unqualified democracies are especially liable.'

Great as are the resources of the French nation, can any country endure for a long series of years extravagance such as this? The Panama scandals have borne melancholy witness to the low tone of public life. And Scherer is quoted to prove that under French democracy extravagance is popular, whilst economy has no friends.

'Nearly every deputy enters the Chamber encumbered with many promises to individuals. The main object of his policy is usually to secure his election after four years, and the methods by which this may be done are well known. There is the branch line of railroad which must be obtained for the district; there is the fountain that should be erected in the public place; there is, perhaps, even the restoration of the parish church to be effected. But it is not less important that all public offices which carry with them any local influence should be in the hands of his supporters. He therefore at once puts pressure on the government, which usually purchases his support by giving him the patronage he desires. There is a constant shifting in the smaller local offices. Never, it is said, were there so many dismissals and changes in these offices as during the Republic, and they have been mainly due to the desire of the deputies to make room for their supporters or their children. The idea that a vote is a personal favour, establishing a claim to a personal reward, has rapidly spread. At the same time, any vote in favour of public works, and especially public works in his own constituency, any reorganisation that tends to increase the number of men in government employment, increases the popularity of the deputy. The socialistic spirit takes different forms in different countries, and this is the form it seems specially adopting in France.' (Vol. i. p. 50.)

There, even more than elsewhere, the representative chamber has entirely ceased to be a check on extravagance. A large proportion of the deputies are, beyond all things, 'agents 'for instigating to expense.' The local caucus governs the deputy, who in his turn, under a system of parliamentary groups and weak ministries, exercises exaggerated influence on the administration.

These are the selfish and sordid considerations which prevail under that much-vaunted democratic Republicanism, where orators and poets used to tell Frenchmen to look for the triumph of great ideas and the leadership of great men.

Mr. Lecky now turns his eyes from the democracy of France to that of the United States of America. In recent years the American Constitution has been much studied in Eng-

land, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Albert Dicey having been especially useful in bringing under the notice of their countrymen the more salient differences that exist both in theory and practice between popular government on the two sides of the Atlantic. In its origin, and in the intention of the statesmen who framed it, the American constitution was full of safeguards against the dangers of pure democracy. A constitution placed out of reach of the ordinary jurisdiction of Congress; an executive independent of Congress; a president chosen upon a system designed to give effect to the deliberate wishes of the selected few rather than to the mass vote of the whole people; a Senate whose constitution is a standing protest against the rule of mere numbers; a Supreme Court bound to treat as *ultra vires* such Acts of Congress as it considers in conflict with the constitution—these are mighty limitations on a rash or sudden exercise of power by a numerical majority of the people. It is true that 'democratisation' has done much since 1783. Manhood suffrage—no part of the constitution—has become general through the States. The system by which the president is elected, instead of insuring deliberate selection by men of weight and standing, has become mere machinery for recording the mass vote of the people. In most cases, too, the members of the State legislatures who elect the senators have become mere instruments to give effect to the popular vote, rather than been themselves the electors of the Senate, as was intended.

In England there is no limitation to the power of an Act of Parliament. Parliament—that is, the sovereign and the three estates of the realm—is the most absolute monarch that the world has seen; for its will is law, and those who enforce the law are its servants. Parliament as yet has, however, never been in theory or in fact the instrument of mere numbers. It is the fear that the power of Parliament is becoming monopolised by the House of Commons, and that the House of Commons is itself ceasing to be a free deliberative assembly, and is becoming a mere piece of machinery to register the wishes of a bare majority of an ignorant and often misguided electorate, that is the leading motive of Mr. Lecky's work. In the United States the constitution is safeguarded, and the principal rights of the citizen, as regards his person and his property, are protected from assault by the Legislature. Dare we in England trust our present welfare and our future prosperity to the direct, unchecked, and absolute authority of a House of Commons

which is ceasing to picture the varieties of English thought and feeling and all the diversities of class? However this question may be answered, Mr. Lecky does well to propound it in all its gravity for the consideration of his countrymen. Nothing but good can come of a proper appreciation of the dangers undoubtedly incidental, in a greater or less degree, to democratic government. Whether or not Mr. Lecky has done full justice to the reasons which cause so many of us in the present day to regard the British democracy with more of hope than fear is another matter; as also is the question of the direction in which we should look to protect ourselves against those disasters from which other democracies have suffered.

Mr. Bryce, in his most interesting and admirable account of the working of American constitutions, evidently shares to the full that optimistic belief, so common with Americans themselves, that everything must at last come right with that great democracy. There may be corruption, there may be a low tone in public life, wirepullers may have in their own interests defrauded the people of their rights of self-government—these are all blemishes, most serious blemishes, which for the time being stain the fair face of American democracy. These things will pass away. They will no more ruin the American nation than the corruption under Sir Robert Walpole ruined England. Yet, when Mr. Bryce tells us that 'the government of the cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States'—that there is not a large town where the seed of corruption has not sprung into vigorous life—and when Mr. Lecky to this adds his pertinent comment that more than all other nations are the people of the United States becoming a people of townsmen, we feel that the failure of democracy has for the time being been great indeed. Mr. Lecky once took for his theme that truth, so full of import, viz. that the beliefs of different ages are determined, not by the evidence in favour of the beliefs, but by the 'predisposition to believe' due to men's surroundings, to their habits of thought, and the mental developement of the time.* And a similar truth holds as strongly of different individuals as of different ages. The facts of American democracy are before us, they are common ground; but they may be studied from the standpoint of the weeping or of the laughing philosopher, and how different is the result of the study!

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* Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.

We cannot afford the space to follow Mr. Lecky through his melancholy account of the corruption that dominates local and national politics in the United States. The accuracy of the picture he draws is, we are afraid, beyond dispute. Jobbing of contracts, abuses of patronage, overcharges for public works, purchases of parks because the owners wish to sell them, are some of the most frequent forms in which the corruption of municipal government has shown itself. It is stated that between 1860 and 1880 the debts of the cities of the Union grew from one hundred to nearly seven hundred millions of dollars; and, according to the New York Commissioners of 1876, 'more than half of all 'the city debts in the United States are the direct results of 'intentional and corrupt misrule.' As regards Congress, Mr. Bryce, with every desire to give the most favourable account he can, has yet described a state of things which, according to the British standard of political morality, is utterly scandalous. How is it, asks the Englishman, that American citizens can tolerate, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile, so shameful a condition of affairs? Do American electors not value honesty in their public men? Are the people, indeed, suffering from that moral dissolution 'which 'portends the decadence of nations'? Not so, replies Mr. Lecky. 'The truth is,' as has already been shown with regard to France, 'that pure democracy is one of the least 'representative of governments. In hardly any other 'country does the best life and energy of the nation flow so 'habitually apart from politics. Hardly any other nation 'would be more grossly misjudged, if it were mainly judged 'by its politicians and its political life.'

The contempt into which representative bodies have fallen in the United States is a very disheartening result of Transatlantic democracy. That respectable citizens should hold themselves aloof from national and local public affairs as almost necessarily unclean is a portentous evil, and cannot but be fraught with present and future danger to the people. Complete popular representation of the whole people has so long been the means through which people of English blood have sought good government, that it is startling to find the thorough popular distrust now felt in America for representative bodies. Washington is governed by a commission appointed by Congress. There is a growing tendency to give to the mayors of towns almost autocratic authority, and to make each responsible for the good government of his city. The State legislatures are closely

confined within bounds which they cannot break, so that 'a modern State constitution is more like a code of laws 'than an instrument of representative government.' Even the length of time during which local legislatures shall sit is often strictly limited, out of a feeling that they will treat the public as their prey, and that the public must be on its guard against them. So great is the multiplication of elections that genuine public interest flags in the perpetual rivalry of local nobodies who are seeking their own ends; and the absence of genuine public spirit leaves the field open to the wirepuller, the caucus, and the boss. The 'spoils system,' and the practice of electing judges on a short tenure of office, have done incalculable mischief; and it is satisfactory that some real attempts are now being made to diminish these great causes of abuse.

After noticing the extravagance of French democracy, it would be hardly fair to France or to democracy to leave unnoticed the manner in which the American Republic disposed of the gigantic surpluses produced by high protective duties after the Civil War. It was a magnificent thing, doubtless, to wipe out the huge debt, even though selfish class feeling for protectionism largely assisted that policy; but what term should we apply to the creation of a pension list which contained nearly a million of names, and which involved a payment in 1893 of thirty-three millions of pounds? Mr. Lecky concludes his survey of American democracy as follows:—

'It is absolutely essential to its safe working that there should be a written constitution, securing property and contract, placing serious obstacles in the way of organic changes, restricting the power of majorities, and preventing mere outbursts of temporary discontent and mere casual coalitions from overthrowing the main pillars of the State. In America such safeguards are largely and skilfully provided, and to this fact America mainly owes her stability. Unfortunately, in England the men who are doing most to plunge the country into democracy are also the bitter enemies of all these safeguards, by which alone a democratic government can be permanently maintained.'

Montesquieu, were he now to read Mr. Lecky's two volumes, would be confirmed in his old belief that, though either a despotism or an aristocratic government might endure and even thrive without practising much honesty, corruption was necessarily and absolutely fatal to a democracy.

'Il ne faut pas beaucoup de probité pour qu'un gouvernement monarchique ou un gouvernement despotique se maintiennent ou se

soutiennent. La force des lois dans l'un, le bras du prince toujours levé dans l'autre, règlent ou contiennent tout. Mais dans un état populaire, il faut un ressort de plus, qui est la *vertu*.' ('Esprit des Lois,' livre iii.)

Virtue is the root principle of republican government, honour of aristocratic, fear of despotic government.

Such, in the view of the French philosopher, was the teaching of all history, and the century and a half that has elapsed since he wrote, and contemporary experience, have, if Mr. Lecky is correct, combined to give additional truth and importance to the lesson. If the people are really corrupt, and have become indifferent to the character and to the high reputation of their public men, we cannot imagine any constitutional provisions which will long preserve from disaster the democratic state. On the other hand, if the bulk of the people is sound at heart whilst corruption has tainted the few, if there is reason to suppose that corruption even where widely suspected is rather a passing ailment than a permanent disease of the body politic, surely the hope is not an unreasonable one that the democratic state may shake itself free from a vice which, if specially deadly to such a constitution, has equally affected other forms of government. The parliamentary system is not to be condemned root and branch because the House of Commons of Sir Robert Walpole suffered from the plague of corruption. A strong hereditary monarchy may at certain periods and under certain circumstances have proved itself a good form of government, though of necessity the system involves the not infrequent rule of bad and foolish kings. Because there is much corruption amongst politicians in France and America, because the tone of political life in England is lower than it should be, because in Ireland an electorate has been created where the voters are largely wanting in the individual independence and political education necessary for self-government and now usual in England, must we despair altogether of democratic government in the United Kingdom? During the last hundred years it cannot be said that it is democratic government alone that has failed in France. In that time there has been no system which, to Englishmen at all events, would have been satisfactory or tolerable. Personal, parliamentary, democratic rule have all been tried and tried again, and each has but proved the prelude to further revolution. In America democracy preserved the unity of the nation through a time of trial and danger as great as

any that have ever befallen a people. The American Constitution is the most permanent and the least subject to change of all the political systems of the Western nations, and this, we believe, is due far less to specific provisions of the Constitution itself making it difficult to alter it than to the fact that it conforms to the sentiments of the people—that they feel that it is *their* Constitution, the great monument of their independent nationhood, endeared to them by all those sentiments which the events and the statesmen of the early life of the Republic have naturally called forth in later generations.

It is certainly curious to notice the different place that the American Constitution has of late years come to occupy in the political speculations of Englishmen. The charge of 'Americanising' English institutions was fatal to the Reform Bill of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone in 1866. This was, indeed, the stock phrase always employed against every attempt of reformers to advance on the path of democracy. Now it is to the American Constitution that Conservatives point as containing far better safeguards than our own against the action of unscrupulous demagogues or an outburst of popular recklessness.

Whether we have been on the right path or the wrong one, it cannot be said that we have accepted democracy in England without having been first fully warned of the evils and dangers which it would entail. Mr. Lowe in 1866 and 1867 was as gloomy in his anticipations as had been the Duke of Wellington a generation earlier. Another generation has now passed, yet the 'gentlemen of England' are still found to exist in the House of Commons, and to be something more than a mere survival of a bygone age. They still have, it is to be presumed, 'their ancestry behind 'them and their posterity before them.' Yet these—to say nothing of their 'estates'—were being 'flung away' in the mad surrender to democracy of 1867! Mr. Lowe feared a repudiation of the National Debt. The democratic Parliaments that have succeeded that fatal measure have paid off some 200,000,000*l.* of that debt! Corruption of the electorate would flourish under a wide franchise to an unheard-of extent. The democratic Parliament passes a draconic law against bribery! The trial of election petitions shows, at least, that the corruption of voters in the old gross form of hard cash payments for votes has become largely a thing of the past. Taxation would be imposed by the poor upon the rich till capital had fled the country. Yet it is from this

democratic England that capital flows out as from a great reservoir to refresh and to fertilise every quarter of the globe. Events have proved that Mr. Bright was a far truer prophet than Mr. Lowe, and for the simple reason that the former understood far better than the latter the force of character and true temper of his own countrymen. Even those who welcomed the coming democracy, like John Stuart Mill, thought that the sameness, the dulness, the uniformity, that it would produce in our representative assemblies would be strongly marked. Who would look in a purely democratic House of Commons for those outstanding figures of great men who had made its glory in the past? In the dead plain of the coming democracy 'every molehill would be a 'mountain and every thistle a forest tree.'

We have recalled the gloomy prophecies of our anti-reformers in the past, and have noticed the doubts expressed even by those who were ready to give a hearty welcome to the coming democracy. We have also set out in considerable fulness Mr. Lecky's account of the gross evils that accompany the democratic system in France and in America. It may now be useful to consider how far our own experience has fulfilled the prophecies, and how far our own political life is becoming affected with the diseases so rampant in other countries.

It is right to be on our guard against excessive national self-complacency, but surely any one with the least experience of political life in England must be struck with the contrast between the French député and the English M.P., between the English House of Commons and the United States House of Representatives. There is here no 'spoils system.' The English member possesses no patronage whatever. Members of Parliament are not paid. Except in some few seats which might be reckoned on the fingers, constituents have no private gain to look to from the party success of any candidate. The 'spoils system,' 'the election of judges,' the 'corruption 'of representatives,' the expenditure of national funds upon public works in the constituencies, the abstention of the higher classes from political life, are evils of which the people of Great Britain have no experience. The French député has, we are told, no chance of the renewed confidence of his constituents after a four years' trial unless he secures the spending amongst them of national funds. Mr. Charles Villiers has sat for more than sixty years member for Wolverhampton without any elector dreaming of extracting

pecuniary profit from a connexion so honourable both to representative and represented.

Has the wide franchise produced a House of Commons of a type inferior to those of earlier days? To us it seems that its composition, instead of being more uniform, more monotonous, than heretofore, is more varied. And it can hardly be that, as a representative assembly, it does not gain in character from the presence within its walls of members themselves drawn from very various classes of the community. It would be a national misfortune were the House of Commons constituted of precisely the same elements as a West End London Club. It would be in every way a less useful, less powerful, less respected, less interesting assembly than it now is. Is, however, the House of Commons, the creation of British democracy, open to the fatal charge that it does not represent the most characteristic qualities of Englishmen; that it does not bring to the front, to take the lead in public life, the Englishmen whose characters and abilities best fit them to lead the nation? Do men take to politics in England because they think they can succeed as 'politicians' in making a career which they could never achieve in the competition of business or professional life? There can be no doubt of the answer to such questions as these. Our chief 'politicians' are men who, apart altogether from their House of Commons position, are men of distinction. Each of them is somebody in himself, and something much more than the mere puppet of a caucus. At the present moment, is it at all certain that those who sit on the Government and Front Opposition benches are not fully up to the standard in character and ability of their predecessors in any previous Parliament? Is it at all certain that the general level of the representatives chosen by the British democracy of 1896 is inferior in any true sense to the level maintained before 1868? Degeneration may be coming upon the House of Commons of the future. We lay no claim to the gift of prophecy. There are evil influences at work, as there always have been, which, if they were to prevail, would undoubtedly permanently lower the character of the House of Commons in the eyes of men, and inflict thereby the most deadly injury upon the nation. No improved second chamber, no introduction of the Referendum, no written constitution, will ever give real protection against a degenerate House of Commons. Mr. Lecky renders the highest possible service to his countrymen in pointing out where in the present day these dangers lie—

corruption on a grand scale of whole classes at once by promises of legal plunder, and the subserviency of the electorate and of public men to the arts of self-interested wirepullers. Our belief is that as yet these influences do not prevail to such an extent as to have degraded the House of Commons below its level in former days.

We certainly have no desire to make excuses for the conduct of the late House of Commons; but it would be a mistake to forget the thoroughly exceptional conditions under which it was born and under which it spent its unhappy three years of existence. Mr. Lecky lays too much blame for its undoubted shortcomings upon the electorate. One great party in the State had been rent in twain, and there was but little experienced and responsible statesmanship left amongst the majority to lead the House of Commons—a disastrous condition of affairs which might occur for a limited time with a restricted as well as with a wide electoral franchise.

'The House of Commons,' Mr. Lecky reminds us, 'that sat from 1892 to 1896 passed a Bill placing the government of Ireland in the hands of a separate Parliament, at the same time leaving a powerful contingent of eighty Irish members in the Parliament at Westminster. It passed a vote in favour of the establishment of a separate Parliament in Scotland: it passed another vote in favour of breaking up the British Isles into a federation with a number of distinct legislatures. It carried by a small majority, though it afterwards rescinded, an amendment to the Address in March 1894, praying her Majesty that "the power now enjoyed by persons not elected to Parliament by the possession of the parliamentary franchise to prevent bills being submitted to your Majesty for your royal approval shall cease," and expressing a hope that "if it be necessary your Majesty will, with and by the advice of your responsible ministers, use the powers vested in your Majesty to secure the passing of this much-needed reform."' (Vol. i. p. 359.) *pp. 432-433*

A House of Commons so entirely wanting in all sense of responsibility and self-respect, naturally fell rapidly into great discredit with the public. For two years it was kept in existence with no hope of accomplishing its proper work, but in order to force a quarrel upon the House of Lords, out of which the wirepulling advisers of the Ministry imagined that party advantages might arise. The noble policy of 'filling up the cup' failed, as it deserved to fail. The House of Commons had made itself the mere instrument of party tactics. The electorate repudiated the Ministry, the House of Commons, and all their works. Could the ten-pounders of happy memory have done more?

The three years of the late Parliament had their lesson; but we do not think they afforded evidence of a degenerating electorate, or of what must result from such degeneracy, a permanent lowering of the House of Commons. On the other hand, if proof were wanted, none more conclusive need be cited than the years 1892–1896, of the absolute necessity of the second chamber. If ever the will of the British people was mocked, it was mocked by the pretension of that remarkable House of Commons to pose as its exponent.

Few thoughtful men will differ with Mr. Lecky as to the danger to our parliamentary constitution from the possibility of the whole power and authority of Parliament becoming vested in a single representative chamber. The unwisdom of placing the whole of our laws and liberties under the uncontrolled sway of the House of Commons hardly needs to be demonstrated. That chamber has been for long and rightly the predominant branch of the Legislature, but it has never been the Legislature itself. It has never enjoyed absolute authority. If, as seems to be the intention of the Home Rule party, all power is to be withdrawn from the House of Lords, the House of Commons will be synonymous with Parliament, and a resolution of the House of Commons will be virtually equivalent to an Act of Parliament. It is strange that any statesman should be willing to make the House of Commons the absolute master of the Constitution and of the nation. It could, of course, be bound by no Act of Parliament. The Septennial Act, for instance, would be no security whatever for a general election every seven years. The majority, perhaps merely a chance majority, and certainly nothing more than the reflexion of the popular will at a particular time, would be enthroned as absolute monarch for as long as it chose to prolong its own existence. We are, however, at least so it seems to us, very unlikely to accept so profound a modification of our Constitution. We have at present a second chamber, and we are likely to maintain one, adapting, no doubt, as time goes on, its character and composition to meet the requirements and satisfy the sentiments of the day. Whilst the second chamber exists as a reality; whilst it is worth preserving at all as a checking and revising branch of the Legislature, it is altogether premature to advocate such fundamental changes in our whole political system as the introduction of the 'Referendum,' or the framing of a written constitution, intended, by requiring a two-thirds majority, or by

similar provisions, to tie up the powers of the House of Commons.

For our own part, we entirely disbelieve in these remedies; and their advocacy tends to divert public attention from the direction in which our Constitution really needs revising. In an evil moment for his reputation Lord Rosebery flung aside his policy of reforming the House of Lords, in favour of the policy of diminishing or destroying its authority. Other statesmen, some day, will take up the policy which he has discarded, and a reformed and renovated House of Lords will add strength and usefulness to the parliamentary institutions of the country.

Mr. Lecky has several suggestions to make for obtaining a more satisfactory second chamber than the existing House of Lords. That chamber possesses the merit of knowing when it is wise, as regards measures in which the public is deeply interested, to subordinate its own opinions to the general demand. As to measures of minor interest, the House of Lords has frequently shown itself influenced by a narrowness of vision long outgrown by intelligent public opinion; and perhaps as strong an instance of this obduracy as can be found is the perpetual refusal of that House to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Every House of Commons, whether Conservative or Liberal, has for many years past approved the proposed change, and has shown itself ready to bring the law of the United Kingdom into conformity on that point with the laws of our colonial empire, of the United States of America, and of the chief Protestant countries of Europe. In Roman Catholic countries these marriages are permitted, though subject, like the marriages between cousins, to the necessity of dispensation.

The action of the House of Lords is, as Mr. Lecky states, opposed to the true interests of morals and of family life—

'and in an age when most wise and patriotic men desire that the influence and character of the Upper House should be upheld and strengthened, few things can be more deplorable than that this House should have suffered itself to be made the representative of a swiftly vanishing superstition, the chief instrument in perpetuating a paltry and ignoble persecution.'

The direction in which Mr. Lecky looks for a reformed Upper House is by the introduction of the system of election amongst the peers themselves, a principle already recognised in the peerages of Scotland and Ireland; though a proportional system of representation would, of course, have to be

adopted. In this way the hereditary peers might be reduced to about a hundred, and peers not selected to sit in the House of Lords should be eligible for the House of Commons. Life peers in considerable though limited numbers should be introduced, and perhaps representatives of the large municipalities and county councils should be admitted. Ministers should be permitted to make statements in either House of Parliament—in our opinion a change of very doubtful expediency. He would also substitute a limited for an absolute veto upon bills passed by the House of Commons.

An aristocracy closely connected with political life is, Mr. Lecky thinks, highly advantageous to the State. Even socially the worship of rank is a by no means useless check upon the worship of wealth; and as the latter appears to be an inevitable characteristic of Anglo-Saxon democracy, the existence of the former as a species of counter-irritant is not to be altogether deprecated. Besides, the peers are ornamental persons eminently fitted 'to preside' on all sorts of show occasions, a burdensome function which, but for them, would largely fall upon the shoulders of men of letters.* Our Constitution and our practice certainly associate prominent position with public duties, and this is an advantage which it is difficult to rate too highly.

When we turn to the suggestion of a written constitution by which the hands of Parliament are to be tied, or to the introduction of the system of a referendum, we find ourselves at once in a different region of thought. How can we get either the one or the other? How can one Parliament bind future Parliaments? Except on the supposition that there is a strong second chamber, how could the Representative House be compelled to refer its projects to the vote of the people? And if there is an adequate and strong second chamber, is there any reason for such a reference? Suppose, again, it were thought desirable that measures of a specially fundamental character should not pass the House of Commons without the support of a majority of two-thirds of its members, how would it be possible to give effect to such a provision? Would any House of Commons so tie its own hands, or could it so tie the hands of its successors? Clearly not. But our objections to projects of this kind go far beyond the evident difficulty of accomplishing them. There may be danger and not safety to the State in limiting the authority of Parliament. Of course, if the advisers of

* Vol. i. p. 108.

the Crown, the ministers trusted by the House of Commons, are in truth dangerous persons, seeking almost solely their own objects, plundering 'the classes' in order to win the votes of 'the masses,' and supported by a majority of unscrupulous politicians, themselves the mere puppets of a caucus, it is time to find some strong remedy. Parliament is at present absolute sovereign, and if that sovereign is mad we must try, however difficult, to force him into a strait waistcoat. If, on the other hand, Cabinets and Parliaments are composed in the main of responsible and honourable men, very great danger may arise to the State from the artificial restriction of their powers. When we are told that the Irish Land Act of 1882 could not have been passed by a Parliament limited after the fashion of Congress, the question arises whether, bearing in mind the revolutionary crisis through which Ireland was passing, the incapacity of Parliament might not have been productive of most terrible disasters in that country, and of far greater loss to the landlords than that which they actually suffered.

The demand for the Referendum springs from the same cause—viz. a profound distrust of Parliament. Oddly enough the proposal to submit Bills in their entirety to the direct vote, aye or no, of the electorate, is made by men who have the lowest possible opinion of the capacity of voters to perform, wisely and patriotically, the far more simple political functions now incumbent upon them. We are told of the gross ignorance and recklessness of the electorate, yet it is to this electorate that an appeal is to lie from what used to be known as the wisdom of Parliament. It is proposed that measures of fundamental importance, affecting the Constitution or the liberty or property of citizens, should not become law, though passed by Parliament, unless they are afterwards ratified by a direct vote of the electors in favour of the measures themselves. Under such a system when would the Catholic Emancipation Act have been passed, or the Poor Law of 1834? Imagine the average English elector in the past voting aye or no upon such a measure as the Irish Land Act of 1882, or imagine him in the future voting aye or no upon the question of a bimetallic currency! Mr. Lecky tells us that in the State politics of the United States there is a 'strong tendency 'running in favour of a substitution of direct popular 'legislation for legislation through the medium of repre-'sentative bodies.' This is the natural developement of the principle involved in the Referendum. It is claimed as an

advantage of the system that the nation might by this means reject a measure without destroying a ministry.

'The vote would be not on the general policy of the Government. It would be exclusively on the merits of a single measure, and it would leave the ministerial majority in the House of Commons unchanged. Few persons will doubt that a measure brought in this manner before the electorate would be voted on with a much fuller consideration and a much more serious sense of responsibility than if it came before them mixed up with a crowd of other measures, and inseparably connected with a party issue. . . . By the Referendum the electorate can give its deliberate opinion, not upon men but upon measures, and can reject a measure without placing the government of the country in other hands.'

With this reasoning we cannot agree. Of course if the six and a half millions of electors can legislate more wisely for themselves than their representatives can legislate for them, Parliament, so far as its legislative functions are concerned, has become a useless anachronism, and may as well be dispensed with. For our own part we do not believe in the possibility of six and a half millions of people themselves accomplishing their own legislation. How many electors would vote at all under the present system, if party preferences or personal preferences for candidates or leading statesmen did not enter into the question to be answered in the ballot-box? It seems to be supposed that if these influences were cut off we should then get the real mind of the nation upon the merits of the particular measure. We greatly doubt whether any substantial vote would be obtained at all. British householders are fully competent to elect representatives, but they are not competent to do the work hitherto done by members of Parliament, and take the business of direct legislation into their own hands.

The adoption of the principle of the Referendum means the deathblow to the parliamentary system of government. 'The whole position of the legislative bodies in Switzerland,' says Mr. Lecky,* 'is lowered by the Referendum.' And it is easy to see that this must necessarily be so. One of the chief merits of the parliamentary system is that whilst it gives to a wide electorate a true sense of their ultimate power, it places responsibility upon the shoulders of the representatives and turns upon them the full light of public opinion. The personal responsibility of our statesmen for the good government of the country to Parliament and to public

* Vol. i. p. 376.

opinion is the very essence of our system. It is eminently desirable that if a ministry cannot pass into law measures of the first class, such as it considers essential to the welfare of the country, it should be succeeded by another ministry of different views. Under the Referendum the measures would be lost, we are told, and the ministry retained. This is an argument against, not in favour of, the Referendum. It shows how inevitably it would remove from the shoulders of the statesmen who govern the country that full responsibility which it is essential should rest upon them. Let us apply the system to recent events. Home Rule statesmen declare Home Rule essential to the welfare of the kingdom. Parliament passes a Home Rule Bill, which is then vetoed by the direct vote of the electorate. The Home Rule ministry remains in office to govern the country upon that system of the Union in which it entirely disbelieves. Surely it is better that if the Unionist principle is to be maintained Unionist statesmen should govern, and that if Home Rule legislation is to be passed Home Rule statesmen should have the satisfaction of working the constitution of their own devising.

This objection to the Referendum, we are aware, is an objection also to that much-lauded system of the United States where the ministry is not directly dependent on Congress. But it is precisely in the sense of responsibility that American statesmen and chambers appear to English observers to be deficient. Even a president will behave with a recklessness impossible to a modern English premier acting under the eyes of an active opposition; and naturally no great responsibility weighs upon the Senate or the House of Representatives in passing resolutions which, if the president thinks them unwise, will remain entirely inoperative.

The whole system of national and local government, as we know it in England, hinges on the personal responsibility of the governors to the governed. County councils, school boards, parish councils, local boards, are composed of known persons, who are called upon to justify every act of local government. It is one of the strongest reasons against the Local Veto Bill, the principle of which is direct popular legislation, that it puts an end to this personal responsibility as regards a very important branch of local administration. The English elector has always had regard to the person as well as to the policy for which he is voting; and it would be a mistake to dissociate his political objects from

the choice of responsible men to carry them out. It is, on the whole, in the latter aspect that the great success of the representative system in England has been achieved. It would be a most unwise step to relieve a ministry or the House of Commons from the least tittle of responsibility, and to throw the burden directly on the masses.

We believe that when in after years the history of England during the last quarter of the nineteenth century comes under review, no unfavourable contrast will be drawn between the ministries and parliaments of this and of earlier periods. Historians, writing at a distance from the conflicts and exaggerations of our own time, and judging calmly of the results achieved, will find little reason for holding that the advance of democracy has endangered the highest interests of the State. On the contrary, it will be found to have given strength to the law, to have made infinitely less possible than formerly violent revolution, and to have forced even the most revolutionary spirits to seek their ends by means of constitutional reform. How great a gain this is the present generation hardly realises. Insensibly we have all come to believe in the futility of violence against the State. Riots and public disorders have become almost unknown amongst us. The mouthing mob orator has ceased to exist, or, at all events, he now finds no mob, worth considering, to listen to him. His place has been taken by the party candidate, by the Cabinet or ex-Cabinet Minister. These gentlemen spend a large portion of their time 'upon the stump.' They speak with great frequency, discuss their opponents with point and freedom, and their own topics with endless and often wearisome repetition. Their speeches are never inflammatory, and rarely, except to a pronounced partisan, are they even exciting. Speeches outside Parliament are much more business-like than they once were, partly because the audience now consists largely of responsible electors, partly because the orators are aware that what they say in warm blood will be read next day in cool blood both by friends and opponents.

It is contended, however, that the danger to the State now comes from within, and that it is from the hand of Parliament itself that fatal blows at the true interest and welfare of the nation are to be feared. The rule of mere numbers, it is said, now prevails. The few 'Haves' will be taxed by the many 'Have nots.' Capital will leave the country, and a socialism inconsistent with personal liberty

will bring our national and individual prosperity to rapid ruin. These volumes give a very interesting account of the socialistic dreams which at one time or another have found support amongst many of the labouring classes; far more support, it should be said, amongst foreign than amongst English artisans. The foolish resolution of the Trades Union Congress in 1894 to nationalise land and capital in England startled the English public, and undoubtedly has had far more effect in injuring the reputation of the Trades Unions themselves than the property of either landlord or capitalist. Assuredly this resolution has not affected the interest at which capitalists will advance their money upon that threatened security—land, nor has the capitalist himself thought of transferring his wealth to lands where a written constitution or the system of the Referendum is said to make property safer than it is at home. We believe in ventilation, and not least in the ventilation of folly, as one of the securities for our national health.

Mr. Lecky's last chapter contains a very interesting discussion of 'Woman Questions.' He says with truth that some of the conditions, which in the past made it quite natural that the franchise should be confined to men, have completely changed. The domesticities no longer constitute the whole range of female interests. Home industries and small shops have been largely replaced by factories and huge stores. Female factory hands form a large portion of the working population. Women are largely employed in the post office and telegraph service, in typewriting, and in many classes of business. They live their independent lives, and earn their own incomes, as men do. Moreover, there has been a complete change of tone in all classes as to what is deemed compatible with female propriety and decorum. They have become electors for municipal, school board, and other local purposes; and they take a very active part in the electioneering work of modern parliamentary contests. The law in the matter of property now regards the wife as being on an equal footing with her husband. The old political disability can no longer be logically maintained. It no longer reflects the old state of things which alone made it reasonable.

Yet Mr. Lecky hardly meets the main objection to the enfranchisement of women. What is the object which is sought? We imagine it is the enfranchisement of a sex, not merely the conferring a parliamentary franchise upon a very limited number of women who almost accidentally have

come to possess those property qualifications which were framed for the purpose of enfranchising six and a half millions of men. If it is intended to enfranchise the female sex, it would be grotesquely absurd to exclude married women and to confine the electorate to widows, householding spinsters, and more or less independent lodgers. We must contemplate an addition to the electorate of many millions. Who can believe (especially after reading 'Democracy and 'Liberty') that the property qualification for the franchise will last for ever? And what then? It may not be very wise to endow with a vote every boy who has turned twenty-one, but such folly would be wisdom itself compared with the enfranchisement of the same number of young women.

The subject has to be looked at from the point of view of the interests of the State. No one doubts that very many women are infinitely better qualified to consider political subjects and to exercise the franchise than multitudes of men. The question is whether by the enfranchisement of another sex the country would gain or lose. Every widening of the electorate that has yet taken place—in 1832, in 1867, and in 1885—has in our opinion produced great benefit to the State. By bringing in fresh classes with new interests, Parliament has become more thoroughly representative, and has become much stronger than before. Would any strength be added to Parliament or Government by the addition to the parliamentary register of several million women? They do not form an unrepresented class, because they belong to all classes of the community. And in Parliament all classes are already represented. Surely there can be little doubt that the new millions would bring on to the register a vast amount of absolute political indifference.

We are invited to turn our eyes upon the Primrose League and the rival organisations of Liberal ladies to satisfy ourselves that women take a deep and heartfelt interest in political questions. Unless we are mistaken, it was the president of the Liberal ladies who described the true purpose of that association as a desire to 'help their 'husbands,' whilst the Primrose League ladies find politics so dull that at their regular gatherings the political speech (always made by a man) is the shortest possible interlude to the real business of the evening, which consists of tea, buns, and comic songs. Let any parliamentary candidate consider how he is to stir on political questions the new thousands that are to be added to his constituency—how to

interest the rural peasant woman who from year's end to year's end never looks at a newspaper—how to canvass the London lodger. Even at present there is far too little sense of responsibility amongst candidates and their active supporters, as well as amongst the electors themselves. We are afraid the female voter would, on the whole, add to the frivolous element in political warfare, and that the tone of electioneering, none too high at present, would be further lowered.

In Mr. Lecky's opinion the violence with which ladies have discussed the question of vivisection has done harm to the cause of the enfranchisement of their sex. But perhaps the almost childish absurdities that have characterised their principal political organisations, the sham grades and ranks and mock badges, their tea meetings and trivialities—in short, their playing at politics—have done even more to make men doubt whether their admission to the register would add a really valuable element to the electorate.

Mr. Lecky's range of subjects is so wide that it is impossible to give in our limited space a comprehensive account of these most interesting volumes. There is hardly a page which does not afford food for reflection to all whose interest in politics is not confined to the party struggles, the victories and defeats, of the passing day. Partisans of this kind will naturally search Mr. Lecky's work merely to find arguments and observations which they may make use of against their political opponents; and in it they will see nothing but a polemical pamphlet of unusual proportions. Nevertheless 'Democracy and Liberty' will take its place amongst the best works of political philosophy. It will be studied by all political thinkers of the present day and for many years to come, and its vigorous denunciations of the shortcomings and vices which endanger in a special degree the democratic system of government will help to turn the attention of Englishmen to the best means of eradicating them, or of guarding against them.

If Mr. Lecky is right in thinking that parliamentary government in England has entered on a period of decadence, it is satisfactory to find that he does not believe in any general decadence 'in the national character.' He holds, and gives strong reasons for holding, that 'on the whole 'English character has improved.' When once Englishmen escape from 'the interference and contagion of a democratic 'parliament,' their high qualities shine as brightly as in former times. In India and in Egypt men of our own

generation have done as good work as was ever done by their ancestors. In art, in science, in literature, in inventions and discoveries, in every form of enterprise and philanthropy, the English race of to-day fully holds its own. It has produced a Darwin and a Gordon. A country capable of producing men and works such as these 'does not 'seem to be in a condition of general decadence, though its 'constitution is plainly worn out, though the balance of power 'within it has been destroyed, and though diseases of a 'serious character are fast growing in its political life.' *

We cannot help thinking that Mr. Lecky, as an Irishman and a close observer of Irish politics, has allowed his Irish experience to colour too strongly his opinion of democratic government in general. Whatever the reason may be, Irishmen, whether at home or in America, have not afforded a happy example of the working of popular institutions. It must be remembered that the Irish electorate in political education and independence is a generation or more behind that of England. It falls an easy prey to the arts of the professional politician. It yields to the leadership or succumbs to the threats of an ignorant and often disaffected priesthood. When in 1885 the time had arrived for enlarging the electoral franchise of England and Scotland, our statesmen chose on the whole the wiser part in advancing Ireland rather than in retarding Great Britain; for no one acquainted with the forces of public opinion in England, to say nothing of Ireland, could suppose that the exclusion of Ireland from the last Reform Act would have been productive of anything but endless trouble and difficulty. It is an evil, which ought to be remedied, that the least competent portion of the electorate of the United Kingdom is represented in the House of Commons out of all proportion to its real strength. More than one fifth of the Irish electorate vote as 'illiterates,' whilst in Great Britain the illiterate voter is about one per cent. Yet whilst every 7,000 Irish electors return a member to Parliament, it requires 10,000 Englishmen to enjoy the same privilege!

A large part of Mr. Lecky's book is devoted to Irish questions. His discussion of Irish land legislation cannot be adequately treated in the present article; but we feel bound to say that his strong Irish feelings make him occasionally less than just to the objects and motives of English statesmanship. In 1881–82 something very like a general

* See vol. i. pp. 204–212.

strike against rent was in sight. The legal property of the landlords was in great peril. A *modus vivendi* had to be found. The peace had to be preserved. The methods adopted by Parliament then and subsequently, viz. the establishment of rent courts and the conversion of tenants into proprietors, undoubtedly involved a great disturbance of private rights of property. The legal rights of landlords in general were injuriously affected; but the holder under a parliamentary title had no greater right than any other landlord to be exempt from the new system which Parliament was imposing. It was not a question of *title*. The Act was intended to regulate on a new footing the relations between the owners and the occupants of the land; and to judge of the wisdom and the justice of the policy pursued, account must be taken of the facts of the case, and of the customs and practice on well and ill managed Irish estates, as well as of the letter of the law. Another generation will judge more calmly of the results of the legislation of 1882; and the whole matter cannot be disposed of by sweeping allegations of the plundering tendencies of agitators and the predatory methods of democratic statesmanship.

Let us return to the general purpose of these interesting volumes. Democracy, we are told, as the rule of mere numbers, is destroying parliamentaryism. Socialism is destroying individual liberty, and doubtless the socialistic theory, if it could be carried into practice, would involve a more monstrous bureaucratic tyranny than the world has yet seen. It is quite true that the tendency of the day is to disregard the liberty of minorities and individuals. Advocates of the Eight Hours Bill and of the Permissive Bill are ready enough to apply compulsion to those who are more industrious or more thirsty than themselves. But is it not infinitely probable that a very small trial of tyrannical rule will cause a reaction in the public mind against arbitrary methods long before any really socialistic scheme of government comes within measurable distance of practical politics?

Our Constitution, it must be remembered, is much more democratic in form than in fact. Every man a vote, and every vote of equal value, is a phrase which, at all events, the practical electioneerer rates at its true value. We have always to bear in mind facts, as well as the letter of the law. Constitutionally a single shepherd on the Pentland Hills or a single miner in Dalkeith, as the possessor of a vote, has more power than the unenfranchised Lord Rosebery to return a member for Midlothian. Readers of

Anthony Trollope may call to mind the county election where every one recognised that (though by the Constitution neither peer nor lady could have anything to do with returning a member to Parliament) the real contest lay between the Duke of Omnium and Miss Dunstable. Influence of every kind has to be estimated quite as much as the mere right to vote, before we can really balance the powers of the Constitution. It is frequently stated that by the abolition of pocket boroughs the wishes of the peers ceased to count in the formation of the House of Commons; but does any one really believe this, or forget that between the Houses of Parliament, if there is much divergence, there is also much in common? And even the statement that under our modern system 'mere numbers' rule can hardly be accepted without great limitations.

For our part we do not yet despair of our parliamentary Constitution. It is no doubt, as it always has been, susceptible of much improvement. The day of the reformer is not past, and never will be. But we believe that the mainspring of our Constitution will continue to be a representative chamber elected by, and gaining its strength from, the democracy. The electorate is every day becoming better instructed, and more capable of seeing through the arts of mere political adventurers. It is the sense that Parliament has the democracy behind it that gives it power; and the fact that the poor and struggling masses of our countrymen feel that Parliament and Government have sympathy with their lot and desire to improve it tells strongly against the revolutionary spirit, and adds stability to our institutions.

If Mr. Lecky is right in thinking that Englishmen are gaining rather than the reverse in character and strength; and if, as we cannot fail to observe, Englishmen of character and position are less inclined than ever to retire from the work of national and local government in favour of mere adventurers and the puppets of a caucus, we may surely hope that the evils which Mr. Lecky dreads will in large measure be averted, and that our representative institutions will continue to afford to the people that just and stable government for which our country has been so long distinguished.

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